

THE WESTERN
HOME MONTHLY

THE NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY

December, 1932

"CANADA'S GREATEST MAGAZINE"

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MAGNET WRIGHT BARNEY

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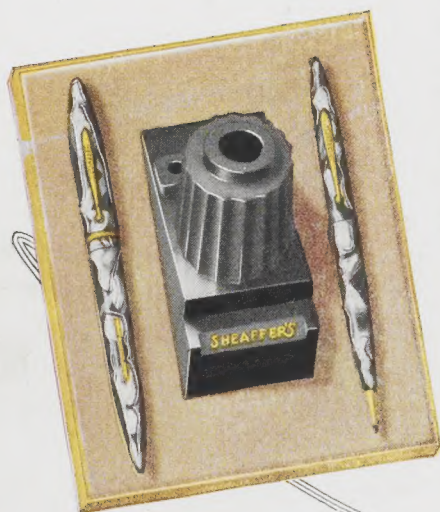
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**"IT'S A
FAMILY SECRET
... about teeth"**

IT'S something like the family skeleton—you simply do not talk about it to outsiders. A generation ago it was different, but nowadays many people really feel a keen humiliation when they lose a tooth—even after the gap has been filled by a dentist's skill.

Lost Teeth—and Humiliation

There is a peculiar hurt connected with the admission that you are losing your teeth. It looks like advancing age, although it may not be. It looks like lack of personal care, although by this we mean more than tooth-brushing. You may brush your teeth scrupulously clean, but that will not keep out the dreaded pyorrhea disease. For pyorrhea is *not* tooth trouble.

It is *gum* trouble. That is what maddens people about pyorrhea. They lose *sound* teeth. Only a dentist can detect pyorrhea in its early stages. So check up with your dentist twice a year. He dreads this gum disease, so familiar to him, so hard to fight. He prefers to *prevent* pyorrhea from getting a hold on your gums rather than to go through the long battle against the loss of teeth.

Use a Pyorrhea Specialist's Toothpaste

Throughout North America the name most closely connected with pyorrhea is that of Dr. R. J. Forhan. He is the dental specialist who worked twenty-six years studying this

gum disease. His special pyorrhea treatment is employed at the chair by thousands of dentists throughout the country. For home treatment, Dr. Forhan's formula is embodied in the toothpaste which bears his name.

Use Forhan's Toothpaste twice a day. Use it for both teeth and gums. Remember: Four out of five people past the age of forty have pyorrhea. This one disease is the actual cause of half the adult teeth which are lost.

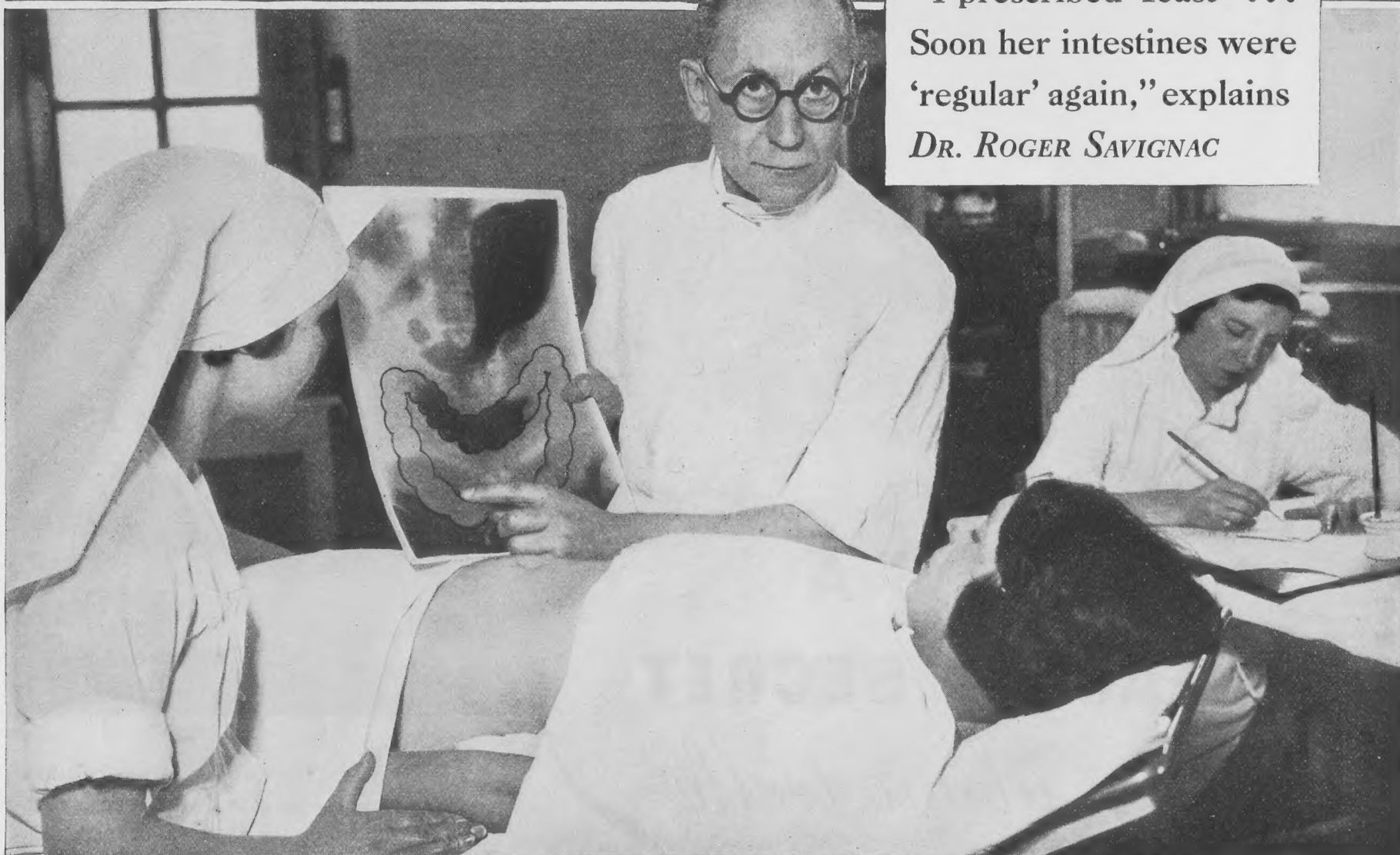
Avoid the Tragedy of Lost Teeth

You *can* protect yourself against the loss of teeth. You can start this protection *today*. Get a tube of Forhan's Toothpaste. It's a big tube and lasts a long time. Forhan's will clean and polish your teeth to your complete pleasure and satisfaction. There is no finer toothpaste made. Instruct the children to use Forhan's twice a day on their teeth *and* gums. It is never too early for serious thought about teeth. See directions on package. Forhan's Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

"She had been constipated for years"

"I prescribed Yeast* . . .
Soon her intestines were
'regular' again," explains
DR. ROGER SAVIGNAC



"For constipation the best remedy is fresh yeast," states DR. SAVIGNAC. He shows with X-ray how yeast keeps intestines clean.

Read this 'CASE HISTORY' as described by a famous Paris doctor!

THE DOCTOR pictured above is considered one of the three greatest specialists in his field in France.

He is Dr. Roger Savignac, of Paris, author of "Toxic Troubles in Constipation," and he is telling about a typical case from his own practice. *He says:—*

"The patient, age 28, had a good constitution, but complained of headaches, tiredness . . . was very depressed. She had had several attacks of furunculosis (boils) . . .

"I had her X-rayed . . . discovered 'tired,' clogged intestines. She admitted she had been constipated for years—had used laxatives constantly.

"I prescribed yeast. Soon her evacuations became regular, her headaches ceased—she was her old self again."

Have you ever thought of trying yeast?

Eaten regularly, this simple fresh food actually "tones" and strengthens the intestines. At the same time it moistens and softens the food wastes that accumulate in the body daily.

Thus fresh yeast gently prompts regular, *natural* eliminations . . . clears the system of poisons. In this way the chief underlying

cause of that draggy, "no good" feeling . . . of so much indigestion, discomfort and really serious illness is dispelled!

If you're seeking true health and a lovely, clear complexion . . . if you want a fuller reserve of strength . . . don't put off adopting this method endorsed by medical authorities for 75 years. Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—starting now!

You can eat Fleischmann's Yeast just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. It's very rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. For free booklet on Yeast for Health, write Dept. W-12, Standard Brands Ltd., Room 802 Dominion Square Building, Montreal, P. Q.

DR. LATZEL, noted Vienna specialist on the intestines, says: "Cathartics, used steadily, aggravate constipation. . . Fresh yeast restores normal action of the intestines . . . increases the flow of digestive juices. . . improves digestion."



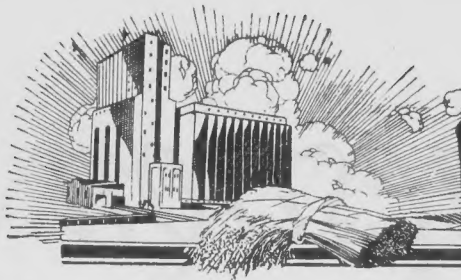
"The Doctors are Right"

"I was run-down and irritable," writes H. C. Gordon of Toronto. "Fleischmann's Yeast had done wonders for a friend of mine. I began eating it myself—three cakes a day in milk. My appetite improved and the food I ate seemed to turn into energy instead of just clogging up my system."

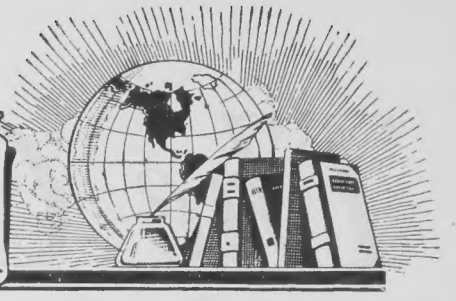


***IMPORTANT!** Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form, the kind doctors advise. At grocers, restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains.

BUY MADE-IN-CANADA GOODS



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXIII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 12

The Worth of Man

IN ALL the cities of Canada and indeed in all great centres in the Empire and beyond, men delight to celebrate St. Andrew's Day. At these celebrations it is usual to refer to the honored bard of the Scottish race—the immortal Burns. Just now there is nothing that could be more appropriate than the words which most men can repeat without looking at the text:

*"Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."*

When this principle is accepted in community life men will count for more than the output of the machine, than the organization, than the party, than the church, than the class. Caste in all its forms will disappear. Vile as is the system in India which marks off the great masses as "Untouchables," it is no more vile than that which divides our people into the moneyed class and the paupers, the privileged and the oppressed, the formally educated and those who make no pretension to learning. The first step to world-recovery is the whole-hearted recognition of the worth of man as man.

Palliatives and Remedies

THERE are two methods that may be employed to overcome difficulties—the direct and the indirect. The former recognizes an evil and attacks it without reference to the originating cause; the second seeks the origin and endeavors to modify conditions so that no evil will develop. It is obvious that the direct method has failed to solve our social and economic problems. Palliatives are not remedies. Shorter hours for workers, or the handing out of doles will not permanently solve unemployment; it certainly will not give young people entering upon life an opportunity to find occupations. Nor will unrest be settled by force, nor armaments be reduced by negotiation, nor tariffs lessened so long as national selfishness persists. What is needed in national and international life is a change of heart. The age-old question "Am I my brother's keeper?" must be heard and answered, after bitter self-reproach, by every transgressor. And the only answer is that which all men should know, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

A Better World

SHOULD nations accept the principle of mutual responsibility, armaments and tariffs would naturally disappear. Each would find its life in ministering to the needs of others. The most cheering development in world-affairs during the last year has been the recognition that national isolation spells ruin. It is as true of nations as individuals that life is built up by receiving and giving. Just as the units of our Empire had to learn this lesson, so they must be ready unitedly to plan for that world-trade which will apply the same principle in a fuller way:

*These things shall be—a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of science in their eyes.*

* * * * *

*Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
New arts shall bloom of loftier mould
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.*

The New Education

SOMETIMES we feel that the education given in schools is about as worthless as anything that could be offered. Why not reject mediaevalism and put children in touch with life? It is being done in schools which have adopted in principle the aims of the New Education Fellowship or what is known in America as the Progressive Educational Association. The schools of Canada in many places are in sympathy with the new ideals which include, attending to individual needs, engaging in purposeful pursuits, encouraging group activity, creative expression, home and school co-operation. The school is as interested in intelligent parenthood as it is in the child, and it is interested in every child as an individual. The sacredness of human personality is the challenge of present day education. It is only the teacher with a mind and heart who can realize this. Therefore the first need of schools is competent teachers.

Peace and Goodwill

By Robert Watson

*A glad hand to a glad hand,
And how do you do today!
This Christmas be to you and me
All that we hope it may.*

*A kind word for a kind word.
Fight on, brave heart, fight on!
The worst is past; no night can last.
That glow in the East is dawn.*

*A warm heart to a warm heart;
A love with each thought fresh-born.
'Twas boundless love in our God above
Brought peace on a Christmas morn.*

Inherited Privilege

THERE is scarcely a man whose income has not been reduced during the last two years. Business men, professional men and farmers alike are feeling the pinch. The members of one class seem to have escaped—those who are inheritors of wealth which is invested in interest-bearing bonds or dependable securities. Fifty years ago a prosperous citizen invested one hundred thousand dollars in bank stock. Every year since it has been yielding to his dependents interest at eight and ten per cent. Other sums which he left were invested in business, and the income has steadily reduced until now there is a loss rather than a profit. Yet the interest-bearing capital is secure. It seems only reasonable that distress should be visited upon all classes alike. Owners of interest-bearing bonds and stocks should pay, not only an income tax like others, but their interest rate should be reduced to such a point that they would have no advantage in times like this. The fortunes of dead men are no more worthy of respect than the invested capital of men who are keeping trade and commerce alive, and than men who are serving in a professional way. The owners of bank stock and of national bonds are faring too well. Canadians should not be compelled like Sinbad the Sailor to carry an Old Man of the Sea on their shoulders. Locked up capital paying high dividends is one of the greatest causes of individual and national distress.

The Blessing of Work

A VERY interesting statement has been made with regard to the young Doukhobors who are in custody of the Government of British Columbia. Owing to the teaching they received in their homes they refused to work at certain occupations. Finally they

were sent out to the fields where they had to spend the day in listless idleness. They could not stand it and so begged for work of some kind, thus verifying the old doctrine that "Every person with a healthy body and an able mind should have a useful task if he would escape the debasing sensation of the realization of personal good-for-nothingness. The possession of money or property has nothing whatever to do with whether one should work or not. In the interest of good health, mental and physical, every able person should work." The doctors tell us that physiologic fatigue is one of the blessings of mankind. It gives one a sense of self respect. Happy the man who has done a good day's work and is tired from it. The boy or girl who has no work to do is not missing income merely but life itself.

Be Prepared

IT IS Armistice Day, and it is fitting that one should read the words of a man who came through the War and who felt the bitterness of it all. These words are from J. B. Priestley in the *London Evening Standard*:

"Everybody who was in the trenches will remember how, one night when all was quiet, some young ass of a sentry would fire a few quick rounds at nothing, just to warm his hands. So a German sentry would loose off a few rounds. Then more English, more Germans. The machine guns would join in. Then the light artillery and the trench mortars on both sides. Then the heavy artillery would be called in, until finally the night would be a deaf inferno. That is war. And that is how the war started.

"The most dangerous lunatics we have had to do with this century have been the 'Be prepared' agitators. To be prepared, you have to amass big guns and little guns and heaps of explosives. Once you have done that, the rest follows. Some fool gets a fright and pulls a trigger—and then you are off. You cannot have dangerous weapons without wanting, at some time, to use them. We are not in the habit of killing one another where I live, being nice peaceable ratepayers; but suppose we were told that murder was inevitable and all began to go about armed to the teeth, what do you think would happen? Why, very soon the place would be littered with corpses. All those people who go about saying that war is inevitable and giving us their views on the next war are either dangerous lunatics or criminals."

The Presidential Election

FAR be it for a Canadian magazine to pass judgment upon the decisions of the American people, but it may, without giving offence, and for the sake of its own readers, draw some lessons from the recent presidential election. Clearly the decision of the electorate did not depend upon the personality of the candidates, but upon their policies. The policy of isolation was overwhelmingly condemned—and this means that the imposition of high tariff has had its day. It is strange that just as the United States, after long trial, openly admits the failure of high protection, that we in Canada should be adopting it. The argument is all in favor of freer world trade. If the Imperial Conference took a step towards this, it must be commended. If the step was the other way, the decisions arrived at must be regretted. Time alone will tell whether Canada and the Empire will benefit. In the meantime the effect of high tariff on Canadian trade and industry is deplorable. There is no market for grain, and there is decreasing work in factories. Where people have no money they cannot buy. It is nonsense for political leaders to say "There is growing satisfaction among the Canadian people." Even the few who were supposed to benefit are now complaining. If, as is admitted by everybody, the present distress is world-wide in its origin, why try to find relief by encouraging national isolation? That is not the way out. The American people know it and have asserted it unequivocally. Perhaps we shall learn some day.

The Currency Question

By FRANK LAYMAN

IF YOU ask what is wrong with civilization I am disposed to reply that everything is wrong with it as an economic society. To be more specific, there are legalized or organized hindrances against every factor contributing to the production and distribution of the commodities necessary for human life and comfort. And these hindrances are all for the purpose of making more money for one class or another. It is the old and persistent error in economic thinking.

For an individual to aim at more money by more or better service is legitimate and even praiseworthy. The money thus becomes the measure of the good he does to his fellows. But when a class or section or nation of individuals essays to get more money by any contrivance, without giving the additional goods or services, it not only adopts a self-defeating economic policy but it creates antagonism between classes, trades, sections or nations as the case may be. Such antagonisms are not beneficial or profitable to either of the parties concerned. In the case of nations they are a constant menace to continuing peace. To be rid of them would be a better insurance against war than any possible disarmament. In the case of classes the harm is continuous with danger of disaster beyond what is realized.

It is comparatively easy for an individual to see that his well-being is bound up with that of his neighbors and to understand the advantage of mutual service. When classes or nations set about asserting class or national rights it is more easy for them to forget that each needs the other. It is the more so if both are thinking of the money to be had instead of the goods and services for which alone the money is useful.

THE story is told that a dog with a leg of mutton in his mouth was crossing a stream by a plank when on looking down into the water he saw the reflection of the meat. Thinking it was another piece of meat he snatched for it and lost the meat he had.

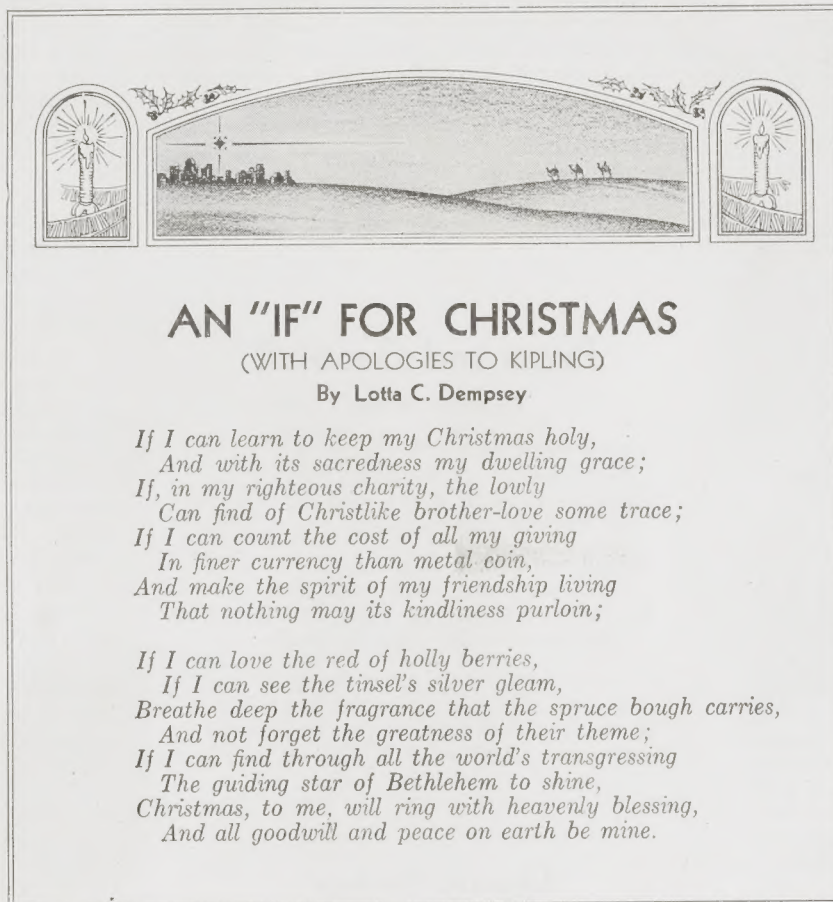
That fable applies to a good many people, and, among others, to the Western farmers if their leaders, in Parliament and elsewhere, truly represent their views. Money may reasonably be regarded as a reflection of the material objects which economists call wealth; reflecting what has been given to obtain the money and what can be bought with it. The leaders of the farmers persist in keeping the minds of their followers on the reflection.

It is true that if it is a question of paying debts money is exactly what is wanted. But there is not much advocacy of paying debts. It is, on the contrary, a moratorium of which we hear most; a way of avoiding payment. What is asked for is more purchasing power. Borrowing will answer the purpose if anybody is able and willing to lend. Something to spend is the outcry and that is assumed to be the way trade will be revived.

When a farmer is minding his own business he does at least know what he needs. When he essays to manage the business of a whole community it is not easy to be sure that he knows what the whole community needs. He has little or no difficulty in persuading the people that they need more money; that being their individual means of buying something more substantial. But if the more money does not serve to supply the more substantial needs, and if the method of getting it leads to disastrous results, that policy of more money is not a true expression of their needs.

The farmers of Western Canada have already suffered disaster from this policy of getting more money. No doubt the contention would be that it was world conditions that lowered the price of wheat.

It was not so readily admitted that world conditions were raising the price when the pools were holding the wheat at high prices. Perhaps now it will be claimed that the pools did not raise the price against buyers and consumers. But they must admit that they had a large surplus on hand, carried on borrowed



AN "IF" FOR CHRISTMAS

(WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING)

By Lotta C. Dempsey

*If I can learn to keep my Christmas holy,
And with its sacredness my dwelling grace;
If, in my righteous charity, the lowly
Can find of Christlike brother-love some trace;
If I can count the cost of all my giving
In finer currency than metal coin,
And make the spirit of my friendship living
That nothing may its kindness purloin;*

*If I can love the red of holly berries,
If I can see the tinsel's silver gleam,
Breathe deep the fragrance that the spruce bough carries,
And not forget the greatness of their theme;
If I can find through all the world's transgressing
The guiding star of Bethlehem to shine,
Christmas, to me, will ring with heavenly blessing,
And all goodwill and peace on earth be mine.*

money, when the price broke. If that surplus had been sold instead of being held for more money the people in Western Canada would on the whole have been better off today; and especially the farmers. Practically the surplus is still held and it is going to depress prices until it can be sold out. The pools may eventually render good service by marketing the wheat instead of holding it.

This holding for more money was excused by calling it co-operation. That term should not be so degraded. The great co-operative societies of Britain were started and still continue their existence to supply the people with the actual commodities they need. Incidentally that means handling large sums of money but the real purpose is supplying the members with goods. If the farmers had started some co-operative method of supplying themselves with the things they most urgently required it would have been to their more permanent advantage. A small implement factory would have been very useful both directly and indirectly. It need, and should, only have been small until it had grown on its own success but it should have been permanent; not with any idea of putting anybody else out of business but with a view to setting up a standard of service by which agriculturists would have been benefited.

It is still money for which farmers clamor by the voice of their leaders. Here is the lengthy sub-amendment they offer at Ottawa to the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne:—

"And urges that the Dominion control of currency and credit should be so exercised as to provide and maintain sufficient purchasing power to:

A.—Raise the price of agricultural products and other primary commodities to an equitable level in relation to the cost of production and the settlement of outstanding liabilities, public and private;

B.—Increase consumption, thereby stimulating industry and providing employment for our people;

"And that the issue of this currency and credit should be based upon the national wealth and productive capacity of this country; not, as at the present time, upon one single commodity, gold, and that its volume should be determined by the goods and services to be dealt with, and the legitimate requirements of the people;

"This House is further of the opinion that this step should be taken in the immediate future, pending other fundamental changes, and as an integral part of a system of planned economy, which is becoming generally recognized as essential in order that the natural wealth and productive energy of this country may be utilized to provide a satisfactory standard of living for all our people."

Of course this sub-amendment had no chance of being passed and much of it is merely high sounding humbug for the use of agitators and the consumption of voters. But it is deplorable that the farmers cannot get their minds on something which would be more beneficial to them. They have had, and are still having, what is commonly called a raw deal. Instead, however, of insisting on their right to economic liberty they allow their leaders to keep them looking to governments for salvation; from whence no salvation comes or can come, unless it be by the negative action of governments in ceasing to oppress them.

IT HAS been usual to conclude that there was something wrong with the currency, whenever, for any reason, it did not "run" as desirable. But let it be said that while governments can hinder money from circulating they cannot make it circulate. Currency is only the wheels. The power

that makes them run is in the people themselves and not in the government.

What governments have, several times, done has been to detach the wheels from what they were intended to carry and let them run speedily down a steep hill; carrying at the end nothing at all. No explanation of this must be attempted here or the article will be returned as academic. Not having an academic job I must refrain from too much explanation. But perhaps I may suggest a few questions touching the proposals of this sub-amendment. The proposals are academic in a worse sense than would be an explanation of the nature and use of money. Yet with the notion now prevalent on every hand that what is needed is more money and that governments are omnipotent, no doubt the proposals will be regarded by a number of people as practical. Any farmers who think, however, are entitled to have some explanation.

What is meant by the Dominion (presumably government) control of currency and credit? About \$150,000,000 worth of Dominion notes are in circulation. Does the government control this or do the people who have it in their pockets control it? The various governments of the country, Dominion, Provincial and Municipal owe about \$6,000,000,000. Is this credit? And if so does the Government control it or do the people to whom it is owing control it? If it is not credit how comes it about that taxpayers must pay, through the governments, interest on it? If this six billion dollars is credit, how much more credit will it take "to raise the price of agricultural products and other primary products" to the "equitable level?"

[Continued on page 49]

for your
Holiday Feasting:
 this famous ham

better now in
 4 ways!

Swift's Premium, smoked
 an improved way—in ovens

ONE of the new, improved Premium Hams done golden-brown, bedecked on a platter. What a dish *that* will be for your holiday feasting! A magnificent sight on the family table. And new goodness in every bite of it!

For Premium is smoked a better way—in ovens!

Ovenized, this famous ham has *richer flavor* from end to end. A superb blending of the flavor from the unique Premium cure and the flavor from hardwood smoke.

It has *new tenderness* all the way through. *Finer color*—warmly brown outside, delicately pink within.

And it is *firmer*, saving you loss in cooking. The improved method of smoking, the *Ovenizing*, makes Swift's Premium more economical.

Surely you will want this *Ovenized* goodness in the hams you serve during the holidays. You'll be certain of it if you get Swift's Premium. But you can get it in *no other* brand. Remember that when you buy.

Swift Canadian Co., Limited
 Purveyors of Fine Foods

RICHER FLAVOR • NEW TENDERNESS • FINER COLOR • GREATER FIRMNESS



A FESTIVE WAY TO FIX IT. Bake a Premium Ham, basting with sugar syrup flavored with orange juice and grated peel. Serve garnished with pineapple stuck with Maraschino Cherries, Bartlett Pears, tinted green, and preserved kumquats.

TO THOUGHTFUL GIVERS OF GIFTS

A present that's sure to be welcome, that's true to the traditions of thoughtful Christmas giving, is a whole Swift's Premium Ham. Your dealer has Premium Hams—the improved *Ovenized* kind—in gay holiday parchment. He will be glad to send them to any addresses on your list.

SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

Ovenized



ALL SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON IS OVENIZED, TOO

STRONG SOAPS

**DID
THIS**

**SOAPS
WITH FREE LYE
ROT CLOTH**



**"Cheap soap
chips cheat you
with thin suds"**

**It's genuine Chipso that
gives real suds!**

My sister-in-law tried
to get me to buy CHEAP SOAP CHIPS.
But when I saw what a LOT she used
and the THIN SUDS she got, I spoke up—

* * *

"I use only half as much CHIPSO
and get the RICHEST SUDS
in the country," I said. "And besides,
CHIPSO is SAFE—
even for daughter's SILK UNDIES!"

* * *

Just put your SILKS
through tepid CHIPSO SUDS—
then SOAK the family
WASH in the SAME SUDS!
That's REAL ECONOMY!

Mary kept popping
through her CLOTHES—
until a demonstrator
WARNED me against my
STRONG granulated soap!
"It has FREE LYE in it!"
she said, "that's why
clothes wear out fast!"

* * *

I want you to try
CHIPSO and get
HONEST soap suds.
All you do is SOAK
clothes in CHIPSO suds.
Easy?—why you get
WHITE washes without
any hard RUBBING!

* * *

NO free LYE in CHIPSO
to hurt your clothes—
They'll wear and WEAR!



**"I couldn't bear
to look at
my hands until"**

**I changed from strong
granulated soap to Chipso!"**

This time of year
do your HANDS get rough and SORE?
Then do stop using STRONG SOAPS
that have FREE LYE in them!

* * *

Try CHIPSO'S quick suds
in your DISH PAN and see
how HEALING they are on your HANDS!

* * *

CLOTHES WEAR LONGER
if you SOAK them clean with CHIPSO.
NO free LYE in CHIPSO
to FADE colors or to WEAKEN fabrics.
It's the RICH SOAP in CHIPSO
that saves you HARD RUBBING!

**CLOTHES
COST
MONEY**

Chipso

MAKES CLOTHES WEAR LONGER

**MADE IN
CANADA**



Illustrated by
J. C. Clymer



Neils replied, "Sure thing! In America, so long as you make good they like you. You bet! You stop being a doggone foreigner fast as you can and the Americans will give you a great Christmas."

Agidia's Christmas

New World

By L. G. SALVERSON

WHEN Karleen Holm died she left to her brother a broken spinning wheel, a basket of dirty clothes, and her daughter Agidia. It was typical of Karleen, said the cotters round about, more especially since her brother was in America and was no good besides.

Agidia, sitting on a round stone beside the grey stoop of her mother's fisher cot, heard the mutters and sputters of indignation behind her. That was Dame Freda who sputtered through the broken ranks of her yellow teeth and would be wiping her bleary eyes on a freshly ironed apron. Dame Freda was virtuous and very clean and would be heard almost as respectfully as the parish minister.

Agidia looked out toward the placid shield of the sea-arm, which curved round the rocks of the village and recalled with prickly discomfort what her mother had said of it. She had likened the quiet fiord to Brynhild the Shieldmaid, asleep in her gleaming armor and, dark with storm, it was even more like the latter Brynhild boiling with passion and crying for destruction. Agidia squinted down her little nose at the blue water burnished with sunlight and thoughts like gulls screamed through her small brown head.

Her mother was dead. She was sorry for that since now no one would tell her tales of the great Volsungs or the pea-green gnomes of the hills; but again it would be pleasant not to be obliged to hunt the taverns any more for a wild-eyed woman

From within came the drone of His Reverence the Minister. "It is much to ask, but in the end will be best; here she could hardly make the grammar school, in America everything is free."

Agidia put fingers in her ears as she had done when her mother scolded. She knew what they were about back there in the dingy little room where her mother's deal coffin had stood—a scandal even in death she had been, poor mama. When the end was near she had ordered Agidia to fetch an old box from the clutter

under the thatch and out of it came a musty Spanish shawl which nonetheless retained its brilliant colors. "This you will put round me," said Agidia's mother, for I would have those hymn-singing fishwives to see what a dancer wears at the Royal Theatre." Then she died.

His Reverence, a small dark pot of a man, thick and round and solid on his peg legs, was deciding her fate. She was to go to America. His Reverence was telling the village matrons that it was best for her, what he really meant was that it was cheaper for the villagers. Agidia looked at the fiord and felt all prickly and hot and choked again. Now she could never steal down to the pearly-grey beach in moonlight, while the village slept, to dance along the water's edge on her little naked feet.

The mutters and sputters, throat clearings and official ums and ahs came to an end. The responsible neighbors filed out of the cot, clucked their tongues at Agidia, wagged their heads and hurried off to their stew pots. His Reverence and Dame Freda approached the little girl. Now that they were to be rid of her she was suddenly, and for the first time, no longer a problem but a child; a small brown nut of a child with a nimbus of copper-colored hair and wide speculative eyes with something distressing in their deep brown depths. "Well, well, Agidia," the Minister laid a stumpy hand upon her shoulder. "So now you will see the world."

"Are there fiords in America?" demanded Agidia, getting to her feet in a nervous jump.

"Fiords? Well, well, so you are patriotic, Agidia? No, there are not fiords exactly—but such cities; such cities!"

"You mean houses and houses with smoke and tram-cars?"

"Tut! What nonsense," interrupted Dame Freda. "Come along, child, it is getting on for supper; pancakes and kippers will do you more good than chattering."

So of course Agidia stiffened her little back and trotted on ahead of her benefactress, not without a certain glow at thought of the pancakes—very likely now that His Reverence was staying there would be syrup also.

AT LAST the great day dawned. Agidia's small box of made-over clothes was neatly tied and her basket of food packed to bursting, for no one could persuade Dame Freda that the ship's cuisine would be wholesome; black bread and cheese and cod liver oil would certainly be missing.

His Reverence, the only person besides the doctor to drive a gig, took Agidia to the seaport and was very instructive all the way. Agidia had really nothing to fear according to His Reverence. In America were many of her people, in fact all sorts of people and all sorts of marvels transpired there. His Reverence recalled the case of Elma Strom—never of much account in Norway but in America they discovered she had perfect feet and now she made incredible sums as a demonstrator for a shoe company! Peder Gissing was another; in Norway Peder went about annoying busy people and never even learned his catechism but in America his talent was recognized immediately and now he was a first rate reporter. Why, only a month ago he had sent his sister a hundred dollars which he said was a bonus from the *Yellow Rag*. His Reverence flicked the flies with a thin whip and continued: "There is one thing to which you must apply yourself, Agidia, the American language. It is not exactly English as I remember my academy English but undoubtedly very colorful and what they call speedy. For lack of better I have brought along my Norwegian-English grammar; I recommend that you read it on the boat and

of course the catechism also." So at last, very small and frightened, Agidia found herself alone in the steerage of the huge ship and her wide brown eyes following jealously the waddle of His Reverence as he disappeared through the crowd. When the ship shuddered and shook itself, like some monster waking from sleep and began to move outward with snortings and blowings and heart-chugging throb of engines, little Agidia held fast to the ship's rail and bit her lips hard. Everything familiar and dear was being left behind. The mountains with their proud white heads, the glassy fiord, and the circling sea-mews and funny fat skuas

"Ho ho! We go a-voyaging!" boomed a deep Norwegian voice behind her.

"O yes," said Agidia, winking hard and giving her new knitted scarf a proud little flip. "To America, to Uncle Peer Ness."

"Now that's sense, let me tell you! You'll not be slashing fish over there—a pretty piece like you."

They became fast friends on the spot. Neils was his name, an old sailor too crippled for active service, too cantankerous to stay on land, so he helped in the kitchen and drove the cooks nearly crazy. Off duty he searched out little Agidia and, the two of them seated in a sheltered corner, proceeded to instruct her in the essentials of success and American ideals. Agidia was a willing scholar, but a day or two before the great Western continent heaved up out of the blue, like the Midgarde Snake, she expressed a faint misgiving. "But Neils, are you quite sure they will like me over there?—they didn't so very well back home."

"Sure thing! In America, so long as you make good they like you. You bet; it's a law, Agidia, the father of their country said that everybody should have a chance. Just you shoot plenty firecrackers on the Fourth of July and stop being a doggone foreigner fast as you can and the Americans will give you a great Christmas, by gosh."

Agidia, who, as must be expected, was still very Norwegian besides being only eleven, took this a bit literally and her eyes brightened. Christmas was something she had never had except in doles from the village. "O Neils!" she cried, her eyes shining, "I will be such a good Americana, already I can speak thirty two and a half words with just a peek at the grammar book. O tell me about the good father of America. Was he like All-Father Odin with his wolves and his ravens?"

"Well, hear that!" Neils went off into prolonged guffaws. "That's good, that is. Now listen, Agidia, they don't want imaginary heroes over there—nothing but the A-I stuff goes in America. George Washington was his name—the big fellow, and let me tell you eight years he was fighting over one valley forge—eight years! Now that's determination and in dead of winter he crossed the rushing torrent on the ice—nothing could stop the father of his country! What's more he himself cut down the cherry tree—just like that—just like any common body—and admitted it, by gosh."

Having made one terrible mistake already Agidia dared not confess that this was not as clear as Neils expected. She understood that under no condition must she compare the mighty hero of the forge with such a little god as Odin, and evidently The-Father-of-His-Country, who wanted everyone that quit being a dog-gon-foreigner to have a great Christmas, had demonstrated his good will by tramping forth and himself chopping down the cherry tree! Agidia longed to ask Neils what a cherry tree looked like and how they trimmed it, but decided that very likely it was irreverent to be nosey about such sacred American matters.

Moreover, when she began to reason it out she understood how simple and sensible it was. In Norway even ordinary fathers cut down spruce trees and ages and ages ago the Vikings cut the yule log; so naturally Washington had to hit upon the cherry tree. Of course in everything they were different in America.

But as a matter of fact Agidia discovered several things seemingly quite familiar once she had passed through the mad turmoil of the incredible city she had seen from Ellis Island, standing up against the sky like the flanks of a mountain pierced by a million lanterns. Uncle had not remained in New York like the girl with the pretty feet and the boy who had a



Agidia's little heart thumped but she trotted in front of Uncle Peer resignedly, trying not to gape too much—gaping, Neils had assured her, set one down instantly for a foreigner.

gift for prying out secrets. But even at that Agidia's worst fears and disappointments were never realized. Whirling over dusty stretches of endless country she had begun to think that Father Washington's country would smother her with its brown immensity and then, as by magic, out of the blue of morning drew a shining shield of a lake that sent out its clean reviving breath and filled her with fresh hope. After that Agidia applied herself to the Norwegian-English grammar and sat upon her catechism in her excitement over the prospect of becoming a child of The-Father-of-His-Country.

IN DUE course Agidia found herself on a broad platform in a very noisy city and saw a thinnish man come towards her; he had a stoop, limped painfully and peered into her face with a half-frightened air. "Are you Agidia?" asked he, and his voice sounded like a thin echo.

"Yes, Uncle Peer . . . it is awfully big here, isn't it?"

"O yes—yes certainly. Well, come along, I dare say we shall get on together; I was afraid you might be smaller."

Agidia's little heart thumped, but she trotted in front of Uncle Peer resignedly trying not to gape too much—gaping, Neils had assured her, set one down

instantly for a dog-gon-foreigner. Uncle Peer ambled along saying nothing and carrying her box with great care held out from his side like a bird cage. It was discouraging, but Agidia was determined to be cheerful; everyone was cheerful in America, according to Neils—that Uncle Peer looked so glum was a sad indication that he was still very Norwegian. "I'm so glad there is water," said Agidia hopefully, "I do not like so well nothing but land. It is a big lake too, isn't it, uncle?"

"Yes—yes certainly," muttered Peer, and crossed a line of railway tracks to a street as dismal as it was dirty. Agidia did not admire the look of the smoke-blackened houses leaning one against another like tipsy dwarfs, with here and there scowling walls of commercial blocks. But all this was forgotten when they got onto a bridge that operated as no bridge she had ever seen before—O, a marvellous bridge; that simply cut itself loose from solid land and sailed off over the water like a flattish balloon. At first she was frightened thinking an accident had occurred, but Uncle pointed aloft and there, sure enough, were all sorts of queer steel girders and cables to support the thing on its perilous journey. The exciting crossing made, Agidia perceived that they were on a long point of land with wide sweeps of water on either side; nothing was missing but the mountains and dark blue pines to make her joy complete.

Uncle Peer's house surprised her just a little. It was not what one might expect of America, it had a decided Old World list for one thing, leaning dizzily upon a treacherous sandy bank, and it was no bigger than a fisher cot. However, everything was very neat and clean.

They made a good dinner on potatoes and sausages which Agidia thought very elegant, each one done up in a separate jacket. And afterwards they walked to a corner store and ate something very cold—indeed quite frozen—with a marvellous flavor once it melted on one's tongue. Agidia would have liked to comment upon these marvels but Uncle Peer was hopelessly inattentive and un-American. He was in almost as bad case as Dame Freda each Holy Week when her sins sat the heaviest.

Thereafter when Agidia had gone to bed she puzzled about Uncle Peer; she understood now what a problem was and what she, with her singing and dancing had been to the villagers back home. It was a relief, however, that Uncle came home Saturday afternoons and stayed home except for a turn to the corner store where they bought that marvellous frozen stuff called I-Scream. Agidia thought it a queer name for such delicious food and a good example of what His Reverence had meant when he spoke of the peculiarities of the American language. After this Saturday jaunt they sat on the stoop, Uncle smoking slowly and staring into space now and then giving a little cough in his throat like the frightened bark of an eaglet and Agidia, watching the water that lapped the white beach, would have been blissfully happy had Uncle been only a little bit aware of her.

But one night when it was getting on into October and the wind off the lake was cold, Peer Ness roused himself suddenly. "Yes—certainly . . . you need a coat, Agidia, and shoes, too, doubtless."

O, this was too much! Agidia flew across the little porch and fell upon her knees. "O, Uncle, if you really mean it—O, we must be careful of the colors—red, white and blue—those are the proper ones, Neils told me . . . and I should like a squeak in my shoes, Uncle Peer, a squeak is so cheerful."

"Yes—certainly," agreed Uncle Peer in his thin reedy voice and fell to coughing nervously. Agidia remembered her cod liver oil which she had studiously avoided and carefully treasured and now offered to her uncle as a likely remedy.

Peer Ness emerged a bit farther out of his mental fog and looked at the little girl with stirring interest. Why, she was a bright little button and good-hearted. Dear, dear, she had eyes like a feathering swallow, big and hungry, and full of wild courage. He set aside his pipe. "Put down the bottle, Agidia, I have something to say."

Agidia was thrilled and settled herself in what she thought the exact posture of an elegant figure on a poster that decorated the wall of the livery stable down the street. "It is best to be prepared for the worst, Agidia. Yes—certainly, the worst may always come about . . . once I sailed the lakes and was doing

well, but our ship was caught in a late storm and I was both hurt and frozen; since then I have had a wasting sickness. Even the easy job at the warehouse seems too much and in winter I am always worse. So we must get your things, Agidia, and a store of food and fuel. Yes—certainly. And of course you must go to school—dear me, I hadn't thought of that."

Agidia did not get to school just then however, but because she sensibly reminded him of it they shopped for her coat and her shoes and never was such rapture produced by a red blanket coat nor fascinated clerks thanked so prettily with a grave little handshake. The only trouble she had was about the squeak; the more she tried to imitate the cheerful sound, pointing to the soles of her feet, the more stupidly the shoeman shook his head! But for all that when she had come down the street a yard or two the shiny new boots emitted a healthy protest and Agidia felt her cup of joy running over.

The laying in of stores was almost as great fun; in this she felt experienced having heard her mother haggle the factor back home. Her English, thanks to Uncle's absent-mindedness, was a little strange, but then Mrs. Morino of the corner store was not so long out of Italy and had, besides, as vast a burden of good

nature as of fat. Mrs. Morino, proud mother of seven lively Morinos, secretly approved Agidia's demonstration of housewifely concern. The salt must be smooth and clean—not for pickling; and the oatmeal she must look at to make certain the mice had not been in it—O, she was immovable on this. And then she must have some real American food and perhaps Mrs. Merino would instruct her on the proper American things for Christmas; she knew nearly everything about the cherry tree but nothing at all about food. Sure-a-thing! Mrs. Morino was ready to help Agidia. Now American food, she had of course the best. Hot dogs—that was very Americano, and the bean with-a the pork, and pie. O, sure-a thing, pie was extra Americano, especially pie made with-a the pumpkin.

Dear me! Agidia nearly jumped. Never was there an end of marvels in this country. Uncle Peer had just bought her a book with big print and pictures to help her with the American language and on the fifth page and almost as big as an egg was an orange-colored thing called a pumpkin, with ten white mice drawing it along as nicely as you please. And one made pie out of things like that in America. The discovery struck her mute. She lost interest in the

remaining purchases. Even Mrs. Morino's gift of a striped peppermint stick made scarcely any impression.

THEREAFTER Agidia's education went on rapidly, for Uncle Peer, as he had gloomily predicted, came down with his influenza and she was obliged to attend to everything; quite naturally she turned to Mrs. Morino for advice in matters domestic and cultural. All the Morino's big and little heartily approved of her resolution to quit being a dog-gon-foreigner as fast as possible. But their gratifying praise notwithstanding little Agidia's heart had its misgivings as Christmas drew near and uncle was no better and from dawn to dark scarcely spoke a dozen words. When dread and loneliness grew intolerable she put on her red American coat and, bronze curls loosed to the wind, would fly up and down the cold white beach, a lonely little figure bravely dancing down dismay to the tune of the ever present thought that somewhere out in the vast immensity the hovering spirit of America, the Father-of-His-Country, was watching her and that she must be cheerful and as Neils had said, "Step lively" no matter what happened.

Every so often uncle dragged himself out of bed to carry in bags of coal from the woodshed, but the effort left him more listless than before and no matter how cheerfully Agidia attacked the household tasks poor uncle remained fixed in his melancholy. In this state the holiday season broke upon them. Remembering her mother's last few weeks Agidia was seized by terrible anxiety. Uncle Peer might not recover . . . and the chief terror to little Agidia was not that she should be cast adrift once more but that uncle should die a dog-gon-foreigner.

Good though he had been to her, giving her I-Scream every Saturday and prunes on Sunday, she could not fail to perceive that he was still very Norwegian. His American English had not-a the pep, according to Mrs. Morino, and Neils would certainly have thought him a dum stiff, by gosh.

Agidia could think of no remedy for this appalling situation except to celebrate Christmas in a genuine American manner with pie out-a the pumpkin, hot dogs and a cherry tree. That evening she told her plan to uncle who, like a drowning man in a flood, caught, by accident, two words—tree and Christmas—to which he clung. "Yes certainly—you must have a tree—they have them at the corner store. And you may have a dollar, Agidia—perhaps two would be better. Yes certainly—a child must have Christmas and I have my pension to pay for everything."

Agidia was jubilant over these cheerful symptoms. "O, just wait and see, Uncle Peer, the Father-of-His-Country will take no shame for us this Christmas!"

But Agidia had certain troubles in store. Mrs. Morino quickly agreed about the tree. "Sure-a thing! A Christmas tree everybody must-a have."

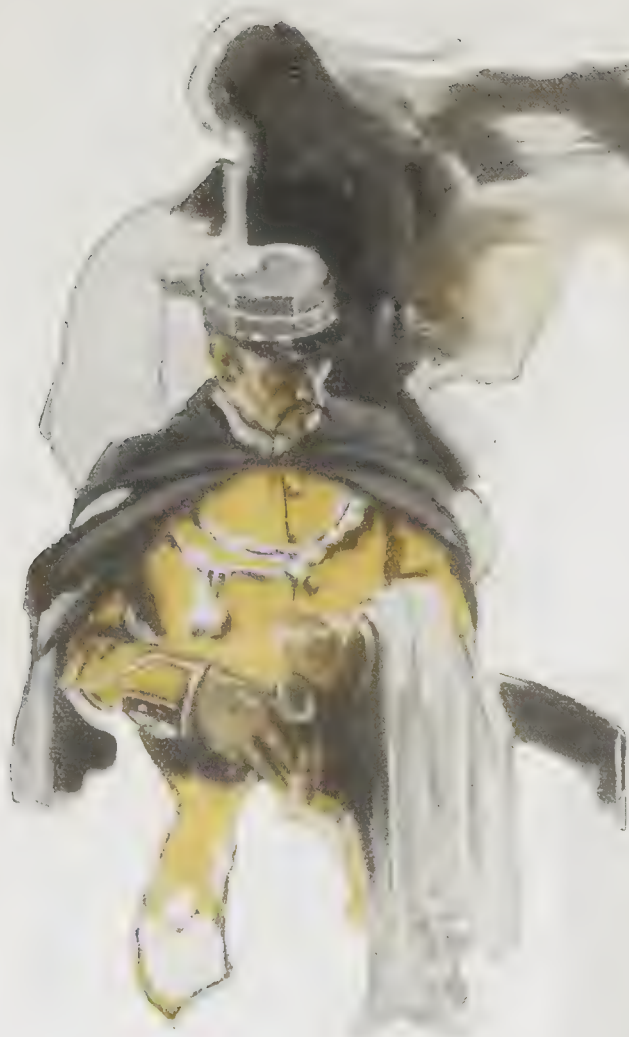
But the adjective created considerable difficulty until one of the little Morinos explained that Agidia meant cheery—a happy tree. "Sure-a thing." Mrs. Morino shook with joyous comprehension. Now she understood and everything would be alright; a Swede from the hills always brought down trees for sale—cheap, too.

Agidia had her dark misgivings. A Swede? How should a Swede recognize the tree chosen by The-Father-of-His-Country . . . O dear, the longer she thought about it the less sure she was of right results, and indeed what did she see piled before the corner store a few days before Christmas but a heap of common spruce trees! O, it did not disappoint her really—even in Norway folks had not expected much of Swedes. Plainly she must scout for herself. This in mind she set off one afternoon, crossed the aerial bridge, to which she was now accustomed but always experienced trickles of pride in its achievement and, wonder of wonders, met Mr. Morino on the other side.

Mr. Morino was humming a gay tune as he waited for the bridge, his hat sat at a smart angle, his boots were bright yellow and his teeth parted in a dazzling smile when he recognized the little traveller. Mr. Morino was of course quite elegant and Americano: "Hello!" shouted he, [Continued on page 50]



But Agidia had certain troubles in store. Mrs. Morino quickly agreed about the tree. "Sure-a-thing! A Christmas tree everybody must-a have."



He wore a peaked cap and a military cloak, and on one arm he was carrying something white, embroidered with lace.

Loisl's Creed

By HUGO IGNOTUS

Translated From "Pester Lloyd"
(German)

By
VIATOR

LOISL is still a little child and does not yet go to school. He lives with his mother in Nussdorf, in a street close to the canal. A gentleman asked him if he could read and write, and Loisl replied that he was still too small, "indeed, as yet I do not go to school," he said, "but I hope to go to school in the autumn." He further said, "even now I can write the large letters, and read everything that it is possible to read by one's own efforts without having to be taught."

As a matter of fact, Loisl was not entirely ignorant, for he had made use of his five senses, and had thus accumulated a sufficient store of food to supply the needs of his small brain.

Among other things Loisl had learnt was the direction of the beautiful chapel which had been erected to the holy John of Nepomuk; and once within the chapel his eyes had rested on the sacred altar cloth, upon which he had seen some large letters designed and the words he was told formed a prayer to the Blessed Virgin:—"Holy Mother of God we implore thy help and protection."

But the chapel was not a place he loved to visit, and he preferred to take off his hat to the dear Lord Jesus whom, on his way to the vineyard, he had often to pass, and who, he noticed, stood by the cross roads on a wooden cross, nailed, and naked, and bleeding, with eyes closed and with a motto on his head made from four large letters reading INRI.

INRI, however, meant nothing to Loisl and he could not understand what these big letters meant. Loisl thought, and thought, but he came no nearer to the understanding of their meaning. At last he determined to ask his mother, and she told him that the letters meant that Jesus was King of the Jews.

But, here again, the child was puzzled. "How can this be, Mother," he asked, "don't the Jews then believe in their king, our Lord and Saviour, that they have placed Him here alone without a dress to cover Him, and why have they left Him alone here, so far away from all the houses? But Mother, I suppose now that the Jews are rich they have no need of a poor God in the cities and therefore Jesus is left out here subject to the wind and rain to help the poor people who live in the outskirts."

Other observations besides had been made by little Loisl. As he passed through the streets of the city, he had noticed the marks and letters on the walls and

signboards; notices of meetings, of help for the poor during the winter, of the taxes to be paid on land and buildings, and the huge placards announcing what was being played in the theatres, and what was being shown in the moving pictures. But though he would have liked to see these plays and shows he knew this was impossible, as nobody under sixteen was allowed to enter there and, further, his mother said that she had no money for these things because she was only a poor scrub-woman and it was very difficult, even among the well-to-do, to get enough work to pay for rent and clothes and food.

Life was indeed a hard struggle for Loisl's poor mother, because her husband, who had been a mason bricklayer, had now been dead nearly a year, and for quite a long time before he died he had been ill—he suffered from cold and asthma, and at last consumption attacked him. Then he had to stop working, and not being able to pay for a doctor and medicine he finally had to be taken to a hospital, where he died.

His mother Leni tried her best to bravely bear up against her troubles, and to make the best of things, but she had to leave her cottage, and to be thankful for the shelter of a cellar in the suburbs, and every morning, as soon as it was daylight, she used to make her way to the centre of the city on foot. She might have taken the electric car, but she had no money for this, and therefore she was compelled to walk. She had to pass many large houses where she saw beautiful gardens. She noticed that many possessed automobiles. Where the blinds were not drawn she could see the beautiful rooms luxuriously furnished. And

when she came to the market the golden oranges, the green salads, the red apples and the purple plums and grapes looked so tempting in the early morning light that she could hardly refrain from a feeling of envy. "Oh," she said to herself, "that I had enough money just to buy a few apples," but she had none, she must hasten along to try and get work; and there was no fairy godmother, no kind lady, no sweet angel of mercy to stretch out a loving hand of help. And then there was Loisl to think of. At first she gave him in charge of his Aunt Hilde, who took care of him whilst she was away in the town; then, she placed him in a kindergarten school, where she thought that he would be happier among other children and he would be able to have companions and games and playmates. For a little time this plan was a success, but Loisl seemed to have ideas of his own and more than once he ran away to play with anyone he could find in the street. Gradually he began to delight in seeing how near he could go to an automobile or an electric car without it hitting him; then he began to climb on to the viaducts of the street railways; and his especial delight was to find some running water where, with rapidly formed paper boats, he could imagine himself a shipowner sending out his merchandise across the seven seas. The outcome of all this was not very pleasant for his mother. She always expected to find him on her return injured, if not dead; and after one of these escapades he always returned half starved, in sore need of two days sleep and careful treatment.

Thus, being continually worried and harassed, Loisl's mother determined upon a new line of procedure, and she now arranged to take the child with her and to keep him with her during the day; thus, she felt, she could keep him under her eye, even though he had to spend the greater part of the day among the rags and mops and pails. Whatever she had to eat she shared with Loisl and, when she was given work to do which took her away from the central meeting place of these charwomen, some of the other women looked after him to see that he did not run away. For quite a large part of the day Loisl was often compelled to sit still in a corner engrossed in his own thoughts and sometimes an apple, or orange, or biscuit, or even a piece of bread were his sole companions and comforters. If he went to sleep someone was generally at hand to see that he did not fall from his perch on the table, or upturned cask.

Illustrated by A. C. Valentine



His mother from time to time got work in cleaning the church. On these rare occasions his eyes were able to gaze at the new choir where the angels stood, at the beautiful bronze pillars erected to the glory of the holy Mother of God, and at the holy Mother herself, with a crown on her head, at her feet a crocodile, and from the mouth of the crocodile a spear emerged, to show that unclean and vicious animals were, like all vice and impurity, subject to the chastisement of the holy Virgin's defenders.

ONE thing, however, bothered the child, and this he could not understand. At the foot of one of the pillars he saw engraved the word "Ferdinandi" and he could not discover which of the four angels this referred to. Evidently they were all warriors, for they all were armed with coats of mail, with swords, with lances, and golden helmets; each of them also had two beautiful wings, with which they could fly, at a moments notice, to any quarter of the world, wherever dragons, snakes, crocodiles, basilisks and other dangerous and unclean animals were causing trouble. And Loisl also learnt that these same angels were able to put to rout plague and pestilence, fire and sword, famine and drought, heresy and infidelity. But which one was "Ferdinandi?" Loisl secretly wished that he had wings. He liked to look at and think about the angels, but the crocodile he had never seen and, though he looked repeatedly, he never once saw a fish like that on the stall of the fishmonger, and also he never saw a sword there, nothing but hooks and bleeding pieces of fish and kitchen knives.

The church for Loisl was fairyland. Once having passed the pillars it was possible to peer into the church. This Loisl noticed, and at once putting his thoughts into action he crossed the threshold of the church and looked around. His senses were stupefied. There was a smell of incense, a number of pictures, wonderful statues, bejewelled figures, gloriously tinted marble, shrines of silver, copper, marble, stone and wood, and the carving on the altar screen, the color of the wooden choir stalls, the red and black silk tapestry on the walls, the brilliantly lighted altar, the red and white cassocks of the altar boys, the gorgeous clothes of the priests. All this was too much for Loisl to grasp, it reacted on the senses; the whole scene had been too suddenly flashed upon him without preparation, he had eaten nothing that day and he almost fainted. When he recovered he was not the same boy as before, his mind had received impressions, and impressions which called for action.

AFTER this Loisl did not often go into the church; he generally had to remain outside; but once his mother took him inside and he was then able to take a good look at many of the things which had so much struck him on his stealthy visit. Among the other things that he now noticed was the way in which people behaved when they entered, how they put their fingers in some water kept in little shell-shaped basins near the entrance door, and how people knelt down, and crossed themselves.

Finally, one day, when it was very cold and the snow was falling in large, white flakes on the ground, his mother took him into the church, and told him it was a carnival and therefore they ought to rejoice. He could feast his eyes, and his mother took him by the hand right up to the high altar. Here he noticed there was a flowered carpet which covered the open space and the three steps immediately in front of the altar; and then he saw the flickering lights of the altar candles, and the golden candlesticks, and the altar cloth with its lace fringes, and the marvellous golden monstrance, which almost dazzled his eyes with its brilliance.

And up above the altar, raised high above the lights, stood a man with a sad and solemn face who did not move. This man seemed to gaze at Loisl, his mother, and all the people with sympathetic affection; and, probably because it was cold outdoors, he had on a warm rose-velvet mantle covered with embroidery. As he stood there with his bearded face he seemed to resemble the mayor of the city; and when Loisl asked his mother who he was, she replied "He is our Lord, and Saviour, and Redeemer," and she knelt down before Him and prayed.

But once again Loisl was puzzled, and he said to his mother, "but Mother, I understood that our Lord Jesus was our Redeemer, and He is on the road

near Nussdorf as we go to the vineyard; and He is naked, and hung on a cross; and it is terrible to think that in weather like this He must stay out there in the cold with nothing but a small wooden roof over his head and the little stool at his feet all covered with ice." But his mother only crossed herself and quietly turned her head as she tried to make him understand this was the same Lord Jesus. Loisl, however, was not satisfied, and he said to himself, "how can this be the Lord Jesus who stands here in comfort and warmth with his beautiful mantle? This Jesus has no marks of nails on his hands, and no hole in his side, and no crown of thorns on his head, and does not hang on a cross, but is comfortably housed in a beautiful church, surrounded with pictures and angels, and lighted candelabra; and there is not even a sign of His suffering, why

All this prevented little Loisl from sleeping as soundly as usual, but in the morning he had again to go with his mother to the city and again he found himself near the beautiful bronze pillars, for the sacristan of the church had come to speak to his mother, and he heard her say "Yes, I will come directly," and he also heard the sacristan say "The ladder and pails and brushes you will find in their usual place;" and then he heard his mother say, "Thank you, but I must ask you to let me take my little boy with me. He is quite happy in the church, he will be good and give no trouble, and later on he may himself become a priest, that is his idea, is it not, Loisl?"

And the sacristan replied: "Very good Mrs. Leni, but hurry up, and leave the talking to be done by others, for if we don't get soon started we shall find nothing done when it is time to ring for vespers."

And so Loisl went with his mother once more into the church; but this time everything was in disorder; the straw mats and the footstools and the pails and ladders were all in confusion; and in the church were only a few old women; and when two ladies, dressed in fur coats, came in and saw that the church was in the hands of the cleaners, they quickly departed, taking great care not to slip on the wet floor, or stumble over the heaps of mats, or trip on the soap, or catch their dresses in the handles of the pails, or the rungs of the outspreading ladders. Well, a church has to be cleaned in the same way as a house, and to Loisl this was very interesting, because he could now go where before he had never been.

THE rood screen had been opened, the altar was covered, the chancel carpets had been taken up and, where only the altar boys were able to go as a rule, Loisl now found that he himself could go; indeed Loisl moved here and there with such rapidity and with such ever-increasing interest that at last the sacristan who was cleaning the candelabra turned to him and

said, "Look here Loisl, you are too curious, there's nothing here for you, go and sit down on one of the seats." And Loisl immediately did as he was told, and sat as quiet as a mouse. After a little while the sacristan moved away and was busy in another part of the church; then Loisl also moved, but this time he went into one of the side chapels, and after peering into this and that corner and looking at everything he became tired, and going to his mother he said "Mother, I am hungry. Give me something to eat." His mother went to her basket and took out a sandwich of cold pork which she gave him, and when he had eaten it he said: "Mother, let me go home, I am tired." "But, Loisl," she said, "do you think you can find the way by yourself without getting run over, or knocked down?" "I am sure I can," said Loisl. It seemed a long time till the cleaning

was done, and his mother had been very anxious about her little boy, but on her return she found him safe and sound, and she felt pleased to think that now she might be able to trust him to go errands for her, and she hoped he was cured of his tendency to get into trouble.

THE day after Loisl had thus, for the first time, found his way home alone, his mother woke him as usual to go along with her to the city, but Loisl said: "Mother, I can't go with you today, my foot hurts me, let me go today to the kindergarten." His mother was astonished but thought it better to let the boy do as he wished. When, however, about noon, he returned to his home he was astonished to find his mother there, talking excitedly to two men who were asking her questions, and he heard his mother say: "Never in my life have I felt so disgraced, look through all my boxes and cupboards for I call God to witness I am not a thief. [Continued on a page 48]



Putting his thoughts into action, Loisl crossed the threshold of the church and looked around. His senses were stupefied.

there are not even to be seen here the drops of blood, how can this be the real Lord Jesus? No," said little Loisl "this must be another Saviour, the Saviour of the rich people, the Redeemer of those who have silver, and glass, and flowers on their tables, and whose houses are both warm in winter and cool in summer," and he glanced furtively at his mother, as she dusted the windows with her old rags and tried to keep her balance on the shaky steps. "No," said little Loisl, "this Saviour has no INRI inscribed above his head, this one is rich whom the Jews have not rejected, who is not crucified, whose eyes are open, and not closed in pain and anguish, and from his eyes no tears are running, and from his wounds no blood is flowing."

Thus thought little Loisl, and he began to shake and shiver to think that the real Saviour was, on a day like this, compelled to stand in the cold on the wayside with the snow beating down on Him and the ice forming in icicles upon His poor bloodless body.

Lifelines of our Aircraft Travel

BOTH the Prince of Wales and the Prime Minister are "air-minded" men, acutely alive to the use of swift transport in a very crowded life. Yet they leave nothing to chance, for—as Captain A. G. Lamplugh, the authority on aviation insurance, reminds us—"the air, to an even greater extent than the sea, is terribly unforgiving of any carelessness, incapacity or neglect." No train, nor the fastest of cars could enable our busy Prince to fulfil all the political and social engagements which await him; for some of these may be hundreds of miles apart, often with only a few hours between them. In these cases, H.R.H. uses his own Bristol Fighter, piloted by Lieut. D. S. Don, of the R.A.F.; and both flyers buckle on the unobtrusive sliken parachute which is now part of the standard equipment of the Service. "No form of transport," as Major R. H. Mealing, chief technician in the Directorate of Civil Aviation, impresses on us, "needs so high a measure of 'Safety First'."

It is true that British air transport becomes safer every day, and that between 1927 and 1931 the flying mileage for each major accident worked out at 1,076,000. But just as our great ocean liners will travel 20,000,000 miles before drowning a single passenger, and yet carry lifebelts for all on board, so do our aircraft directors consider all risks, however remote, whether due to human error or those structural or mechanical failures which may evade the most expert of eyes.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald never leaves Lossiemouth for Downing Street by the Cloudland route without testing the rip-cord and shroud-lines of his pack-parachute; and in this precautionary process his watchful daughter Ishbel takes a practical part. He is surely the first British Prime Minister to make a habit of flying. And quite historic was Mr. MacDonald's sailing homeward from the Tempelhof air-port of Berlin, after conferring with the German Chancellor and Foreign Minister.

On that occasion the Prime Minister's escort of three Fairey bombers was a novel sight for the people of a disarmed Power. Their own newspapers had recalled to Berliners the Peace-mission of Lord Beaconsfield over fifty years ago: that was the last official visit of a British Prime Minister to Germany. And as Mr. MacDonald taxied along the aerodrome in full flying-kit and parachute-harness, there was a vivid sense of the miracles which science and invention had wrought in the interval between those two events.

Few of us realize the magnitude of sky-travel today. One great company runs daily and weekly services from London to all the chief cities of Europe, as well as to India and Africa, over well-found routes that total 14,000 miles. Here are true "liners of the clouds" in regular operation, including craft with a span of 130 feet, a speed up to 125 miles an hour and luxurious accommodation for 40 passengers. In eight years these ships of the skies have flown over 8,400,000 miles with thousands of tons of freight, ranging from documents and diamonds to wild beasts, besides hundreds of thousands of passengers.



Above—Six parachutes leaving three 'planes.

Below—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald chatting to Ishbel, his daughter, while his parachute was being adjusted before starting on a trip.



Cadets folding and inspecting parachutes at the Air Force Training College

You may now book to Bagdad, of the Arabian Nights, and tamely return to Croydon for £111, 12s., including all meals, hotels and tips *en route*. More magical still is the flight from London to Cairo and Cape Town by way of the Sudan, Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika and the Rhodesias. What would the Stanleys and Livingstones of old have said to such a traverse of the Dark Continent, with "explorers" of a new day lounging in a cloud-high "club," to be eyed aloft in wonder by human savages and herds of wild elephants?

Passengers on these great 'planes are not yet provided with parachutes, because such big craft have three and even four powerful engines, and are moreover fitted with the slotted wing device which prevents "stalling," or loss of flying speed; it is this defect which causes most of the aerial disasters, in spite of wireless meteorology and other scientific aids. Yet one of these sky-liners—the 40-seater "Horatius"—was struck by lightning when over Tonbridge, a few minutes after leaving Croydon for the daily run to Paris in a couple of hours. The windows of the pilot's cabin were blown out; these struck the lower airscrew on the starboard side and were then hurled against the fuselage and through the wings.

As the wireless gear was also burnt out, the stricken liner, with thirteen passengers on board, had perforce to go back home again. Nor was this the first electrical stroke from the clouds at these huge craft. So it may well be that the provision of parachutes will be found necessary in future to allay alarm, and safeguard the passengers from serious accidents which no human foresight can prevent.

But in these days of air-taxis and club and family 'planes, with folding wings for villa garaging, the parachute is an obvious necessity only to be ignored at imminent risk to the amateur flyer's life. The Fox Moth type, a biplane saloon for a private owner costs £995 and carries a party of four with 100 lbs of baggage and petrol for 360 miles at the comfortable cruising rate of 90 miles an hour. In some respects amateur flying is no more expensive than first class railway-travel, provided the home 'plane be frequently used. The machine has a potential life of 1,500 hours—or say five years at 300 hours a year. Reckon £700 as the cost of a two-seater. Add insurance, fuel and oil (at nine shillings an hour), with garage-rent running repairs and replacements, as well as the needful periodic overhauls and licences, ground engineer's service and washing—and on this basis we have something like £535 a year for two persons enjoying 300 hours of flying. Even if weather reduces this use to half, the outlay may be taken at a little over £335; this works out at only 3½d. per person for each mile flown.

It is in such machines as these that the parachute is a vital appliance, as also in all the 'planes of our fighting and defensive Services. The device may vary in make-up and in the manner of using it, whether for practice or in serious emergencies. At that sensational "show," an R.A.F. pageant, one often sees a new type of parachute, either British or foreign, brought into demonstration with a view to proving its

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE

superiority over existing designs. Thus at the Stag Lane aerodrome, I saw Lieut. Freri of the Italian aircraft service offering the "Salvatore" parachute. This is a broad-belted affair which opens at a touch and inspires the most timorous of flyers with confidence.

Of course, one cannot deny that it is a fearsome thing, however well assured a pilot or passenger may be as to his gear, to leap from cloud-heights into nothingness, at the same time keeping enough presence of mind to get clear of the wreck and jerk the releasing whilst hurtling earthward at two miles a minute. But a wreck in the air, even more than a burning or sinking ship at sea, is a matter of life or death and the least hesitation may be fatal. Hence the urgent need for parachute-practice, such as may be seen in the wonderful photographs reproduced in these pages.

To daring souls, this can become a thrilling sport in which astonishing records are set up. Thus at our Heston Air Park, I saw John Trantum, the Danish expert, leap seven times from a height of 1,000 feet in 33 minutes and 45 seconds. It is most curious to see how men react to a real emergency when up aloft, and an accident happens which is beyond all provision. Here is a case in point. Lieutenant S. L. Pope, an R.A.F. test-pilot of great skill, was trying out a very fast fighting 'plane (which was on the "Secret List" of the Air Ministry) at the Yate aerodrome, when "tail-flutter" developed without any warning, and the machine grew uncontrollable.

That officer was 1,500 feet from the ground and his 'plane was soon upside down. This enabled him to fall out after releasing his safety-belt. Split seconds count in these disasters. Here the pilot kept his wits. And although losing 500 feet of height, he got clear of the wreck and its violent air-wake (which is known as the "slip-stream"), pulled the release of his "chute" at about 1,000 feet and made a perfectly safe landing. Yet Lieutenant Pope had never before been called upon to make a jump of this desperate sort.

Meanwhile the new and treacherous fighting 'plane, still upside down—nose-dived at last and crashed in a field beside the railway. Here we have a very rare case of structural collapse in a new military machine of British make. And as a defect "wing-flutter" has baffled the air-engineers of all nations for the past ten years. Indeed, since 1926 a special "Flutter Committee" of our own Aeronautical

Research has been investigating this problem of high-speed 'planes and sensitive tail-controls by every resource of mathematics and wind-tunnel tests. The much slower speeds and level flight conditions of commercial and private 'planes render these types immune from this obscure peril of "wing-flutter." I mention Lieutenant Pope's unlooked-for parachute leap to show that even a star pilot of the R.A.F. (Pope was awarded the Air Force Cross in the Honours List) may be put in deadly danger from a cause beyond any human control.

But not all Service flyers can keep their heads in a calamity—Pilot Sergeant Fell, for example. His parachute was strapped in the rear cockpit of a Siskin dual control 'plane, but the appliance got loose and jammed the controls. Round and round flew the doomed man. His Squadron-Leader sent up another officer to order Fell to fly upside down and thus dislodge the parachute-pack that was crippling his 'plane. At 6,000 feet Pilot Fell left his would-be saviour and dived to within 2,000 feet of the ground. Then he leaped for his life. But the unfortunate man's 'chute did not open to stay his descent and let him float safely down to earth. The safety-gear was examined as he lay dead and it was found that the luckless flyer had not pulled the release-cord as he dropped through space. At the inquest, the doctor thought that the mental strain caused by Fell's 'plane going out of control had so "rattled" the man, that his mind had become a blank when the supreme test came and he was hurtling down to death at 173 feet a second.

In another case, owing to sun-glare, two Siskin machines collided in the air about eight miles from Cambridge. Flying Officer Cayley made a safe descent with his parachute, but Sergeant Tostevin, who was meteorological observer at the Duxford station, was killed in the crash. That was the 67th fatality in the R.A.F. during the year—which again lends point and meaning to the photographs I show of practice demonstrations with these safety devices. Yet another

case of "one taken and the other left" occurred at the Kenley Aerodrome. Two single-seater Gamecocks crashed into each other in a mist at about 2,000 feet. Pilot Sealy-Allin lost his life, but Sergeant Freeman in the second machine leaped clear and pulled his cord with perfect success. His landing had thrills, however, for a strong wind blew him and his big "umbrella" towards a glass roof of the hangars, through which it seemed the falling flyer must crash. But by kicking violently and pulling with skill upon his shroud-lines, Freeman cleared the glass and came down, all tangled in his silken gear, upon a building where he was speedily rescued with ladders.

Both civil and military flyers often practise the "delayed drop;" for it is prudent to get well away from a wreck before pulling the release, and so causing the huge ribbed sail to open out. A 'chute may catch on the machine with dire results to the escaping man. A notable example of this was seen in the United States, where stunt "gradation-jumps" lead to reckless vieing among the Air-corps cadets.

Private Osborne sat in the rear cockpit of his officer's machine with two parachute-packs harnessed on him. As the Lieutenant raised his hand, Osborne stood up with one foot on the seat, the other on the fuselage, while his right hand fumbled nervously with the rip-ring over his left breast.

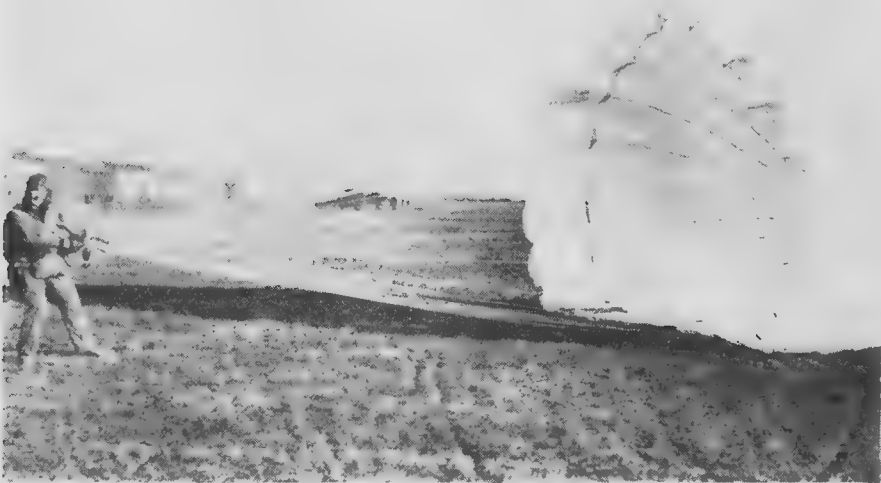
At a second signal the pupil dived head first into the vacuum, over the right side of the 'plane. But he jerked his ring too soon, without waiting till he was well away from the roaring machine. Looking over the side, his instructor was horrified to see the bellying bulk of Osborne's 'chute caught in a notch in the tail of the 'plane! And there the man dangled, about 25 feet down, with the moving earth some 1,800 feet below him.

[Continued on page 26]

Right—Ralph le Pere, the parachute jumper, just after he had left the ship at an altitude of 2,000 feet, aiming at a circle on the ground as a target in the National Air Races at Chicago. The parachute is just starting to trail in its action of opening.



Top Right—G. R. Bose standing on the wing of his 'plane high in the air at Lakehurst, U.S.A., waiting for the signal for his first leap into space during parachute jumping tests at Lakehurst Naval Air Station.



Stephen Boudreau, 21, as he appeared when he landed on his parachute jump at Selfridge Field, Detroit, after breaking the jump record by dropping 3,500 feet without opening his parachute.



Bob Wise, saxophonist, who made a parachute leap from a 'plane over Heston Air Park, is seen disentangling himself from the parachute after dropping 2,000 feet.

The Fear Complex

DICK LATIMER remembered the story of the tin soldier, as he watched Joyce Grey, standing before the fire and studying the lambrequin of old needlework. She was lovely, exquisite. But—not for him. For some rich chap—no, a girl whose pearls were worth a fortune could ignore money—probably for some chap who had done big things or at least had a topnotch title.

Why spoil the moment? He was here, spending Christmas weekend at the Wallis manor-house with Joyce Grey. A month ago such a thing would have seemed as likely as a weekend at the North Pole with Queen Mary.

Victor Wallis was handing Joyce a cocktail, his glance sliding over her bright hair and her low black dress. Cur! Exploring Joyce, Victor Wallis, a weedy little fop too lazy even to work!

"Bookkeeper" for his mother's "guest house!" *Guest House!* Phew The words stank of the decaying gentility which Mrs. Wallis never let you forget. But to her it was not decaying, merely temporarily under eclipse; she was always referring to some fortune they would soon inherit. Besides, Victor Wallis had a wife. Latimer remembered poor timid little Mary Wallis with pity.

Victor's dark eyes focussed on Joyce's pearls. Blatantly appraising them, the swine. Joyce shrugged. Soft ostrich feathers fluttered like wings from her shoulder-straps. Funny style that, all sorts of folderols about the women's shoulders, but it made Joyce's waist Victorianly tiny.

Joyce was coming to him.

"Dick, I hate that Wallis man."

"You would."

"I'm only civil for poor old Mrs. Wallis' sake. Rotten luck at her age to have to take strangers into her home."

"Strangers! Guests, Joyce. Only her friends, or friends of her friends, or friends of her friends' friends."

"Don't be catty."

"Stroll to this end of the room. Thanks. I want to ask you something, something I've no right to."

She gave her sideways-and-up glance. "I've been wondering if you'd never say or do anything you hadn't a perfect right to say and do."

Flirting with him. Amusing herself. And the moment he responded, she'd lose interest. "I want to ask, are those pearls real?"



Victor's dark eyes focussed on Joyce's pearls. Blatantly appraising them, the swine. Joyce shrugged.



Delia came round a street corner, smack into the lion. She screamed, and flung her camera, hitting it between the eyes.

She sighed. "The second man in five minutes to be more interested in my pearls than in me."

"Isn't it usual to have duplicates for wear when there's danger?"

"I've never had mine copied. I like real things. Real things and real people. And I never could see fun in keeping jewels at a bank. That was why Grandmother left me her pearls. I'd enjoy them, while Mother would only lock them up with her other treasures except on big occasions. And what do you mean by danger? No one here but Mother and you and Edna and Jim. Edna's my cousin, and Jim has pots of money."

Two young men entered.

"Apparently we aren't to have the house to ourselves over Christmas."

Joyce peered into a china cupboard. "Lean down and pretend to be china-struck. Mother and Victor are both straining their ears." She pointed into the cupboard. "Old Worcester fish-scale! Marvellous! I'd rather talk about you than about china. And that adorable little box of Battersea enamel! I've known you a month, and yet I don't know you at all. Are you being devilishly clever or are you a blank?"

"And aren't those old Derby spill vases quaint? Oh, stop being formal. You're as correct as Mother. Sickening, like never taking off your clothes. Tell me about yourself."

"I don't know much about china, but I wish you'd tell me some of the points. Struggling young lawyer—father was a clergyman"—

"Don't be an ass. I'm not interested in jobs." Again she gave him her side-and-up glance.

He said, "You could spin a top with that look."

"But I am interested in what you're thinking of at this minute."

"That's easy. The tin soldier."

"What on earth! He fell out of a window, didn't he?"

"Not until he'd fallen further than any window-height. He fell madly in love with the toy dancer who had a great diamond on her breast."

"Good for him."

"Ah, but he had only one leg. Being the last of a squad made from an old spoon, they had skimmed on him. And the hobgoblin warned him that only disaster could come if he longed for something not meant [Continued on page 62]

By Gertrude Macaulay Sutton

Illustrated

By William Maltman



His arms were about her. She was struggling, but she didn't cry for help.



On the floor lay a heap of white stuff. Jim Rodden in pyjamas stood, revolver in hand, talking loudly.

His Wedding Morn

The Story of a Too-Obliging Young Man

By E. G. BAYNE

FIRELIGHT and the soft glow of tall candles gleamed on rich old mahogany and on the bright red of holly berries clustering amongst their green leaves, and cast a mellow radiance over the after-dinner group gathered in the library. A festive air communicated itself even to the features of the grim ancestors looking down from their massive frames. It was that glamorous hour when mankind is filled with roast turkey and the spirit of Peace and Goodwill.

The host, Judge Everett, had been listening with a smile and a half-shake of the head to requests for a story, and also to compliments and congratulations. Not a guest present but envied him his solid position in the community, his economic security in a tottering world, and the good sense and sound judgment that had safeguarded him when so many of his friends were taking chances with the stock market. He was known to be conservative and as sound as a Government bond. He had a modest home and peace of mind. They reflected, one and all, that fascinating as the sport of gambling undoubtedly had been 'twere better after all to be safe than greedy.

People who knew the Judge only in the austere atmosphere of court had little idea of the warmth and kindness of his nature. Dignified, grave, unmistakably judicial in manner, few would have guessed that he had a most tolerant spirit and a charitable heart.

"My friends," he said, slowly, "I never talk shop or I might relate numerous tales, each with its appropriate moral, with gambling the motif and retribution the end, but I'd probably only bore you. So, since the second generation appears to have deserted us for a dance, I'll tell you, if I may, a little Christmas story instead, the story of a hapless youth who had begun the fatal habit but was cured in time. What happened in his case was good medicine for him, and I know for a fact that he never made another wager. Shakespeare tells us that all the world's a stage and that man in his time plays many parts. This rash young man made the fundamental mistake of trying to enact two separate roles on his wedding day. The tale takes us back some twenty-five years, to a town many miles from this one . . . Will someone please tone down that pesky radio, or, better still, turn it off altogether? Thanks."

This is the story that Judge Everett told:

THE house was very still. The grand-daddy clock in the hall seemed to cough apologetically before it spoke, as though saying: "Do excuse this interruption, my young friends. Duty, you know . . . Bong. Bong."

Two o'clock! The large, ruddy-faced young man gazing into the dying embers of the fire murmured: "I really *must* be going." Without, however, moving. It was all of three hours ago that the matronly lady who had been sewing just beyond the portieres had removed her glasses and called in "Good-night" as she passed the door of the dimly-lighted drawing-room. The lot of the chaperone was often an arduous and thankless one.

"Just to think," murmured the girl, softly, "that in four more days we'll be married." She yawned delicately behind a hand on which sparkled a modest diamond.

"Gosh!" remarked the young man. He seemed devoid of language but she appeared to understand him. They rose and she gazed up adoringly at him.



"Think of all those kids looking forward to a glimpse of dear old Santa!"

"Over there," she went on, pointing, "is where the big floral bell will hang, and we stand about *here* with the minister opposite, facing the windows. I can close my eyes and just *see* it all, can't you?"

Her lover, less imaginative, countered with a question of his own: "Can you see the groom?"

"Silly," she said, giving his arm a fond squeeze.

"As though anyone would be able to overlook such a handsome and distinguished bridegroom as you will be, my dear!"

There was an interval in which this remark had to be fittingly acknowledged, albeit without the aid of words, then the young man continued: "No, but really, Apollo himself wouldn't have a look-in at his own wedding. He'd be only 'atmosphere.'"

What do you bet I could walk in here wearing a suit of chain-armor and nobody would so much as notice me? Not that it matters."

"Dear, you promised me you'd drop that awful word 'bet,'" she reminded him, "and if you don't walk in here and just *make* people look at you I'll—"

He checked the impending threat in a summary way and delivered himself of the highly original observation that he knew she would be the most beautiful bride the sun ever shone on, and that that was enough for him. They moved into the hall and he began climbing into his coat.

"Mother still thinks it's awful that we're being married on a Saturday. Sure to bring bad luck or something. How superstitious," she murmured, with a laugh, "the brides of her day were!"

He winced, as always, at mention of his future mother-in-law. He, a struggling young lawyer, had won the last remaining daughter of Centerton's social

leader and the *grand dame* manner habitual with her had never failed to awe him. In her presence he found himself tongue-tied, inept, filled with vague confusion. However, as he frequently reminded himself, thank God he wasn't going to have to live with her!

Marjorie held his cap behind her, playfully, and they had a little skirmish. The clock was getting ready to strike three when the young man finally tore himself away.

* * * *

THE letter was from the secretary of the Eminent Order of Elks and ran as follows:

"Dear Sir:—

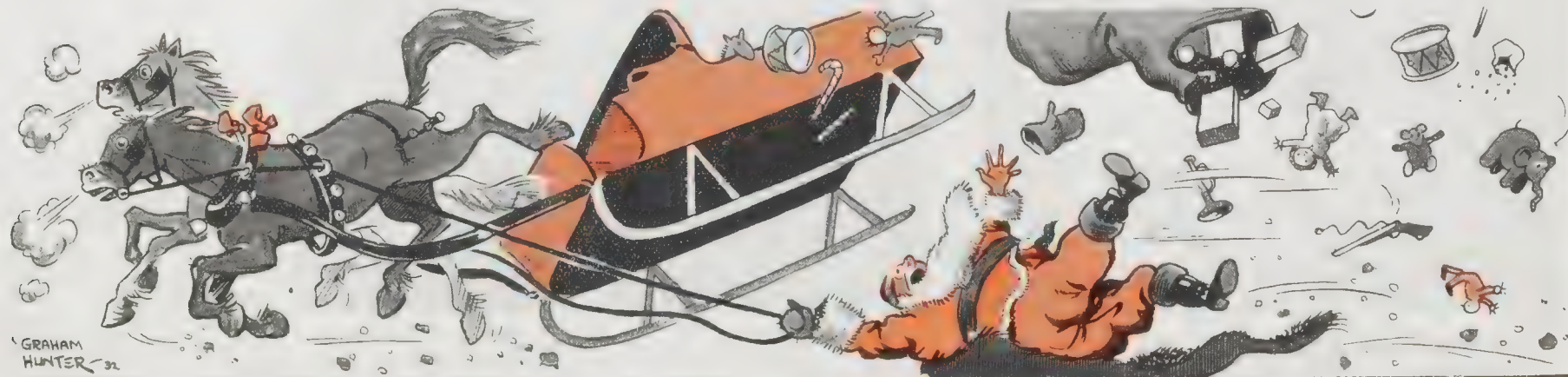
This will remind you again that, as the outcome of a friendly wager at our October meeting, you contracted to take the part of Santa Claus in our parade on December 24th. As previously notified, you will be at the Lodge Rooms at a quarter to ten, as the parade starts sharp at ten and you lead off. At 12.30 the annual Christmas dinner and gift-giving for the poor children of our city will take place, followed by a programme.—(Signed) Wm. H. Deaver, Secretary."

The recipient of this communication burst into Bill Deaver's office a few minutes later.

"About this parade," he cried, "I'm sorry, Bill, but the twenty-fourth is my wedding day."

The secretary of the Eminent Elks, a bachelor of long and persistent standing, gazed at him severely.

Illustrated by J. Graham Hunter



"I like that!" he remarked. "What do you have to go and get spliced on the date of the big parade for?"

"I forgot all about the dashed thing," the prospective groom admitted, with troubled countenance.

"Well, you'll have to put the wedding off. Think of all those kids looking forward to a glimpse of dear old Santa. You can get married any old day."

"Why can't you be Santa Claus?"

"Me? I'm major-domo of ceremonies, and besides I'm too skinny. Jim Allison is down with grippe and Shorty Freed's out of town. You're the only one for the part and you can't alibi out of it. You're getting off easy. Why, you might have had to roll a peanut down the court-house steps with your nose! I had an uncle who lost a bet and he had to ride a donkey backwards all round town. Say," Bill broke off, suddenly, "what time is this wedding to be?"

"High noon. We leave on the one-forty train."

"Why man, that's no problem at all. You can swing both stunts. Tell you what!" Bill continued, oblivious to the fact that the young man didn't relish having his marriage placed in the stunt class, "You take the parade and we'll call it square. I'll fix it with the committee and we'll get someone to pinch-hit from noon on. How's that? Just you be at the hall in good time and leave the rest to me. You're to drive a cutter and a couple of old plugs from Jake's livery and no one will recognize you. There's really nothing to it at all."

"I—I don't know what Marjorie will say," the other said, falteringly. ("Or her mother," he almost added).

"Why give her a chance to say anything? Does she know about the bet?"

"No, but she knows about a lot of others. I thought I had cleared up all my—er—obligations of that nature. She made me promise, you see."

"Is it to be a splash wedding?"

"No, just a few friends and close relatives."

"Well," returned Bill, with a knowing look, "I hope they won't be too close."

They left it at that and the worried youth persuaded himself that Bill was right about keeping the thing from Marjorie. Far be it from him to cause her a moment's needless anxiety on her wedding day. And to save time he'd take his suitcase down to the hall and dress there for the ceremony.

THE twenty-fourth was clear and sunny, with plenty of snow but what with one delay and another the parade didn't get started till nearly eleven. All juvenile Centerton was out to watch. Merry old St. Nick, full of the spirit of the occasion but with an anxious eye ever cocked on the firehall clock, was a tremendous hit. He was garbed in the customary manner and had a pillow stuffed about him for necessary girth. He wore a wig and full white whiskers, a scarlet toque with bobbing tassel, and a sash tied round his midriff, and his ready smile brought cheer after cheer along the route. Beside him was a bulky pack filled with toys. The team were resplendent with ribbons, bells and sprigs of spruce. Never had Centerton witnessed a smarter turnout.

"Keep a close rein on the off-horse," had been Jake's parting advice. "Her only fault is enthusiasm."

Children danced up and down in glee and waved red-mittened hands at the idol of all childhood. Other tots had to be lifted to adult shoulders to see Santa go by, beaming and bowing. Following him was the town band in a straw-filled bob-sleigh and after that more bob-sleighs with members of the Lodge. In the midst of the procession trotted the Lodge goat, ornate in a red velvet coat and jingling sleigh bells. Some of the youthful onlookers were not sure that it wasn't a circus. Among the spectators were one or two out-and-out skeptics.

"That ain't the same fella we saw yesterday in the toy department at Perkins and Green's," quoth one small watcher.

"Naw," rejoined another, "an' them ain't reindeer he's drivin', neither."

According to arrangement the procession dispersed just beyond the railway tracks, at the ball park, the units returning by various routes to the hall. Santa Claus, however, went on. His team appeared to have every intention of doing a marathon into the open country and his unaccustomed muscles ached from the strain of holding them back. They had nearly reached the old sugar-bush before he finally got them turned. If these were the "old plugs" Bill had mentioned, he had a suspicion that they must have undergone a rejuvenating process. The off-horse particularly stepped as high as a blind nag in a pumpkin patch.

But, ye gods! What time was it getting to be? His watch, along with the wedding-ring, reposed in an inside pocket under the complicated system of fastening that featured the St. Nick tunic.



He chose Maple Avenue for his return dash, as being quieter than Main Street, but as they again approached the tracks, this time at a spanking pace, the warning bell was sounding. The gates began to lower with irritating deliberation. A freight train, fully two miles long as it seemed to him, was backing up. He waited in an agony of suspense. Then all of a sudden a trainman waved a high-ball, and the dratted engineer



The groom kept his gaze fixed on a mole on the minister's chin and tried to ignore the all-gone feeling at the pit of his stomach.

proceeded to go ahead again. He was doing this for pure spite of course. He must have known he was holding up an intending bridegroom. And the fellow even had the crust to call from his cab window: "Hullo, Santa Claus. Fetch me a Noah's Ark, and a pair o' skates!"

"I'd fetch you more than that if I could," retorted merry old St. Nick, wrathfully. They laughed in delight.

At last. Slowly the gates lifted and Santa Claus sped over the tracks and gave his team their heads up Maple Avenue. It was a great relief for he was weary of holding in the nigh-horse, who had a mouth as tough as a bride's first biscuit. Anyone could have assured him that it was an ideal morning for a cutter drive but its finer aspects were lost on the anxious bridegroom-elect. His mind was concentrated exclusively on reaching the hall, without the loss of a split-second.

Nemesis, however, awaited him at the corner of Birch Street, where a strip of glare ice lay treacherously beneath a thin coating of snow. Here the nigh-horse stumbled, the runners skidded, whirling the gay red cutter almost completely round, and taking fright the off-horse promptly kicked over the traces. The equipage upset and the next instant Santa found himself rushing along *terra firma* on the edge of a buffalo-robe. Shouts of advice from onlookers lent zest to the occasion and the sight became more intriguing as his route was strewn with toy drums, teddy-bears, tin-trumpets, and talking dollies. Near the end of the avenue, where it dropped over a sheer hill into the mill-pond, fate and his lucky star sent a policeman to jerk him to safety. Other brawny arms halted the horses.

Santa Claus stood up, breathing heavily and a little dazed but obviously uninjured. Across the street stood a familiar brick house, with an unwonted air of festivity about it. A dozen sleighs stood round and a strip of red carpet had been laid from steps to curb. He had temporarily forgotten that Maple was the street Marjorie lived on.

"Quick! The time!" he cried, seizing the nearest man, a wild gleam in his eyes.

"About a quarter of one," he was told.

The next instant Santa Claus had sprung over a hummock of snow and was making for the brick house, while the crowd gazed in bewilderment, certain that he must have suffered a blow on the head. He gained the verandah and reached for the bell-button but the door swung open as for a belated guest and an amazed, white-capped maid started back quickly. He brushed her aside with a mumbled apology and charged into the hallway with a great gust of frosty air and half-a-ton of snow.

He was not very clear as to what he proposed to do now, being filled solely with the horrifying thought that he had kept his bride waiting nearly an hour. Possibly he had some vague intention of persuading [Continued on page 29]

Calamity House

By
MABEL BROUGHTON
BILLETT

WHEN Clarke Helmer, with a sprained wrist, stopped his roadster at the home of Dr. James Townsend, the big gloomy house on the outskirts of the village of Glenlogan, in a valley of the Selkirks, known locally as Calamity House, he discovered the body of a woman who had been killed by a blow on the head. Immediately he phoned Major Kettlewell of the Glenlogan police, and then, as he turned toward the doctor's surgery, was himself knocked senseless by a monkey wrench in the hand of the doctor, who later insisted that Helmer must have murdered Mrs. Townsend. This report was spread through the village and Helmer, who was a stranger there, only escaped lynching through the speedy intervention of Marion Crofts, a hospital nurse, who rounded up Major Kettlewell and a party of Great War Veterans to the rescue.

During the Major's absence someone returned to the scene of the crime and removed all fingerprints. The coroner's inquest brought out little of interest apart from the fact that at three-twenty on the afternoon of the murder Mrs. John T. Agar had called on Mrs. Townsend and, finding no one home, had left her calling card in the door, and the further evidence of Peter McTaggart, a truckman, who at three-forty had seen Mrs. Townsend trying to look through the window into the gardener's cottage on the Townsend place, a cottage that had been untenanted for some time and which McTaggart believed was used by bootleggers. He had recognized Mrs. Townsend by the plaid coat she was wearing.

After the inquest Major Kettlewell paid a visit to the gardener's cottage by a roundabout way and, while there, surprised a Chinaman who evidently knew the place well and was in search of something. The Chinaman escaped out the back door.

Charters Darrach, the doctor's stepson, called home by the death of his mother, decided he would not return to the University. By his mother's will he was left the family residence and also one thousand shares in the Lone Star gold mine, where a lucky strike had been made the previous week, while the doctor received some cash and one hundred shares in the Gypsum mine, of very doubtful value. The doctor was appointed sole guardian of the boy until he should come of age.

A night or two after the inquest Charters Darrach was taken to the hospital suffering from what appeared to be a nervous shock. Clarke Helmer and Marion Crofts had dinner with Mrs. Agar and later in the week went for a long walk, lost their way in the mountains when darkness overtook them and stumbled on a rendezvous of the doctor with some person unknown to them.

During an unsuccessful search for Charters Darrach, who had disappeared, Kettlewell learned that a breed girl, wearing a watch with Dr. Darrach's picture in the back, had arrived in Glenlogan the day of the murder, and left hurriedly the same evening.

A further tragedy was revealed with the discovery that Peter McTaggart had been killed, and Kettlewell, recalling that he had told Dr. Townsend of McTaggart's evidence at the inquest, blamed himself for the latter's death.

PART IV

GLENLOGAN, poverty stricken, clannish, and weary of tragedy, refused to react to its latest murder. Some there were who, in spite of the bullet wound in the man's head, insisted that he had drowned himself. And if he hadn't he had shot himself. Even the policeman, who at this time annoyed them excessively, admitted that the last revolver purchased in town had been bought by the dead man, who, according to the villagers, needed everything worse than he needed a gun. The Coroner's jury might bring in a verdict of murder if it chose, but Glenlogan had made up its mind



"You," said Eatum Up, addressing the bartender, and, suddenly wearying of words, flung him into the street.

that Peter McTaggart had committed suicide. The town had its own way with tragedies. It thrilled to them, it talked them over, and it dismissed them. And the Englishman got on their nerves. Silent, unapproachable, and in their own language, "always snoopin' about," they grew to hate him. They must get rid of him, or one of these days the town would be in for a lot unenviable notoriety. Everyone knew that the council had a hard time striking a tax rate that people could pay now. Murders got a place talked about, but they didn't put it on the map, and Glenlogan was firmly resolved to be on the map.

Burdened with numerous duties for which the illiterate town clerk was paid a salary, sensitive to the dead weight of public opinion against him, reproaching himself for the death of Peter McTaggart,

and out of his slender salary striving to support the widow and probate the will, Major Michael Kettlewell was an object of deep concern to the young American whose income tax ran into five figures, and whose love affairs were in that charming state of uncertainty which is infinitely more agreeable than the moment in which the platinum eternity ring is brought into action. And so he came one night to the major's office and called loudly for a showdown.

"I'm rich," he said, with the engaging directness of the Western States, "and I'm in this thing up to the neck, and what is more I'm going to see it through. As a start I'm going to put up my ante for Mrs. McTaggart."

Glenlogan's police officer was tired, dead tired. The town council had met earlier in the evening and in the absence of any specific grievance they hadn't been exactly urbane. Small villages have this disconcerting way of making an outsider feel uncomfortable and those shut in by mountains are the worst.

And quite suddenly Major Michael Kettlewell of the Kettlewells of Kent, who had been trained from his babyhood not to slop over, realized that the lump in his throat made immediate speech inadvisable. So he put out his hand, and the American took it and gripped it hard. Then one lighted a cigarette and the other produced a vile pipe and they seated themselves comfortably to talk things over.

Although the autopsy had recovered a bullet of thirty-eight calibre, the inquest on the body of Peter McTaggart had proved unusually abortive. The hardware department of the general store had only recently commenced to keep a record of firearms sold over the counter, and this record showed that the only revolver of thirty-eight calibre in stock had been sold to the victim himself some two weeks previous to the tragedy. And this weapon was missing.

The widow testified that she had no knowledge of her husband being in possession of a revolver, and since it was not in the house nor on the truck the inference was that it had gone into the river with the murdered man. The townspeople insisted that this was sufficient evidence of suicide, but in the absence of motive and in view of the fact that the man had evidently feared an attempt on his life the Coroner's jury thought otherwise and brought in a verdict of wilful murder. Doctor James Townsend, Coroner for the district, testified that the wound was not of a nature to preclude the possibility of its being self-inflicted, but with the steely grey eyes of Glenlogan's police officer challenging him, forbore to stress the point.

"Have you heard," said the American, dismissing the topic of the inquest, "that the ghost of Calamity House is on the rampage again?"

Not Chilli-hitchie? Jove! I'd like to see him."

"I wouldn't," laughed Clarke Helmer uneasily, remembering a stretch of treeless road where a sinister shadow fell on the untrodden snow. "Anyway, it's not the Old Chief this time, but the Englishwoman who has been seen o' nights."

"What nights?" demanded the major, sitting up.

"Oh! Moonless nights, and nights with a moon, it depends on who tells the story. The most consistent narrators prefer moonlit nights, because, as they explain, that was when the Zepps came over. On the hour of her appearance, strange to relate, they show a pleasing unanimity."

"Midnight?"

"Wrong again. She comes just before dawn."

Major Kettlewell displayed an interest out of all proportion in this departure from ghostly schedule.

"I'd like to go down there some night," he said finally.

"And I would like to stay at home when you go. Like the chap who didn't believe in ghosts but was horribly afraid of them, I'm never quite sure what I've seen and what I've imagined. I remember one

night in 'fifteen, we were at Givenchy, and the bombardment was pretty fierce. It stopped for half an hour, and the fool who just has to look over was present, and got his. He fell on the parapet half in and half out, and I crept up none too well pleased and pulled him inside."

"Dead?"

"I'll say he was dead. Well! That was all right. He wasn't a buddy of mine, and if he hadn't stopped it today, he would have tomorrow. And they took him away, and that was all right, too. What wasn't all right was that when I passed the spot on sentry go, he was still there. I pretended not to see him, and did most of my sentry duty at the other end of the trench. The next night he was there again. I passed him—I didn't like it, but I passed him—and on my way back he said chattily, 'The blighters got me.' And I didn't say they did or they didn't, but went right on being a good sentry—at the other end of the trench."

The major drew on his pipe thoughtfully.

"The dividing line was stretched pretty tight and drawn pretty thin during the war. But this is different. The most eloquent believer in ghosts couldn't convince me that the Englishwoman leaves her grave in sweet Sussex, to prowling through the

damned corridors of Calamity House. She only lived there a year."

"Oh well! Ghosts will be ghosts! Have you traced the breed girl who paid her fare with Mrs. Townsend's watch?"

"Not yet. The Indian Agent is making inquiries all along the main line, although he's just about made up his mind that she came from Lillooet."

"Why?"

"Oh! More sordid scandal," deprecated the officer. "It appears that Glenlogan's medicine man was taking a holiday near Lillooet when smallpox broke out on the Reserve, and he was called in professionally to vaccinate the tribe. There was some rumpus before he left with the people at the Mission, and the Indian Agent is going to make it his business to find out what the trouble was and whether the breed girl was mixed up in it."

"The McTaggarts have the influenza, Marion told me to tell you. Mrs. Agar has gone down and will stay until you get a nurse from Kamloops."

A little worried frown formed between the major's level brows. "When did Mrs. Agar go down?"

"Last night, I believe."

"H'm! Time she was relieved, but I fear that no nurse will attempt the journey from Kamloops—not

with the roads the way they are. I know of a good practical nurse who will take the case, though, and if anyone is threatened with pneumonia the hospital will have to take them in."

"The hospital won't take influenza cases."

"Why not?"

"No isolation ward, and the type too virulent to justify exposing the other patients."

"Then I must wire Vancouver, I suppose. Come along, we'll look in on Mrs. Agar and find out if she can stick it until tomorrow night."

At the door of Mrs. McTaggart's little home, Agnes Agar received them with her customary serenity.

"All my patients are comfortably fixed up for the night," she said, "will you come in?"

Without waiting for an answer, she led the way to the kitchen, where she seated her visitors and replenished the fire.

The Englishman smiled at the air of homely comfort. He didn't remember the McTaggart cottage looking like this before.

"Someone," he hazarded, glancing at the floor, "has been cleaning up."

"Yes! Loo Sing."

"How many patients have you?"

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Illustrated
by
B.V.V.
Matteson



The whole party trooped into the officer's quarters and saw him comfortably settled before they turned to go.

The "Unknown Quantity" in Contract Bridge

By GEO. S. SCOTT

IN ALMOST every contest of skill, mental or physical, all the elements or factors that enter into or have a bearing on the result are more or less controllable. In Golf, any peculiarities of the course can be discovered by playing over it several times. In Billiards, the tendencies of the cushions and balls are only a matter of practice for the expert. In Baseball and Football, the strengths and weaknesses of the players are an open book to the observant and resourceful strategist, also the layout of the grounds. The same thing applies to various other sports too numerous to mention.

But in Contract Bridge there is one predominant factor which, regardless of how expert you are, how often or how long you have played, whom you play with or against, will always be an unknown quantity, and that is "distribution," and it is one great reason why the game has attained such amazing popularity.

We have systems which the greatest bridge minds after long, elaborate and careful study have evolved, and I venture to state that other systems from lesser minds will continue to blossom with clocklike regularity, each having merit more or less, but no matter how numerous or ingenious they may be, distribution will still remain an unknown quantity. The fact that distribution is an inherent and integral part of the game has far-reaching effects. The player with imagination, speculative instinct and addicted to psychic bidding, makes his presence strongly felt on this account.

It is astonishing the results that happen frequently through the vagaries of this fickle jade, distribution. The dealer, a confirmed psychic, starts out with a preemptive game bid; his opponent to the left with 6 or 7 quick tricks in 3 suits, makes a perfectly sound double with what looks like a certain penalty of 3 or 4 tricks. The partner of the preemptive bidder does not hold any honor tricks, but he has voids or singletons, and the balance of his partner's suit, with the result that through cross-ruffing the contract is made—doubled. The fact that the doubler could have made game in another suit is poor consolation. Distribution simply swept his Aces and Kings aside and made them look like Deuces.

Distribution is peculiarly adapted for smashing systems to smithereens. All systems start on the premise of honor or high card tricks as the foundation and greatest factor for reaching game. Naturally the percentage of high card tricks is much higher than low card tricks. Through distribution the low cards can attain a much higher rating. For instance, with 5 suit cards in declarer's hand, and 4 in the dummy, and if one of the opponents holds 4 of that suit and uses every opportunity to lead that suit, these 9 cards will only produce 5 tricks, but, if friend distribution steps in with voids in each hand for the declarer, these cards will produce 9 tricks, an appreciable difference, you will admit.

Although a considerable number of Bridge players have the "No Trump" complex, generally speaking experts consider suit bids the safest. Yet I have seen seemingly fool-proof suit bids for game, knocked into a cocked hat by cross-ruffing when game was unbeatable in No Trump. I have also seen the same strength holding played at No Trump and beaten on account of unfavorable distribution when game in the suit bid would have been comparatively easy.

Distribution is a chronic disturber of the peace, also of the "piece."

I have in mind several declarers playing different hands who, after their opponents had made 2 or 3 tricks, smilingly said, "You have said your little piece," but a cross-ruff started and the "little piece" developed into a big piece. Most games have their "breaks." In Contract Bridge the breaks generally come through distribution. The conservative player plays safe and is satisfied to go down one trick rather than risk a greater penalty. The whole hogger takes a chance and either makes game or incurs a more severe penalty. The most up-to-date systems in the bidding convey intelligently the honor or quick trick holding by partners with reasonable accuracy, but distribution is still elusive.

Both sides vulnerable—East and West with part score of 70.

BIDDING			
South	West	North	East
Pass	1♦	Pass	Pass
2♦	Pass	Pass	2♥
3♦	3♥	4♦	4♥
Pass	Pass	5♦	Pass
Pass	Dble	Pass	Pass

You will notice that North and South between them have only 3½

honor or high card tricks plus, that is to say, less than 50 per cent. East and West holding the advantage in that respect—yet in the play of the hand, North and South made 6—doubled at 5. The lead was the Heart King which was taken by North's Ace and by cross ruffing a second Club trick was set up by South and when the Club King was played on the third Club lead, the Ace of Diamonds was lead dropping the King, the only losing trick being 1 Spade. Whilst a little slam was made, it is not biddable playing sound bridge—such is the glorious uncertainty of distribution.

This hand that follows was played last year in a contract duplicate championship series game in Winnipeg and particularly demonstrates the great advantage the dealer has at certain times in as much as he can, when holding extremely favorable distribution, preempt to such an extent that he shuts out all intercommunication between partners and does not allow them to disclose their suit strength.

North		East	
♦ Q-4		♦ Q-10-8-4-3	
♥ J-5-2		♦ Q-8-5-3-2	
♦ 9-7-6-4		♦ J-5-3	
♦ 10-9-6-2			
West		South—(Dealer)	
♦ 10-9-8		♦ A-K-J-7-6-5-3-2	
♥ A-K-9-7-6		♦ A	
♦ K-J-10		♦ K-8-7-4	
♦ A-Q			

Both sides vulnerable.

It was interesting how this hand was bid at two tables—South has a tremendous twofold advantage, being dealer and holding a perfect preemptive game bid in Spades (with 10 playing tricks in the hand) and despite the very strong holding of West (who were vulnerable) a 4 Spade bid by South puts West on the horns of a dilemma. He cannot (not having heard from his partner)

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In the play of the hand the expert can measurably arrive at the distribution in his opponents' hands, but in many cases it is too late then—the damage is done. It is then a matter of "give and take" with declarer keeping the "give" down to a minimum. To anyone who has studied and played the game continuously for a number of years, it is extraordinary the seemingly endless variety of hands that can be dealt. There must of necessity be a great number similarly composed, but there are always some cropping up that you have never seen a duplicate of before. There are gems that present not only problems in bidding, but in playing, in all of which distribution plays an important part.

The player with intuition and natural card sense, after making an opening bid, his opponent to the left passes and his partner makes a takeout bid in another suit, does not assume that his opponent's pass is necessarily a sign of weakness and is careful about rebidding his suit. The reckless or headstrong player very often interprets the pass as weakness, rebids his suit and, to his dismay and sorrow, finds that his opponent holds more than average strength, also the balance of his rebid suit, with the inevitable result—disaster. Distribution is at work.

Moral: Beware of the pass to your left, your partner having taken you out in another suit.

TO ILLUSTRATE the telling effect of distribution where high card preponderance is lacking—I give you a hand which I saw bid and played a few days ago:

North		East	
♦ J-10-8-7-4		♦ Q-2	
♥ A-6-3		♥ J-10-9-8-7-4-2	
♦ A-9-6-2		♦ K	
♦ Q		♦ K-10-7	
West		South (Dealer)	
♦ A-K-9-5-3		♦ 6	
♥ K-Q		♥ 5	
♦ 5-3		♦ Q-J-10-8-7-4	
♦ J-6-4-2		♦ A-9-8-5-3	

CONTRACT BRIDGE — NEW SYSTEM OF SCORING

SUIT VALUES—PER TRICK			
Spades	Hearts	Diamonds	Clubs
30	30	20	20
NO TRUMP TRICK VALUATION			
30 for each odd-numbered trick; 40 for each even-numbered trick. Tricks over book total score below line.			
1.....	30		
2.....	70		
3.....	100		
4.....	140		
5.....	170		
6.....	210		
7.....	240		
Success at doubled or redoubled contracts doubles or quadruples the score below the line. There is no other premium for exactly fulfilling doubled or redoubled contracts.			
UNDERTRICKS—NOT VULNERABLE			
No. Tricks	Undoubled	Doubled	Redoubled
Set			
1.....	50	100	200
2.....	100	250	500
3.....	150	450	900
4.....	200	700	1,400
5.....	250	1,000	2,000
VULNERABLE			
1.....	100	200	400
2.....	250	500	1,000
3.....	450	900	1,800
4.....	700	1,400	2,800
5.....	1,000	2,000	4,000

Penalties for not vulnerable doubled undertricks increase 50 per trick. To determine the penalty for a particular undertrick, add one to the number of the trick and multiply by 50. For instance, the penalty for the sixth undertrick doubled and not vulnerable would be 350 or 50 times (6 plus 1), and the total penalty for six undertricks would be 1,350. Doubled not vulnerable penalties are the same as undoubled vulnerable penalties. Redoubled penalties are twice doubled penalties.

OVERTRICKS

Undoubled, not vulnerable or vulnerable—same as suit value, that is one who contracted for three hearts and made four would score 90 below the line and 30 above.

Each Overtrick	
Doubled and not vulnerable.....	100
Redoubled and not vulnerable.....	200
Doubled and vulnerable.....	200
Redoubled and vulnerable.....	400

SLAMS

Little—not vulnerable 500; vulnerable 750
Grand—not vulnerable 1,500; vulnerable 2,250

HONORS

Suit—Four in one hand 100; five in one hand, 150
No Trump—Four aces in one hand, 150

RUBBER PREMIUM

Two Game Rubber.....700
Three Game Rubber.....500

The Tower of Silence and Sound

By HILDA HESSON

TUCKED away in a quiet square, not two minutes walk from the roar of Oxford Circus in London, within a stone's throw of Queen's Hall, there is a magic tower, where people spend their waking hours shut off from daylight and the sounds of life, in a mysterious isolation. Here men and women, shut into rooms alone, are peered at through glass set in their doors, and here strange things take place that only a few years ago would have savored of witchcraft, and would have driven a long procession to the stake, to be burned as sorcerers and wizards. And this extraordinary place is the central Tower of British Broadcasting House, the most modernistic and up to date development of the art of building in the whole city of London.

A short time ago the writer had the privilege of visiting British Broadcasting House in company with two officials of the British Department of Agriculture, under the guidance of a lady who has been associated with all this mystery since first it became an integral part of the life of the people of Great Britain. It was with awe that I listened to the at least semi-technical questions of the gentlemen, for to me it is all magic, and as such and as the modern wonder that it is I should like you to visit with me the building that houses the newest of the Arts.

B RITISH Broadcasting House, which rises into the air eight stories, and burrows into the earth three, is the latest expression of modernistic architectural beauty and wisdom. Plain, unadorned walls of stone have recessed spaces for symbolic sculpture, and Shakespeare's Ariel, the sprite of the air, has been used as the central figure in three of the groups. The handsome doorway admits the visitor to a rotunda of lovely dimensions, where facing one is the Epsteinish figure of a sower broadcasting the seed. An efficient staff and cunning page boys combine with the excellent elevator service to place you as quickly as possible in direct communication with the powers that be, and you are ushered into one of the offices that form the outer shell that protects the inner Tower from rude sounds of contact with the world. Here in this shell are housed a staff of 750 people all engaged in the production of the voice of the air, and within the shell is the Tower itself. A building within a building, it is lighted by windows behind which electric light glows; it is ventilated by the newest system which provides washed, cooled or heated air to every room, it is the Tower of Silence and Sound and is the very heart of the British Broadcasting System.

There are several things of general interest that you must notice, first—everything in the building is British made. To accomplish this feat it was necessary to invent and patent new processes in many instances. Steel tubular furniture, as a sample, had been made only in Germany, and yet British made furniture of this light and comfortable type is used throughout the building. British textiles have been used for upholstery; British made rugs cover the floors; British made wall coverings of varied textures have been used on the walls; the pictures have been painted by British artists, and are all of the new school; bronze, wood and china ornaments and all

the incidental tables, desks, etc., are British made, and one of Canada's contributions is wallboard which has been used in several rooms with success. In every room the eye is irresistibly drawn to a huge and beautifully arranged bowl of flowers, and it is one woman's duty to keep these always fresh and lovely. Throughout the building there is apparent a concerted effort to provide for the physical and mental comfort of the visitors, so that, minds and bodies at rest, they may give of their best to the listening world beyond the microphone.

WITHIN the Tower there are twenty-two studios, ranging in size from the large hall for concerts where seating accommodation is provided for over five hundred people, to a tiny book-panelled room where one speaker may sit alone, and speak his most secret thoughts into

singing comes from this little studio. To a mere woman, one of the most interesting studios was the room for effects. Here in a high-ceilinged almost well-like space, are two banks of gramophones in tiers, and with these many sounds and voices are produced for various items. Below on the floor are strange and yet simple devices of many types for the creation of sound. A table for instance is built of twelve kinds of wood, each giving a different sound to the touch; the floor is covered with many materials, carpet, linoleum, rubber, concrete, etc., which respond differently to

footsteps; a miniature door can be opened, shut or banged; a tank for water is used for wrecks and various water effects; wind and thunder machines, steam whistles, drums, bells, horns, in short a world of sounds natural and otherwise, is shut within the confines of this small room.

Yet another room, closely connected with the Effects room, is what I have very unscientifically named the "Mixing room." Here at an intricate switch-board sits the

The Chapel: A studio devoted to devotional services and choir singing.

director of plays; script in front of him. With lights he signals to the players in one room, the effects in another, possibly the music in a third, and with his wonderful machine he "fades in" and "fades out" the correct cues so that the door opens (in the Effects room) to admit the hero, who is playing in a room three floors below. If a light ever failed or the director went to sleep, pandemonium would reign!

On the eighth and top floor of this magic tower is the room which is called the heart of the Tower, the Control room. Here in a huge L-shaped space are some fourteen control desks, each resembling in general appearance a small telephone central. Behind these again are huge racks of amplifiers, each group fulfilling a definite function in the transmission between the studios and the transmitter. In this great room sufficient standby equipment is provided, so that no matter what goes wrong there need be no delays. I tried, I really made a valiant effort to understand something of the mechanism of this vast room of plugs, switches and intricate wiring, but I must honestly confess that to me it is still among the major mysteries.

COMING down from the pinnacle of the topmost tower we visited two critic rooms. It must be pleasant indeed to be a critic in such surroundings. Here, too, privileged guests are invited to listen-in over the latest type of radios, and lounging at ease may hear the world at work and at play. The silent electric clocks had long passed the magic hour for lunch; my weary feet had climbed many stairs, and traversed many passages; from topmost tower to lowest sub-basement I had seen British Broadcasting House, but even lunchward I could not pursue my hungry way without giving you a glimpse of some of the chief reasons why Canada may be particularly interested in B.B.C. In a handsome office suite outside the Tower, Major Gladstone Murray, Canadian-born controller of Publicity for B.B.C., holds sway. Broadcasting in the British Isles, in spite of its perfection, is still "news" and the publicity department has been instrumental in making this great Voice well known throughout the world. [Continued on page 52]



The Tower of British Broadcasting House, London.



A tiny book-panelled studio where one speaker may sit alone and speak his most secret thoughts into the ether.

the silence, under the watchful eye of the director who listens-in in the adjoining room. Of this tiny studio it is interesting to know that the speaker sits in the chair in which Arnold Bennett wrote his novels, and beside him glows an electric fire. In still another small studio a most curious effect has been produced by the heavy covering of walls, floor and ceiling. This is known as the "dead room" where the voice has no resonance, dies

without echo, and becomes a thing of naught.

One of the most interesting demonstrations of the effort to create "atmosphere" is the Chapel. A high, narrow, oblong room, it is entered by the visitor from a small gallery across one end. Facing you are three Gothic-effect windows, in one of which stands the usual bowl of flowers, and in front of which are placed an altar-like table, a chair and reading desk. Under the gallery are three semi-circular tables, surrounded with chairs. From the gallery a magic lantern casts on the centre window the shadow of a cross. All the devotional services are held here, and much of the quartette and choir



Charlotte

CHARLOTTE MACPHERSON was one of the most noted women in our town. In the early days, when only the main street and a few others could boast of asphalt and the prairie winds shrieked through the town unblocked by any building over four storeys high, Charlotte was a well-known character. Her celebrity was founded on the fact that she was a chronic drunkard. Not that she was the only woman who was known to drink to excess. Old Mrs. Hawkins, who did charring all the week, used to spend her Saturday evenings and her Sundays in a red-eyed stupor induced by large quantities of ale. There were others like her, but they were all somnolent, week-end tipplers. Charlotte did the thing flamboyantly. Hardly a month passed—usually less—but she was taken into custody: “drunk and disorderly.”

At first her outbursts rankled in the pride of those sturdy Scots, good kirk-going folk, neat-mannered and neat-minded, who formed the very backbone of our Western-Canadian town. Habits like that were only to be expected of such Sassenachs as Mrs. Hawkins, who could still hear Bow Bells chiming when she was in her beery reveries . . . but that a woman with the brave name of MacPherson should continually be putting it in the court records was almost unbelievable.

Some of the Scots comforted themselves with the thought that the “MacPherson” had been acquired by marriage, and a few were ungenerous enough to question her legal right to it. A tall, raw-boned Scot, by name Alexander MacPherson, was known to have stopped in town for a year or so. Then he disappeared. Probably he, too, was lured on like Mackenzie and Fraser and those other adventurous men of his own race who followed the great rivers to their arctic outlets or found content in the lonely trading posts of the far north. At any rate, he drifted away, leaving to Charlotte a memento of the voyager: a small rufous-haired son who promised to grow up to be as tall and raw-boned as his sire.

Despite the Scots’ convenient accounting for Charlotte’s surname, they could not deny the fact that Charlotte, dark and small, was more Celtic than ever Alexander MacPherson had been. At first they sniffed at the name “Charlotte,” pointed to the slight figure and the black hair, and said in a tone that conveyed complete explanation, “a French wummin!” But it was no use. No French woman, even with the most guttural Gallic “R,” could have achieved the “R” that was Charlotte’s birthright. It would have been like stamping on the flag to deny that burr.

So, gradually, everyone began to take Charlotte for granted. She did not find it difficult to get work between sprees, because she was always cheerfully tireless and her wiry arm was adept with scrubbrush and washboard. Besides, the bairnie had to be taken care of.

She lived in a two-roomed shanty in the north end of town, by the river, a district at first sacred to the early Scottish families and their river-front farms, but later invaded by the Russians, Poles and Germans who had begun to immigrate in numbers. Charlotte did not always live alone. MacPherson had his under-studies. Two or three at the most—poor, fairly hardworking men. Charlotte was not promiscuous. She drifted into these relationships naturally enough—through loneliness, I suspect, more than for any other reason, for she never profited by any of them—and she lived with each man in a squalid domesticity, bespangled with her periodic sprees, until, like MacPherson, her companion left her, to follow the ever-advancing bounds of the northwest.

I CAN remember seeing Charlotte three times. I probably saw her more often than this, but the other meetings have faded, while these three encounters remain sharply outlined and brightly colored in my memory—a secular, somewhat unhallowed triptych, summarizing her history.

The first time I saw her was on a summer evening when I was seven or eight-years old. The day had

By
RUTH WALKER
HARVEY

Illustrated by
H. K. Smith

been scorching, but the evening was cool, and I was allowed to stay out-of-doors until nine-thirty, for our long northern twilight made it still light at that hour. I was in the front yard playing one of those strange and engrossing games which children invent when they are all alone. An odd sound startled me and I looked up. The sound was a low, thick laugh that trailed off into a giggle, and the only person who could have uttered it was a woman coming down the street alone.

Never before had I seen a woman walk in that fashion. She zigzagged from one side of the pavement to the other, like a sailboat tacking against the wind. Her small body was held so erect that it seemed almost to bend backward. Her shining black pompadour was topped by a small hat just slightly and rakishly askew. I stood by the gate and stared. She followed an oblique line toward me, swayed, and put out a hand to the gate. Then her bright black eyes caught mine. Her mouth worked, curved into a sweet smile that made me forget to be afraid of her, and she said, “Hello, lassie.” Before I had time to answer she had pushed off from the gate and was tacking on down the street.

I ran up to the verandah where my mother and father were sitting, and cried, “Look at her, look at her!” Mother got up and looked down the street. Father said, “Who is it?” and mother answered, “Charlotte—it’s Saturday night.” It was a long time before I understood the connection.

I heard a lonely little wailing “Hurrah” beside me and there was Charlotte with her arm around a telephone post.

Afterwards I, too, learned what had been common “grown-up” knowledge about Charlotte, and was familiar with her later history. She was living quite alone with her son now. Her sprees were as frequent as ever, but just as her work between them had always been reliable and thorough so was her up-bringing of Donald. He was a fine, sturdy lad. While he was still going to school he delivered papers in his off hours. When he left school, at sixteen, he got a job as assistant to a good carpenter and worked hard and conscientiously, learning the trade. On his eighteenth birthday he failed to turn up at work. He walked down town and presented his five-foot-eleven, brawny, red-headed self to the recruiting sergeant of a Canadian-Scottish regiment. The second time that I remember seeing Charlotte was in the autumn of that same year, 1915, when Donald’s battalion left for overseas.

THE railway yard all around the troop train was packed with women and children and older men. A cordon of military police, arms linked, were trying to form a way down which the soldiers could pass to board the train, and they made a stiff line to hold back the crowd that surged against them. Although it was late autumn, this day was Indian Summer, clear and tepid, and the men, wearing their heavy coats and carrying their packs and dunnage bags, were sweating as if it were mid-July. The sight of the soldiers boarding the [Continued on page 24]

At boarding school the first creams she ever used . . . As young society woman Mrs. du Pont says: "I have kept right on using them. They are simply grand for the skin"



AT BOARDING SCHOOL—Mrs. du Pont in 1922 when, as Miss Elizabeth Wrenn, she was still in her teens. "At boarding school I used these two creams all the time."



AS YOUNG SOCIETY WOMAN—Mrs. E. Wrenn du Pont, in a photograph taken this year. "Today I depend upon them to keep my skin fresh and smooth always."

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★ We owe this grand discovery to Beatrice Mabie, in charge of the hair-dressing salons for United Artists. She says: "I don't know why Danderine should set a wave so beautifully when applied in this manner. I only know that it *does*. No other preparation so far as I know, has this characteristic. But if you will be sure to use Danderine, I will vouch for results."



MADE IN CANADA

train excited the crowd and they pressed closer to the line of police. I was crushed in a group of women. We moved to and fro, not singly but in a milling and struggling mass. The crowd kept pressing closer and closer. An elbow thrust against my ribs seemed to be breaking them; the smell of so many bodies nauseated me and I could hardly breathe. A woman fainted. I was afraid I would faint, too, and in that frenzied mob it would be dreadful. The last company of the battalion was pushing along between the lines of M.P.'s. A woman started to scream: "They're not going to let us see our boys! . . . They'll take them away and we won't be able to see them!"

Other women began to take up the cry, shrill, strident, hysterical: "Break the line! Get the guards out of the way! Break the line!"

I found out then what mob violence might mean. It had seemed impossible to move forward another inch, but the crowd began to move. Not steadily, but in great, fierce waves, pounding against the cordon of police, and gaining in intensity each time. Women were screaming and sobbing. Suddenly the confusion was dominated by a clear voice raised in stern admonition, the voice of a woman: "Are ye mad? Will ye mob yer own laddies? Are ye crazy women? Wait till the boys get aboard, then we can see 'em, can't we?" An officer yelled back, "Sure you can." Common sense was restored. Gradually the pulsating waves slowed and retreated like an ebb tide. Soon everything was quiet and orderly. A woman beside me said, "That was Charlotte MacPherson," and she pointed her out to me. It was Charlotte, all right. An older Charlotte, grey-haired and—absolutely sober.

I found myself beside her again on the platform just as the train began to pull out. The car windows were a blur of faces, a thousand young faces looking out, searching the crowd for last goodbyes. A mop of flaming hair caught my eye. I looked toward Charlotte. She was watching it, too, as the train started to move slowly. She was not waving as almost everyone else was, but her eyes were very bright and she was smiling up at Donald as he was carried past her. Just then the preliminary drone of the bagpipes started near us. The drone resolved itself into a tune, and I felt my heart tighten. They were playing the farewell to Bonnie Prince Charlie. The cheering of the crowds seemed futile against the sound of the pipes. Eerie and wild, and with a keening cry in it, the tune rose, and every Scot there knew the words that went with it "Will ye no come back again? . . . Better lo'ed ye canna be . . . Will ye no come back again?"

Charlotte stood beside me motionless. Her arms were pressed straight down against her sides and her fists were clenched. Her small body was held so erect that it seemed almost to bend backward. She was still smiling.

FOR over three years after this I had Charlotte's news only by hearsay, from lawyers, reporters, and the railway station where I was serving on a military canteen.

In order that Donald's separation allowance could be assigned to her, Charlotte had to prove his legitimacy. This promised to be difficult. The records of the old church where she claimed to have been married to MacPherson had been destroyed in a fire. But here was where her notoriety, not to mention the something in Charlotte that was intensely likeable and strangely gallant, stood her in good stead. The magistrate, to whom

CHARLOTTE

Continued from page 22

she had answered on so many mornings a disarmingly straightforward "Guilty, Yer Honor-r-r," liked Charlotte. So did the Crown Prosecutor. So did the reporters on the central station beat. So did everyone who knew her. They all rallied to her cause. They wrote to the old Presbyterian minister who she said had married her and who had moved to another town. And the minister remembered having performed the ceremony. (Who could ever have forgotten Charlotte?) She was assigned the allowance.

It was then that her periodic visits to the station ceased abruptly and completely. The Court was puzzled until one day the Crown Prosecutor happened to meet her on the street. He stopped her, smiling. "We haven't seen you for some time, Charlotte." Charlotte grinned back at him. "No," she answered, "And ye'll not be seeing me in court, sir. I'll not spend a fighting Highlander's pay like that!"

This explanation held good for about three years, to be exact, until an evening in the Spring of 1918. That evening Charlotte shattered the propriety of the main street by being supremely drunk and disorderly. The policeman who took her in did it as gently as possible. A hardened matron, strangely sympathetic, watched over her until she fell asleep. The next morning all proceedings against her were waived. The Court had read the evening papers, and in the endless, frigidly formal list which was one of the aftermaths of the German drive was printed the statement: "Donald MacPherson, corporal, —Battalion of Cameron Highlanders, killed in action."

THE third time I saw Charlotte was a little less than a year after this, when Donald's Battalion came home. Since six in the morning I had been on duty at our station canteen, distributing tea, cigarettes and newspapers through the troop trains that were stopping on their way farther west. The canteen had been running since 1915 when our first disabled men began to dribble back after Ypres. We were used to handling troops by the hundreds, hospital trains, sailors, Chinese labor battalions, Anzacs going toward the Pacific and home, expeditions of men and "huskies" headed for Siberia. Any train was an event. But this particular morning was different. It was tense with that odd intensity that precedes a climax. At eleven o'clock our own Canadian-Scottish Battalion was due, would parade through the city and be given a public reception, for it was our first regiment to return as a unit. Just before the hour my duties were ended, and I threw a coat over my uniform and ran out of the station and a few blocks down the wide main street to where I could get a good view of the men as they came marching along.

It was late February. The snow had almost disappeared, but here and there were patches of it, dismal and

dirty. The thaw had bordered the kerbs with a brown slush that was half ice and half water; and a piercing northeast wind swept fiercely through the streets.

I stood facing the Victorian City Hall with its gingerbread facade almost covered by the huge "Welcome Home" in red, white and blue bunting. All along the street flags were set out, flapping in the chilly wind, their clear color accentuating the bleakness and drabness of the street. The sidewalks were lined with people, faces pinched with cold, chins thrust deep in collars against the sleet the wind was now beginning to carry with it. Suddenly cold and sleet were forgotten, for the wind carried down to us the wild skirl of bagpipes rising in that great old tune of the Camerons, "The Pibroch of Donald Dhu." The battalion came marching along, tin hats rakishly atilt, kilts swinging rhythmically. Dapper young officers led each platoon, and in front of all, with tartan ribbons streaming from their pipes, were the pipers and the drummer flourishing and twirling his great sticks with the gusto that only a Highland drummer attains.

As the soldiers approached, a cheer followed them, rippling along the street in their wake from the crowds banking the kerbs. An odd cheer, bleak and wan like the morning. A cheer that stuck in throats too long accustomed to tighten and to press back tears. From here and there came cries of recognition for those in the ranks. But many in the crowd stood silent, as I was doing, seeing, in spite of those lines so neatly and closely spaced, a thousand gaps—irrevocably empty.

As the pipers came opposite me they paused a moment for breath, then took up their stirring tune again. In that moment I heard a lonely little wailing "Hurrah!" beside me. I turned; and there was Charlotte. She stood with her arm around a telephone post. She looked much older than when I had seen her before. Her hair was white and wisps of it straggled from under her dilapidated black hat and blew wetly against her thin cheeks. Her eyes seemed larger and darker than ever, and she was staring straight ahead of her at the passing rows of Highlanders. Then, as if conscious that someone was watching her, she shoved herself away from the post and tried to stand alone, pressing her arms close against her sides and stiffening her body to the old erect carriage. But this time she swayed precariously. I moved toward her, but a big policeman got there first and caught her before she fell.

"Come on with me, Charlotte," he said kindly, drawing her away, "It's too cold for you here."

Another constable, on guard to keep the crowd in order, looked after them. "Poor Charlotte," I said to him, "she's very drunk."

He shook his head. "Not drunk enough for this day, I'm thinking."

She died a few days later, of pneumonia. They said it was a strange funeral. Chief Magistrate, Crown Prosecutor, policemen, a few newspaper men who had been on the police court beat for years, and several prominent business men who were old timers were there. A cub reporter, who knew nothing of Charlotte but who had happened along, told me about it. "It was queer," he said, "there were a lot of important people there — and she was only a town drunk, wasn't she? Another odd thing was, there weren't any flowers. Just a big bunch of heather with a card on it, saying "Charlotte MacPherson, Scotswoman."



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NOTE: The above rates are for Station-to-Station Day Messages.

LIFEBELTS OF OUR AIRCRAFT TRAVEL

Continued from page 13

Osborne was "scared," he owns—though he fancied the violent jar he had felt was due to the filling of his sail and the consequent sharp checking of his descent.

Meanwhile, the aeroplane above him rocked madly under the 200 lb. weight that swung from its tail. Worse still, the great globe of the 'chute caught the propeller's "slip-stream," or rush of air, tossing the victim up and down like a toy. His body-harness, too, was cutting into him, while the webbing below his shroud-lines smote his face as he lurched to and fro. It was a truly terrible ordeal. Osborne tried to climb up, and failed. He thought of pulling on the cord of his reserve 'chute—only to reflect that the tangle above him would still hold him fast to the swaying and speeding plane.

At long last the senior officer of the station below sent up a rescue party, and with them went an expert of the Army Air Corps Photographic Department, who took some astonishing snaps of the "human kite-tail" that still trailed away in pitiful plight behind the flying plane.

In America they have a special club—oddly named the "Caterpillar"—for all flyers who have made enforced jumps in midair from derelict machines. The founder of this club was Lieutenant Harold R. Harris, who unhooked his safety-belt as his plane dived to destruction, and he slid clear of it with ease. But just then the falling man became confused. It was at the leg-strap fitting of his harness that Harris tugged, instead of on the cord-ring of his parachute-pack. After three vain attempts—which seemed an age, and during which this officer fell 2,500—his desperate fingers closed upon the right gadget. Then the great saving sail of silk swelled out to arrest his hurtling fall.

"It was strange," this survivor said when he was safe and sound below. "I clearly remember looking at my feet three times. And I saw they were always pointed at the sky! Colonel Charles Lindbergh is a "four-time" member of the Caterpillar Club. The national hero's flying record surpasses in achievement (as well as in luck) that of any living man.

One is surprised to learn from Mr. Charles Dixon, an ex-observer of our own Royal Air Force, that there need be nothing very terrifying in falling through space from dizzy heights—if only one remembers that one has a first-class parachute to rely upon. Neither is it true that one cannot breathe when falling from high altitudes. Mr. Dixon further denies that there are any ill-effects of a physical kind. Yet I fancy he speaks only for himself. As for the shock of landing on the earth, this he assures us (*ex-perto crede!*) is no more jarring than a jump from an ordinary wall.

The American "stunt" performers include men who make parachute-drops for the films, and these have endless experience and adventures. As he leaps into space, a 13-stone will fall sixteen feet in the first second. After that, if there were no air resistance, his velocity would increase thirty-two feet in each second. But, in fact, the air does provide a "cushion" at last. So at

about the eleventh second of his descent—say, 1,200 feet—the man's dead-weight speed is 173 feet per second.

By this time the air has formed a counter-balance, and the tumbling man's rate remains constant at nearly two miles a minute, or 118 miles an hour. The sudden bellying out of his "sail" at once slows the fall to fifteen feet per second, or about the same as a descending office-lift—and that within twenty feet from the full-extent opening of the "sail."

Obviously, so sharp a jerk requires a fabric of great toughness. So the material of a parachute is tested for "stretch" up to at least 45 lb. to the square inch, while the shroud-lines of the rigging will easily stand a tension of 400 lbs. Here, then, is the wrecked airman's margin of safety—quite literally the threads of his life. And, in its modern form, the parachute is of such size and strength, that it will stop and save a heavy man who is hurtling earthward at over 100 miles an hour. Yet this device is so compact, that it will fit into a neat knapsack weighing eighteen lbs., or less.

The American Service pattern, made entirely of Japanese *habutai* silk, costs

about £60, and every stage of its manufacture, folding and testing, is done with this vital aim and purpose kept in anxious view. The "umbrella"-part is from 18 to 20 feet in diameter, and has no ribs; for a man's own weight upon the twenty-four tough shroud-lines hung from the edges will suffice to hold the big sail in full rounded shape, so as to offer the maximum resistance to the air.

Each line is sixteen feet long, and links the umbrella to the man's harness. Even these life-lines are of fine silk, like the ropes of an Alpine mountaineer; there is nothing like silk to combine strength with lightness of weight and a minimum of bulk.

The 'chute fabric is criss-crossed with twenty-four seams, run from each shroud-line to the centre, thus forming as many triangular "gores." Each of these strips in turn is made up of four sections, making in all ninety-six sections of silk. The object is to keep any possible rip or tear from spreading in the life-saving sail, thus leaving even a damaged 'chute with enough air-resistance to waft its wearer to safety on the solid ground below.

When a 'chute is in actual use, its 24 lines are fast in the man's pack-harness. This is of stout canvas webbing, and it passes over the shoulders and between the legs. The canvas pack which holds the entire gear is so adjusted, that it may serve as a seat while the pilot is working his machine and no calamity is thought of. Three hooks hold the body-harness in place, and these can be instantly cast off after reaching the ground, thus avoiding injury to the rescued man by being dragged in a high wind.

Now, apart from private flyers, it is obvious that an R.A.F. officer is a "life" of special value to the nation—a picked man physically and our scientific defender in the most dangerous of all elements. Hence the

[Continued on page 28]



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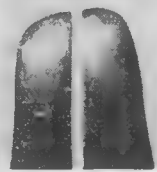
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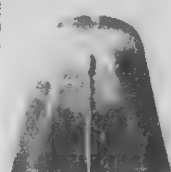
*What the
Microscope
Shows*



Other Make No. 1—Right point longer and narrower than left; sharp inner points on tips.



Other Make No. 2—One point flatter than other; tips not symmetrical; thin, pitted iridium.



Other Make No. 3—Jagged ink channel; irregular tips; flat sides end in ridges on writing surface.



Waterman's—Note symmetry of points, roundness of tips, smoothness of writing surface.

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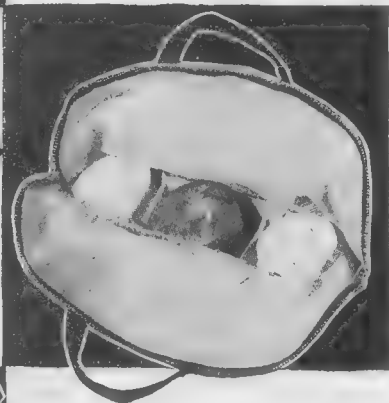
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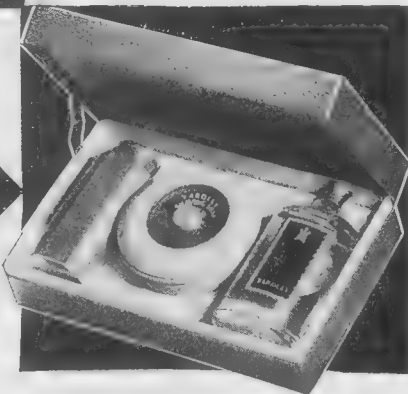
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LIFEBELTS OF OUR AIRCRAFT TRAVEL

Continued from page 26

extraordinary case which is used in the manufacture and storing of these protective devices. Hence also the variety of types employed and the ceaseless ingenuity of inventors to simplify and make lighter each new design—above all, to make it automatically effective when the supreme test comes, and even the stoutest heart may quail and grow confused at the menace of imminent and dreadful death.

The folding of the silk is very important. In the U.S. factory at Mitchel Field, Long Island, the folds in reserve 'chutes are inspected once a month. Any that have been used in "practice-drops" are put into big drying-cabinets, lest any moisture should remain in the seams to rot the silk. And every 'chute which has gone unused for a whole year is subjected to a severe "drop-test"—even from a railway bridge only a hundred feet or so high. For these tests "dummy" men weighing 170 lbs. are used—ominously like those of the British hangman when he is learning the grimest of all human trades.

Moreover, it is important that a 'chute should open quickly. For only so can the mental anguish of a falling flyer be relieved; and besides, his accident may occur at a very low altitude. A new 'chute recently demonstrated by its bold designer in a "live-drop," opened out in 45 feet and brought a flyer of 145 lbs. to the ground from a height of 2,500 feet in two minutes and 45 seconds. This appliance showed a marked absence of "drift" as it sailed down. Neither did it drag its man after landing on the earth—which is yet another danger to be eliminated. This type is of 18 feet diameter. It weighs only ten pounds, and is steadied in descent by a smaller auxiliary "umbrella" half way down the shroud-lines.

In some foreign Services, aircraft graduates in the technical schools who fold and pack parachutes are required to take cloud-high jumps with their own specimens! Never, surely, was there so effective a means of ensuring scrupulous care over the job in hand! Meanwhile, inventors of all the great Powers are busy upon these devices, so as to ensure the safety of military and civilian flight in general. Thus the French Air Ministry have been experimenting with an automatic "cabin" which, in the event of aerial collisions, explosions, fires or engine failure, can be detached at the pilot's touch. Then it slides to the tail end of the 'plane at the pull of a parachute, which the force of the wind fills in an instant. This 'chute and its cabin, with the pilot safe within, floats down calmly without any terrors of tumbling headlong before the sail opens.

Naturally, there is much vying among inventors; for he who produces the perfect 'chute—one which is infallible in action, simple in design and able to allay man's instinctive fear of a dizzy fall—will reap a fortune, alike in Government contracts and in sales to amateur flyers of the clubs. Perhaps

the pluckiest of all demonstrators was 15-year old Hazel Wootton, daughter of the inventor of the Russell all-British parachute. This little girl—the youngest professional in Europe—was given a special permit from the Air Ministry to prove the "fool-proof" working of her father's device. On her first "drop" near Reading, Miss Wootton was filmed by a cinema-man who floated down in a second parachute—surely the most thrilling case of "chaperonage" which an English maiden ever had.

But this demonstration had a special value for the world of air-travel. For if a mere child could do this—it was argued—why should any adult person dread a safety-drop out of the empty blue? The one peril lies in pulling the release too soon, with the risk of fouling the 'chute on an abandoned 'plane which may be veering and cavorting crazily—or even be nose-diving in a flaming wreck.

As one sails down, the 'chute can be guided by pulling on the shroud-lines facing the direction desired; then it will move about ten feet for every hundred of descent. Landing on the ground calls for a little practice. One's legs should not be kept rigid, but allowed to buckle under, as though after a ten-foot jump. To prevent being dragged in a wind, the lines nearest the ground are pulled, and the body-harness cast off at once. In short, each stage of this aerial "swimming" must be learned, and natural fear overcome as with a learner in deep water.

I have asked a 'chute proficient to describe his very first drop from 5,000 feet. And here is his vivid reply:

" . . . I closed my eyes—and dived over the side of my 'plane into nothing, while the air whistled and screamed past me, all ways at once . . . Opening my eyes—just to feel alive!—I saw the bright earth and sky merged into a greyish, swirling confusion in which nothing was sure. Five seconds seemed life-long. Then I pulled frantically at my cord by instinct, I may say, for I'd practised that a thousand times up aloft. . . .

" . . . For one blood-freezing moment I felt my parachute was gone from me . . . Then came a terrific jolt upon my harness. But the shock was well distributed over my body . . . And now—thank God!—I swung right side up! . . . I rock and sway softly. There are no words for the relief I feel. There is a sudden surge of joy, a true intoxication at renewal of life; a snatching from death, most literally. I float earthward now in the serenest peace. I can sing and laugh at my own gasping panic . . . higher up there!

"But is it sure, this blissful floating—this noiseless serenity, and these gentlest of thrills? I shoot up a nervous hand to feel the silken lines taut as steel. Then I look down to see my landing-party gazing up ready to receive me. So all is well! I can despise those lowly groundlings, for am I not become an angel of the skies? Yes—that is the worst of parachuting. It can become a vice!"

MERRY CHRISTMAS AGAIN

BY JESSICA E. MONEY

Here's Christmas coming round again,
It's mighty close, old dear,
Before we know, the very day
Will land upon us here;
Will catch us unexpectedly with not a
present bought.
My dear, whatever shall we do,
Forget it's here—or what?

With Christmas almost here again,
Can we forego its cheer,
The twinkling lights and sugar-sticks,
In childhood held so dear?

The tree in all its tinsel bright shines like
Aladdin's cave;
My dear, I'll be the Genii,
A very willing slave.

Here's Merry Christmas round again,
The children's happiest day,
With books and drums, and sugar-plums,
They play—play—play.
Does memory hold a day more dear; a faith
or trust so deep?
Lo, in the Christ Child's honour bring
We gifts, as children sleep.

HIS WEDDING MORN

Continued from page 17

one of the male guests to swap clothes with him, but more likely his mind wasn't functioning at all. The gambler's instinct is to trust to luck.

From the drawing-room issued a confused murmur of well-bred voices where the guests waited in decorous impatience. The minister was pacing the hallway with one finger marking the place in his book of the order of service. All were greatly astonished when jolly old St. Nick joined them. But Marjorie, peeping from the half-open sitting-room door, took a second look and rushing at the new arrival with a glad shriek flung her arms about his neck. She wept and laughed together.

"Oh, my dear, we thought something had happened to you!" she cried. "Quick! Have you got the ring? Never mind explanations. We've got to be married this instant. The minister has another marriage at one and we have our train to catch. Hurry."

He rammed his hand down the neck of his tunic and after some fumbling drew the circlet forth. Somebody slipped an overcoat over him and he buttoned it hastily. He pulled off the toque, wig and whiskers. There seemed nothing more that could be done.

The saving grace of some emergencies is that there's no time for panic. The groom kept his gaze fixed on a mole on the minister's chin and tried to ignore the all-gone feeling at the pit of his stomach. The *Centerton Bugle* next day recorded the fact that the bride looked charming in a going-away costume of seal-brown crepe *soir* and carried a bouquet of sweetheart roses, but it omitted to state that the groom looked as though he had caught a heavy chill. It also referred to a *recherché* luncheon but did not add that the principals weren't present to partake of this belated refreshment, that only the guests enjoyed it.

The ensuing ten minutes was all a confused blur of laughter, congratulations, questions, in the midst of which the bride retired to dress hurriedly for the journey and the groom got Bill on the 'phone and besought him to rush the suitcase to the depot. It had the happy couple's transportation in it, among other essential items. He also greatly desired his overcoat and hat, he pointed out, if it wasn't too much trouble to oblige. It was in turning round that he saw his mother-in-law standing nearby. He had avoided looking her way but now he perceived that it was distinctly up to him to speak to her. Just another ordeal to be got over. The poor woman's face was buried in her hands and her shoulders shaking. She was taking it hard. He ventured to place a hand on her arm.

"I'm sorry," he gulped.

While one could count twenty he waited. Then she lifted her head. Occasionally life sends us a most

agreeable and totally unexpected surprise. Marjorie's terrifying mamma revealed an unsuspected sense of humor. Her eyes, it was true, were wet, but from laughter. She gave him a comforting pat on the back.

"Poor boy. Don't you mind a bit," she said, with a very plebeian sniff. "I've married off four daughters already and always something went wrong—either the ice-cream melted or the bridesmaid fainted or they forgot to send the flowers in time. So, I'm used to contingencies. Yours was rather more original but I suppose you too were a victim of circumstances. You can tell us about it later. Hurry now."

Tears of sheer gratitude glistened in her son-in-law's eyes. So she wasn't such a snob after all! A snob was an individual with limousine aspirations and a flivver soul. How mistaken he had been. She was positively sporting. He kissed her.

"D-don't forget to come and make us a nice long visit," he said recklessly.

* * *

THE story-teller paused while he leaned over and stirred the fire.

"Centerton never forgot the scene unprecedented in the annals of the town," he resumed, "when the train drew out with the happy pair arm-in-arm on its rear vestibule as they waved good-byes. Bill had arrived with the suitcase but only just in time, so the groom was still more or less disguised as Santa Claus. I don't want you to assume that he deserved full credit for abstaining thereafter from the pernicious habit he had acquired. He was tempted many times but he had married a sensible wife who proved to be a strong restraining influence and in any case whenever he showed the slightest inclination to lay even a mild election wager someone was sure to throw his comic-opera wedding up to him. His cure was complete."

The listeners, duly impressed, were silent. Then one spoke for all: "Doubtless he made something of himself?"

Judge Everett and his wife exchanged an understanding smile.

"I believe," he replied, casually, "that he became in the course of time an ornament of the Bench . . . That's right, turn on the programme again. Our story's finished . . . except to add that there were children in the town who conceived some very uneasy suspicions regarding their one-time idol, Santa Claus. They had always thought that there was a Mrs. Santa Claus up at the North Pole so you can understand that they were greatly mystified and shocked by his behaviour in their town. Hadn't he actually committed bigamy? I believe that their sense of injury was such that many of them stopped writing letters to him!"

UNREQUITED LOVE

By Robert Helgason

*There's a tear in your eye, little one,
And I hope it remains there unshed;
You look tired and all but undone,
And your nose is so swollen and red.*

*You seem saddened and pensive as well,
As if something were bothering you,
Like a curious, frightened gazelle
That has heard someone calling out
"Shoo!"*

*Won't you come to your Daddy, my
girl,*

*To his arms, where your face may be
hid?*

*Tell him why that wee, glittering pearl
Like a pendant should droop from
your lid.*

*She then nestled up close with a sigh,
And I asked what her trouble might
be.*

*From her lips came the halting reply:
"Boy nes door—won't marry wif
me."*

to get dirt out easier



change to FELS-NAPTHA

There's no need to tell you how easily dirt gets on clothes. But, if you don't already know it, you'll be interested in the inside story of the soap that gets dirt out easier.

Oddly enough, it's a story you'll get through your nose. For the instant you smell Fels-Naptha, you'll know that there's plenty of naptha right in the good golden soap. You'll know that Fels-Naptha is two splendid helpers instead of one.

When they get busy on your wash, dirt—even greasy, ground-in dirt—lets go, and lets go quickly. There's no

hard rubbing needed. The wash is done in jig time. Your clothes come off the line crisply clean and clover-sweet.

For all its speed, Fels-Naptha works gently—it makes clothes last longer. It is pleasant to use, too, for it contains soothing glycerine—which is the basis of many hand-lotions. It gives extra help any way you use it. In tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or cool water. Whether you soak or boil.

Change to Fels-Naptha. Your grocer sells it. It's thrifty. It's efficient. It means extra help and easier washdays for you.

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TWO HELPERS INSTEAD OF ONE . . . GOOD
GOLDEN SOAP AND PLENTY OF NAPTHA

“
TOBACCO
has stood by me”

I'm getting older now. Young people speak of me as the old man, some of them say the old gentleman, but I don't feel old. My brain, I think, is quite as good as when I was forty and I smoke more than I did then.

In times of happiness, in times of stress, in good business days and bad, throughout the years, tobacco has been my best companion.

I have smoked since my youth; first cigars, then the pipe, and now cigarettes; Winchester cigarettes.

When I tried my first smoke, over 45 years ago, cigarettes were practically unknown in this country, so I started with a cigar.

For economy's sake I adopted the pipe, with a good cigar occasionally when things were going well with me. Now I can afford to buy the best tobacco in any form, cigar, pipe tobacco or cigarette, but my preference is for cigarettes and my choice is Winchesters.

This cigarette, in my judgment (and after 45 years my judgment should be good), is the best cigarette in the country. It is particularly pleasing and never varies in quality as it is made with the very best of tobaccos carefully selected and—“*Blended Right.*”

I intend to live a long time yet and I know that my best companion to the end will be—tobacco.

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MR. LOUIS B. MAYER

MR. MAYER, vice-president in charge of production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has had a wide experience in many phases of the amusement business. Brought up in St. John, New Brunswick, he went into business with his father in a ship-wrecking firm at the age of fourteen. The boy himself assumed a physical as well as an executive responsibility in this work of raising and salvaging sunken vessels off the New Brunswick and New England coasts, and frequently put on diving equipment to plant a charge of dynamite in some sunken vessel. His first theatrical venture was the purchase of a small moving-picture theatre in Haverhill, Mass. Not long afterwards he had control of the five theatres in Haverhill. He proved his business

sagacity by picking out his most dangerous rivals and giving them positions in the organization he was building up. He then branched into the film exchange business and upon his affiliation with the Metro Company he became a vice-president, handling Metro releases in New England. He was especially interested in the production end of the picture business, and at the time of the merger of the Metro and Goldwyn organizations he was operating six producing units and was recognized as a producer of consistently good pictures. In the years since 1924, Mr. Mayer has been an outstanding figure in the rise to the front of the industry of the new company and the imposing production program which it has maintained.

S.H.A.D.O.W.L.A.N.D



Anita Page in a holiday spirit.

Their New Leading Lady. . . Warner Baxter and John Boles gaze admiringly at Miriam Jordan, English beauty and stage actress, who makes her screen debut with them in "Six Hours to Live."



Charles Farrell, who has just completed the leading male role opposite Joan Bennett in the picture, "Wild Girl."



In Hollywood any stockings hung up on Christmas Eve are of the silk-chiffon variety. This is Joan Marsh hoping for the best.



The versatile Miriam Hopkins' latest picture is "Trouble in Paradise."

British Stars Prepare for Christmas. . . Ann Casson is horrified at Gene Gerrard's outburst after hammering a finger while hanging up the signs of festivity; William Freshman obviously admires Gene's taste in swear words.



J. H. A. I. D. O. W. I. L. A. N. I. D



Boots Mallory, new screen star, makes her first film bow in the leading feminine role, opposite James Dunn, in "Walking Down Broadway."

Say when! Christmas dinner must have an added flavor when served up by three such cheerful chefs as Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery and Polly Moran. Scene from a screen "short" entitled "Christmas Party."



The popular and featured British player, Herbert Marshall, who enacts the leading role in "The Faithful Heart."

Gene Gerrard gets in some good work with Alma Taylor while mixing the Elstree Christmas pudding.

Frances Dee who will next be seen in "If I Had a Million."



An innovation by Educational Pictures is the Baby Stars series. The oldest of these veterans has attained the ripe old age of three years. One of the first of the series will be "War Babies," a travesty on "What Price Glory," produced by Jack Hays, in which will appear the young men above - Harold Guiver, Victor Kramer, Arthur Maskery and Freddie Fry.



Little Rambles in Hollywood

—Parties Fill the Social Calendar; A Glimpse at Some of the New Pictures in the Making; Thumb-Nail Sketch of George Arliss; Selected Gossip; Norma Shearer's Beach Home.

With E. G. Bayne



Norma Shearer is a dainty figurine in the 1860 sequence of "Smilin' Through." She is shown here with Leslie Howard and D. P. Heggie.



"Spanky" of "Our Gang" indulging in a day-dream. It's getting so near Christmas the occasion calls for a lot of heavy thinking—what to ask Santa Claus for!

HOLLYWOOD has been partying with even more than its usual zest—just one frolic on the heels of another and sometimes half-a-dozen socially important events on the same evening. A certain popular player who had had to split her evening into six parts appeared at her studio next morning to find that she was to do a sick-a-bed scene the very first thing. "What could be sweeter?" she said, and crawled gratefully beneath the puffed satin coverlet. The cameraman thought her pose very realistic. It was. In fact, they hadn't the heart to waken her so everybody tiptoed away and left her to her overdue repose. Being a star has its perquisites.

But there are parties and parties. The host who can offer something out of the ordinary gets the biggest crowds and the presence of crashers, that is, people who come without benefit of invitation, is rather flattering, in fact so much so that no one would think of showing them the door so long as they behave themselves. "Everything went off beautifully. I never dreamed my party would be such a success," gurgled a delighted little hostess over the 'phone to a friend next day. "Whv mv dear, we simply couldn't count the outsiders. We sent out two hundred invitations but nearly four hundred people came. Anyway, thank goodness the cats held out!"

Fredric March has been doing splendid work on the screen this season, and in "Smilin' Through" has topped even his previous high record. He is now working on "If I Had A Million," with twelve other players of stellar rating, including the veteran Richard Bennett, and, I am told, not less than nine directors. What the idea of so many directors may be I couldn't say, unless it is for the purpose of having nine people to spread the blame round on, in the event of a "flop,"—picturesque word—which is a remote possibility.

Students of stage matters will realize that it was only a matter of time till Noel Coward's great spectacle "Cavalcade" would reach the screen and now, one learns, the Fox company have bought the rights and have borrowed Clive Brook from another studio to star in it. Incidentally, Mr. Coward attended a charity fete at Windsor not long ago and had the honor of an hour's uninterrupted conversation with His Majesty King George, who had been greatly impressed with "Cavalcade," in many respects the dramatist's best work to date.

H. G. Wells' "Island of Lost Souls," with its series of fantastic settings, is in production at present with an interesting cast headed by Richard Arlen

and Leila Hyams, and a unit working on Catalina Island. Norman Taurog, who won the film industry's 1931 award for his directorial work on "Skippy," has the megaphone. "The Miracle," the Max Reinhardt spectacle that was the theatrical sensation of Europe several seasons ago is to be filmed by Warner Brothers in technicolor throughout, with none other than Loretta Young in the role of the nun, the part made memorable in the original production by Lady Diana Manners. Work has already begun on it. Another nun role will be revived in "The White Sister," by Helen Hayes. It will be recalled by those fans with memories intact that the first screening of this Marion Crawford story had Lillian Gish for the star and was the vehicle that introduced Ronald Colman to an admiring world. Colman was preparing to do a U-boat story, an original by Sydney Howard for United Artists, when I last heard his plans, but he is involved at the moment in a law-suit, which may alter the matter.

Little Janet Gaynor seems to have fallen heir to Mary Pickford's pet parts, her next in order to be "Tess of the Storm Country," a story that Mary liked so well she



Jackie Cooper, Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel in "Father and Son," a study of divorce as it affects children.



Top Right—This is Paulette Goddard, who may be the next Mrs. Charlie Chaplin. The tiny animal cuddled against her shoulder is a Mexican hairless terrier.

Top Left—The always popular Kay Francis has made another good picture, opposite William Powell, in "One Way Passage."



Randolph Scott, appearing in "Island of Lost Souls" with Charles Laughton, the Panther Woman and an impressive cast, is one of the screen's athletes. He is six feet two inches and weighs 190 pounds.

made it twice. Alexander Kirkwood is to have the lead opposite Janet.

R-K-O is to make a picture of Ernest Hemingway's novel "The Sun Also Rises," but the cast is not announced as yet. And the versatile Boris Karloff is slated for the portrayal of the sinister Chinese in "The Mask of Dr. Fu Manchu." For the time what is known as the horror cycle, including "Dracula," "Frankenstein" and others, is broken. Will anybody mourn? The gangster and the gold-digger however are still with us, only temporarily retired.

A picture to put on your must-see list is "Rasputin," in which, against the ancient splendor of the Winter Palace, the glory of the Romanoffs is revived. Quite apart from the interesting nature of its cast—the three Barrymores are in it—it should be notable if only for the reason that it is the first serious effort to mirror something of the pomp, and tragedy, of the ill-fated Russian royal family. I watched some of its scenes in the making and the gorgeous processions of the court passing before the cameras to the strains of the Russian national anthem are most impressive. I suppose it goes without saying that Lionel Barrymore in the title role will render a perfect portrayal of the strange, sinister monk. Ethel Barrymore as the coldly regal Czarina wears a series of court costumes dazzling to the eye, while John in the white and gold military dress of a grand duke is the final word in magnificence.



Anna Neagle who plays opposite Jack Buchanan in "Magic Night."

"Divorce in the Family" may make its appearance in some communities as "Father and Son." It is a study of divorce as it affects children, and has a good cast headed by Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson, with small Jackie Cooper. A note from the studio recommends it as family entertainment in spite of the ill-chosen title.

Ronald Colman's picture "I Have Been Faithful," which is an adaptation of the stage success "Cynara," and in which Kay Francis has the leading feminine role, is to be followed by "The Masquerader," according to the latest reports. Following a brief vacation he will begin work on it immediately. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, is the same vehicle in which Guy Bates Post toured the world for something like six years. It will be recalled that the story is about a member of Parliament who loses his identity through opiates. As yet no director or supporting cast has been chosen for Mr. Colman.

The British and Dominions Film Corporation of London, England, is to release through United Artists ten British-made pictures for Canadian distribution. In three of these Jack Buchanan is to be starred. The first, "Magic Night," an original story by Holt Marvell and George Posford, is a highly tuneful



In "The Kid from Spain" Eddie Cantor's bull-fighting and love-making are very much on the farcical order.

romance laid in a Viennese background with Anna Neagle, said to be England's most popular star, playing opposite Mr. Buchanan. The director will be Herbert Wilcox. The other two Buchanan films will be "Yes, Mr. Brown," and "That's A Good Girl."

THE usual number of Christmas parties for children are being arranged. I heard of one ten-year-old who already is invited to sixteen and who said to a young friend in boredom: "This social life is so innovating!" She probably meant enervating. Another youngster declared that he liked Gloria Lloyd's parties best because "Lloyd's chickens all have two wish-bones."

Everybody is particularly nice to everybody else at Christmas time. The Yuletide spirit of course, perhaps supplemented by Wilson Mizner's classic piece of advice to aspiring stars: "Be nice to all those you meet on the way up—you'll meet the same ones coming down." Mizner is Hollywood's unofficial maker of epigrams, and his quips are much quoted.

A kind-hearted elderly tourist (feminine) noticed a shabby young man standing on the curb along the Boulevard the other day whose hair cried for the services of a barber. It was in such a neglected state it was growing down over his collar. Impulsively opening her handbag she extracted therefrom a half-dollar and approaching him said: "My poor fellow, do go and get a haircut." He was so surprised that he was temporarily wordless, but she pressed the coin into his not unwilling hand and hurried away without waiting to be thanked. He perceived, however, that she was reconnoitering from a shop doorway further along, evidently watching to see whether he would squander the money in a speakeasy, so he walked into a tonsorial parlor nearby—and right through it and out a side door. Had she followed him she might have seen him a moment later perched on a tall stool in an eatery not far away enjoying a man-size meal, the first he had had in weeks. He was an "extra" letting his hair grow for a part in a mob scene, and until that week he hadn't worked for months. The moral would appear to be that an act of charity is never misplaced. But word must have got round for next day there were three young men standing on the same curb and all badly needing a haircut. They waited vainly however for the appearance of a philanthropic lady. Lightning and luck seldom strike twice in the same spot.



Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss recently returned from a vacation in England.

THE most difficult thing to avoid in Hollywood is Hollywood gossip, for this is the permanent habitat of Dame Rumor herself and nobody waits for a man to bite a dog in order to get news. The amours of Charles Chaplin have long been meat and drink to the colony and particularly the typewriter-tappers, and of late he has been beau-ing a new charmer round with such persistency that the usual crop of unverified rumors of marriage have sprung up. One records them for what they may be worth. In any case the girl won't lose by it. A young woman seen more than twice in Chaplin's company in public is supposed to be as good as made, professionally, and may sign her name to a contract in any studio. Charles is King of Babylon, and his social sanction as sound as a certified cheque. What though the favored one may never be certain of becoming Mrs. C? Everybody can't win the sweepstakes. Paulette Goddard now receiving marked attention from the comedian is slightly taller than he, is twenty-one years of age, and wears her honors with all the sophisticated ease of modern youth and her hair in a tightly-curled coiffure that is distinctly Frenchy. It is platinum blonde. She has a neat little Mona Lisa smile, and she has also poise, grace, charm, and a Mexican hairless dog. She was in the cast of "The Kid From Spain" with Eddie Cantor, but the studio gives out word that it has instructions not to publicize Mlle. [Continued on page 38]

Radioland

The Child Detective of the Air

TEN-YEAR-OLD Shirley Bell, who plays the part of "Little Orphan Annie" in the comic strip series broadcast every week-day afternoon on the "Ovaltine" program, is one of the most popular prodigies of the radio dramatic world. Despite her years, Shirley is a veteran trouper. So is Allan Baruck, twelve years old, who plays Joe Cornassel, the farm boy who has been Annie's playmate ever since Annie's adventures took her to live on the farm with Mr. and Mrs. Silo, Annie's benefactors. Both Shirley and Allan have been in dramatic productions since their kindergarten days. They have appeared on the stage in Chicago and in school productions, as well as before the microphone.

When "Annie" was introduced to the radio audience the feature developed instant popularity, and within a few months was being broadcast over a wide network.

Mr. and Mrs. Silo are played in the sketch by Jerry O'Meara and Henrietta Tedro. The other member of the cast is Sandy, a real he-dog, whose histrionic talents are all the more remarkable because his vocabulary is limited to the expression "Arf."

Mysteries of Paris

ELSIE HITZ and John McGovern play the roles of heroine and hero in the hair-raising episodes of the fight against "The Octopus," heard every Monday evening in the "Mysteries of Paris" series, sponsored by Bourjois Inc. The shadow of "The Octopus," symbol of the unseen leader of the Paris underworld, menaces an adventurous young American heiress and a British secret service agent.

An Athlete and a Tenor

LANNY ROSS, the young tenor, who is heard on the General Foods popular program three times a week, is one of the many radio performers who were schooled for different careers. Although both of his parents were vaudeville singers and Lanny inherited a splendid voice, in his youth he had no ambition to become a professional entertainer.

As a graduate of Yale, he could have chosen from a wide range of business opportunities. He was a star track performer at the New Haven University, and he might have become a coach or the director of some athletic club. He is a skilful painter, and he might have elected to develop this talent.

But eventually he found himself before the microphone.

At Yale his tenor voice soon made him a member of the glee club. He became cheer leader and leader of the university glee club. As a member of the track team he was A.A.U. champion in the 300-yard indoor race for two years. Pictures of him still adorn the walls of the Yale gymnasium.

Ross sang on radio programs while a senior at Yale as a member of the Jeddo Highlanders, a double quartet composed of Yale men. Since his graduation in 1928 he has been on many presentations.

The young tenor has made two European tours, one of which, as a soloist of the Yale Glee Club, he chose in preference to going to Amsterdam with the Olympic team after he had qualified.

Ross has a number of hobbies. Lancelot is his real name. But his classmates at Taft School put up a great howl when they heard it. That is how he came by "Lanny."

Stebbins Boys Portray Rustic Life

THROUGHOUT the country household routines are adjusted so families may follow the simple adventures of Esley Stebbins (Arthur Allen) and John Stebbins (Parker Fennelly), the series which is sponsored by Swift & Company. John and Esley, two bachelors, are the proprietors of a combined hotel and general merchandise store in Bucksport Point on the coast of Maine. Neither has ever roamed far from the little Maine village, in contrast to the third brother, Captain Bill who is on the other side of the world as skipper of an old-fashioned four-masted schooner. The boys are probably in their late fifties and, as most bachelors of that age, somewhat fastidious and temperamental. They settled the problem of who should be boss and who should take orders by alternating. One day Esley is the general and John the army, and next day the order is reversed. The two men quarrel almost continuously, whether it be regarding their store, local politics or the frequent love affairs of Virginia Pennypacker (Adelina Thomason) who tries vainly to marry each of the boys.

John and Esley possess contrasted temperaments. John is quiet, level headed and patient. Esley is quarrelsome, sharp tongued and sometimes guilty of acting without mature consideration. However, in spite of their quarrels, the boys always pull together in emergencies. They have become a local court of appeal for all sorts of problems ranging from political rows to affairs of the heart.

The role of Esley is played by Arthur Allen, veteran character actor of stage and radio. He was born and spent his boyhood in Gowanda, New York. Turned to amateur theatricals at an early age. Allen jumped to Broadway, playing character roles on the legitimate stage, and then transferred his activities from the footlights to the microphone and won his reputation as radio's most successful interpreter of Down East characters. He has forsaken the stage completely, in favor of radio.

Allen's partner of the air is Parker Fennelly who plays John Stebbins and is truly a Down Easter. Fennelly was born on Mount Desert Island in Northeast Harbor, just off the coast of Maine near Bar Harbor. Fennelly grew up there, seeing little of the outside world until as he reached manhood he moved to Boston and attended a dramatic school.

Fennelly began his professional career with a Shakespearean company and for a number of years played Hamlet, Othello and King Lear from coast to coast. For fifteen years he trouped with stock companies, Broadway and experimental theatres.

Three years ago Fennelly was induced by the late Gerald Stopp to enter radio. When the Stebbins Boys series was planned, the two actors were selected because both had lived among similar scenes.

Brad and Al

BRAD BROWNE and Al Llewelyn, comedians, are such old-timers in broadcasting they remember the days way back before radio was made safe for crooners. Bradford Browne is a stern New Englander. At the age of four he made his first public appearance in a minstrel show behind a banjo on his father's knee. His father was playing the instrument and merely held Brad there to keep him out of mischief—a feat never before nor since successfully achieved.

He emerged from Georgetown University in 1913 with an LL.B. But he suddenly decided he had had enough law to last his entire life. He was in and out of several jobs before war was declared, when he went overseas as a corporal.

Returning home Brad, like so many others, was faced with the problem of readjustment. He held an assortment of jobs but succeeded in being fired from each. Reduced to living in a \$2-a-week boarding-house in Newark, Brad entertained the other boarders nightly with his own songs, accompanying himself on an old out-of-tune piano.

Looking up from his cornbeef and cabbage one evening Brad noted a new boarder across the table. It was Al Llewelyn. He invited him to join in the evening's entertainment, and long after the others had wandered off to bed the pair were talking over war days.

Al had been in France, too. Born in Bellaire, Ohio, he had received his education in small schools there and about. When he was eighteen he accepted a job in a steel foundry in Pittsburgh. Aided by night attendance at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Al was on his way to an executive post when war was declared and he enlisted.

At the close of the war Al was employed as production manager of a steel factory in Newark. He remained there for a number of years, but when it burned to the ground and left him jobless he went from one position to another, and incidentally, from one boarding-house to another, until meeting Brad.

Brad taught his new friend some of his own compositions, such as "Hide Your Troubles in Grandfather's Whiskers," and the two broke into harmony. It was good.

They worked out some good radio material which they presented to a small station in Newark. They were given a fifteen-minute period on the air, and so numerous were the phone calls after their program they were signed as a regular feature. That was six years ago April 1st—and they've been fooling the public ever since.

From there they came to WABC where they have been heard on many programs including the "Nit Wits," "Cellar Knights," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and many others.

Browne is taller than most men and, like many comedians, sober-faced. Sallow also. His lightish hair is parted in the middle—all giving the effect of a monochrome. Al Llewelyn, who looks like an Englishman, is not an Englishman. Not quite so tall as Brad, he is five feet ten inches, weighs 135 pounds and is moustached. His favorite dish is roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

And there you have them—Brad and Al—heard on the Wm. Rogers and Son program twice a week.

"Little Orphan Annie"

Elsie Hitz and John McGovern

Lanny Ross

"The Stebbins Boys"

Brad and Al

CRITICISMS

FAVOURABLE—and OTHERWISE

By Jerome Carver

«A Bill of Divorcement»

BY FAR the best picture on my review list this month is "A Bill of Divorcement." It is splendidly acted and directed, and should please discriminating adult audiences.

This picture is an adaptation of the play of the same title by that clever Englishwoman who writes under the pseudonym of Clemence Dane. (Her novel, "Broome Stages," was a best-seller last year and I advise anyone who is interested in the theatre to read it.) "A Bill of Divorcement" was first produced in London a decade or so ago and made a tremendous hit. It was also produced in New York, and a few years ago was played in Canada by an excellent company headed by Mr. Gordon McLeod and Miss Lillian Christine.

The picture follows the play very faithfully. The story tells of Hilary, a war veteran and a victim of shell-shock made more acute by a taint of insanity in his family. He escapes from the insane asylum where he has been confined for many years and comes back to his home. During the years of his illness he has had no idea of the passage of time, and now he is amazed and bewildered to find his house altered, his daughter grown into a young woman. His sudden and unexpected appearance confronts his family with a great problem. Margaret, his wife, believing him to be incurably insane, has secured a divorce without his knowledge, and wants to marry another man. Although she has long ceased to care for Hilary, he is so pitiable in his loneliness, in his horror of being sent back to "that place," as he fearfully calls the asylum, that she is ready to give up her own happiness for his sake. Then Sidney, the daughter, steps in. Appalled at the discovery of the taint of insanity in her inheritance, she breaks her engagement with Kit, the young man she loves. She decides that it is for her to take the burden of her father's care and so clear the path for her mother's happiness.

When the silent picture became outmoded and gave way to the talking picture, movie-goers began to realize that a mere profile which photographed well was not entirely satisfying. They suddenly discovered that some of the screen's highest-paid faces had voices like buzz saws or penny whistles and read their lines with no more expression than that of a mechanical doll saying "ma-ma." Picture producers were in a state closely resembling a panic until the film doctors prescribed a stiff transfusion of real stage knowledge and acting ability. The invigorating effects of this treatment may be seen in "A Bill of Divorcement." This picture was directed by George Cukor, a man expert in theatricals, who handles the story in a simple, straightforward manner, carefully eschewing any of the cheap comedy gags and trite sentimental effects which seem so irresistible to many picture directors. The cast of "A Bill of Divorcement" is made up of experienced stage players: John Barrymore, Billie Burke, Katharine Hepburn and others.

As the pathetic Hilary, John Barrymore adds a new type to his gallery of extraordinarily varied roles. When I first saw Mr. Barrymore, about twenty years ago, he was playing in "The Fortune Hunter," and had already made a name for himself on Broadway with similar light comedy parts. Later came his first great success in a serious role—that of the clerk in Galsworthy's tragic play, "Justice." One of his finest characterizations was the poet in "The Jest," Sem Benelli's colorful melodrama set in the Florence of the Renaissance. And his Hamlet—a success both here and in London—is the most noted American interpretation of that role given during this generation. On the screen his roles have been no less varied, including the Ahab of "Moby Dick," "Beau Brummelle" (one of his best performances in the silent pictures), Svengali in "Trilby," and lately, the debonair and ill-starred young baron of "Grand Hotel." In "A Bill of Divorcement," his performance is sensitive and restrained, a role which, in less artistic hands, might easily have been overdone.

Billie Burke, as Margaret, looks amazingly young and lovely, and with her attractive voice and diction and long stage experience makes a rather difficult and passive role interesting.

David Manners is well cast as Kit. He is a pleasant young man with a nice personality. The others in the cast are more than competent.

I have deliberately saved the mention of Katharine Hepburn to the last, because undoubtedly her work is the most outstanding in the picture. Of course, her role is the most sympathetic one of all, for the playwright has endowed her with courageous action, pathos, and self-sacrifice. But Miss Hepburn makes the most of her opportunities. Her acting is both assured and sure, her voice and diction outstandingly good, and her personal appearance very attractive. I hear that her playing of this role led to a long-picture contract and I feel sure that her star is definitely on the rise.

"A Bill of Divorcement" is appropriately set without being over lavish. The costumes, too, are suitable and do not, as they do in so many movies, suggest a fashion parade rather than a picture of real life.

«The Phantom President»

ALTHOUGH we in Canada do not follow the presidential campaigns and elections of the United States with the same emotion that they arouse south of the line, we have a neighborly interest in them. And we have campaigns and elections of our own and can enjoy a satire on politics and the mysterious ways of politicians. For both reasons we shall find plenty of fun in "The Phantom President," a timely travesty on politics, starring George M. Cohan, and featuring Jimmy Durante and Claudette Colbert.

Any musical comedy satire on this theme will have to be compared with "Of Thee I Sing," the musical, political extravaganza which was produced last season on the legitimate stage, won the Pulitzer drama prize and is still packing 'em in on Broadway. I had the luck to see this uproariously funny show when it opened in Boston in December last. Its book was written



Members of "The All-American" team, with Richard Arlen as star. Left to right: Preston Foster, Richard Arlen, Andy Devine and John Darrow.

(Top Left) George M. Cohan, Claudette Colbert and Jimmy Durante in "The Phantom President."

(Top Right) Douglas Fairbanks and Maria Alva in "Mr. Robinson Crusoe."

by Morrie Ryskind and that master of satirical comedy, George Kaufman. Its lyrics are by clever Ira Gershwin, brother of the noted George, who wrote the music. It is full of invention and barbed merriment, and seems to me to be the best of its kind since Gilbert and Sullivan were collaborating for the Savoy.

Patently patterned on "Of Thee I Sing," "The Phantom President" does not attain "the first fine careless rapture" of the Pulitzer prize-winner. But after all, we do not expect an "Of Thee I Sing" every year—or even every decade, and "The Phantom President" is very amusing on its own account.

Interesting in the picture is the debut of George M. Cohan, for long the Patron Saint of Broadway musical shows, author, composer, actor, dancer, comedian and what have you. He is attractive and amusing in the dual role of the presidential nominee and the persuasive medicine showman, but he is somewhat overshadowed by the amusing antics of Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante. Claudette Colbert, in a new fringed coiffure which will interest the ladies, is the "love interest," subdued so as not to interfere with the preeminently comic spirit of the film. The songs are not especially notable, but they are light-hearted and give Mr. Cohan an opportunity to dance and sing in his traditional manner. There are many intensely funny sequences in the picture, including the opening, the medicine show scenes, the speeches at the convention and Jimmy Durante's radio address. "The Phantom President" is good entertainment, if you do not take your politics too seriously.

«The All-American»

HERE is a timely picture for the football season, but, besides being topical, it has the added advantage of being a little out of the ordinary. The usual football picture plot culminates with the hero winning the big game and the heroine. This one starts off with the big game, shows the hero taking his football accomplishments too seriously, thinking that they will help him in the business world—which of course they don't. At the end, after some disillusionizing experiences we see him come back in time to save his younger brother from making the same mistakes. Not a bad moral to this story and a goodly amount of entertainment as well.

«Cabin in the Cotton»

THE theme of "Cabin in the Cotton" is the more or less feudal system used on the Southern cotton plantations. As a theme, it is interesting enough, but it is hardly dramatized enough or sufficiently pointed to make it engrossing screen material. Richard Barthelmess plays the role of a "poor white" cotton grower in a setting reminiscent of his great success of silent days, "Tol'able David." But unlike that of David, this role is not very appealing, and the picture is only mildly interesting. [Continued on page 38]



John Barrymore and Billie Burke, featured in "A Bill of Divorcement."

Criticisms: Favourable—and Otherwise

Continued from page 37

«Chandu the Magician»

THE "horror" films really ought to have reached the end of their vogue, but here comes another, "Chandu the Magician," which tries to out-Dracula "Dracula" and make "Frankenstein" seem like a bedtime story for tiny tots. It only succeeds, however, in making one want to giggle. The situations are so laden with hokum, the horror chills so palpably manufactured to chill! The story is set in the east, by the Nile, and on the desert. Bela Lugosi plays a madman who in one way or another is menacing the safety of the rest of the east and the rest of the world, for that matter. Edmund Lowe is—guess what! A hypnotist! His eyes are splendid for the role, but his voice is unaltered and strangely incongruous. He is always the wise-cracking N.C.O. of "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock-Eyed World." He is a clever actor with a pleasing personality and it really is time that he outgrew his old parts.

«Mr. Robinson Crusoe»

"MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE" is a typical Douglas Fairbanks film, merry, full of make-believe and lots of good fun. The story tells of Steve Drexel (played by Mr. Fairbanks) who makes a bet with some yachting companions that he can live on an uninhabited island for two months, with only the clothes he is wearing and a toothbrush. The bet is taken and Steve straightway dives off the yacht and swims to the island, followed by his adventurous dog Rooney. How he builds a penthouse, adopts a talkative parrot, trains a clever monkey to be his butler, constructs a radio, escapes from hungry cannibals, and discovers a beauteous maiden who later becomes the rage of a Broadway revue, all these adventures are buoyantly pictured by a Douglas Fairbanks who is just as full of vim and vigor as he ever was. Adults will enjoy this film, and children, who have cherished dreams of a romantic "Robinson Crusoe" or "Swiss Family Robinson" existence will be enraptured by it.

«Blonde Venus»

EVEN the most ardent Dietrich fans will, I believe, be disappointed in this, her latest picture. The story is cheap and trite and unconvincing and even Marlene's revered legs cannot lend it much glamor. Herbert Marshall, the clever husband of clever Edna Best, is miserably cast in an unsympathetic role. In fact all the talent and beauty in it are wasted on a hopelessly feeble plot.

«A Successful Calamity»

AND here is another film in which good material is hampered by a poor story. "A Successful Calamity," starring George Arliss, is a lukewarm, namby-pamby tale that is altogether unsuitable to this actor's fine ability. Artificial as Parker's "Disraeli" was, it made a much better vehicle for Mr. Arliss than several of the over-sentimental stories in which he has lately been seen. Will somebody please find George Arliss a really worthy role in a really good scenario?

Little Rambles in Hollywood

Continued from page 35

Goddard. All very mysterious and intriguing. So the baffled news-gatherer is forced to bide his time and await eventualities. Meanwhile the young lady appears at work dressed in exquisite satin loungemas trimmed with blue fox and Charlie calls for her every day and buzz-buzz-buzz go the gossips. Can he support a wife? Well, a fifty-room house in Beverly Hills and seven million dollars' worth of taxable securities ought to be a good start. The figures are the tax assessor's.

Speaking of money, even the scenario plots are beginning to show a decent respect for the hard-to-earn dollar and "Down To Earth," with Will Rogers, is but the forerunner of a series of back-to-sanity stories now in preparation for the screen. Prior to 1929 the fans would swallow anything, but gone are the days when the little eighteen-year-old stenographer (in the play) could get seventy-five dollars a week at her first job out of business college or the hero gaily wave a cheque for ten thousand dollars as his share in a business deal. The other day an oldish film was being shown in a suburban theatre near San Francisco and it had this line in it: "Yes, I guess we could use another man in our sales department. Will two hundred a week be satisfactory?" The audience hooted and stamped its feet, one demonstrative individual hurling a decayed orange at the screen.

IN SAN FRANCISCO not long ago I met an 85-year-old Scotsman named John McLaren, the superintendent of Golden Gate Park, an artificial landscaping marvel facing the Pacific, and which is largely his own creation. Such a fine old gentleman and still in harness, still personally concerned over each rare plant or flowering shrub. On the occasion of his last birthday they surprised him with a greeting done in floral design on green sward, with a very passable floral replica of his own face very much enlarged. He was quite touched, and so flattered. Few visitors know that this park is not a natural one. Walking about the paths was another elderly Scot, a retired marine engineer. He said to me between puffs at his pipe, and with all the air of one who has just made a discovery: "Hae ye ever noticed that when folk want a thing specially weel done they aye get a Scotsman tae tackle it?"

INDIGENOUS to this region are the scarlet toyon berries which are so decorative in late fall. There are also the lupin shrubs, bunch-grass, and yellow gorse. Cultivated on flower ranches nearby are acres of violets, carnations, roses, 'mums, heather and ferns. And holly for the Christmas trade. The finest collection of begonias in the world, not excepting that of the famous Kew Gardens, is at Point Loma, twenty minutes from San Diego. The El Prado Cactus Garden contains more than 150 specimens of desert plant life, and in Balboa Park, 1,400 acres in extent, there are orchids, lianas, palms,

bamboo and other exotic blooms. In season the lagoon is massed with lotus and pond-lilies of every hue. The Montezuma Gardens are the flower-lovers' paradise. There thousands of pansies carpet the earth and overflow the formal borders, and later colonies of zinnias appear. Date, olive, and fig prosper as they do along the Mediterranean, and there are hedges of geranium, evening primroses, lavender and pink asters, wild verbenas, lilies and roses in enchanting profusion. The oldest palm still lives, at San Diego, planted in 1769. The oldest olive trees still bear fruit. And San Jacinto boasts the oldest cedar.

AN ENGLISH journalist has told me that numbers of people in England think that George Arliss is an American. Actually he was born on Museum Street, in London, but since he came over to this continent in 1901 he has appeared almost exclusively in Broadway and Hollywood productions, returning to his native land only for vacations. He has a charming, old-world house in Maida Vale, overlooking Regent's Canal, very secluded and guarded by one of those typically English high walls, where he can enjoy a degree of privacy not possible in Hollywood. A brief glance over his career might not be out of place. He began it with a youthful engagement at the old Elephant and Castle theatre, toured the provinces, suffered long intervals of idleness, and even attended a dramatic school at Margate where the training consisted of acting in stock. He came to America with Mrs. Pat Campbell for the stated period of four months but has remained here practically ever since. After he appeared in "The Darling of the Gods" stage managers began bidding for his services and he found himself made in that astoundingly quick and sometimes unaccountable way that success so often comes in America. He has never known stage fright but admits to having been nervous over his initial screen test. He rejoiced when the screen found a voice for like the majority of stage folks he had always felt that the scope of the silent drama was limited. As he says, it seemed an opportunity for some effective posing but little else.

One listens with relish to Arliss discoursing on modern dramatists and their work. He never calls a spade by any fancy names but, on the contrary, criticizes many of our current plays for their slipshod thought, careless writing, and total lack of style. Few dramatists trouble to write with the care that distinguished Pinero for example, or Henry Arthur Jones and others of the pre-War period, to go no further back. One of Arliss' convictions is that a play need not be filled with crude language in order to be realistic. The really great writers for the stage could always portray the character of a foul-mouthed villain without recourse to a single "damn." One inquires of Arliss why he hasn't been appearing on the stage of late and the answer is, because no play that he has read sufficiently appeals to him. But ask him if he really intends to return to the footlights and he raises quizzical eyebrows and retorts: "Return? Why, I never feel that I've left them." He is to make a picture abroad before long, but for Warner Brothers. Meanwhile he smokes his pipe, wears a shirt with a soft collar, goes for long walks in the hills and returns for English tea at four-thirty or thereabouts, and tells you that life in Hollywood is very pleasant indeed. He and Mrs. Arliss lately returned from a short vacation in England.

WITH the introduction of that ancient device, the aside, in "Strange Interlude" there is some speculation as to whether it may start a vogue, but on the whole the producers think not. For a long while now a certain faded "notice" has been tacked to the wall of one studio and constitutes a silent reminder perhaps to screen players as well as others. It is entitled "Rules for Actors," but it applies to stage people essentially. Some of these rules are as follows: (1) The curtain descending, let not the 'dead' arise before it has reached the floor. (2) The 'dead' should not take curtain-calls. (3) Long telephone conversations, reading aloud of letters, asides, etc., are passe. (4) Re-swooning, etc., most actors get well too soon. A more gradual recovery is recommended in the interests of realism. (5) In scenes that feature the full moon care must be taken to eliminate draughts behind the curtain. The orb of night may be full but not necessarily drunk. (6) Remember the awful warning given at the opening of a banquet scene in a well-known play when the rising curtain caught up the edge of the table cloth and rolled it into the flies above." The old-time thespian had his troubles. As for asides,

that is thoughts spoken aloud, soon they won't be any novelty thinks Wallace Beery, who declares that television is sure to be followed by some invention that will probe the human brain and reveal its most secret workings.

HERE in Southern California the calendar is by no means the autocrat that it is elsewhere in the world and beach homes continue to be enjoyed even though summer has officially retired and Christmas looms near. Very agreeable it is, too, to lie on the soft sands warmed by the sun and lapped by the Pacific and feel sorry for that portion of humanity battling with sleet and blizzards.

One of the most attractive of the beach places is that of the Thalbergs (Norma Shearer) at Santa Monica. It is Spanish in style, with white walls, green roofs, a patio, and a garden, the latter made possible only by considerable expense and ingenuity for rich soil had to be brought from a distance and placed over the sea sand before the rose bushes, orange trees and other shrubs would grow there. The results fully justified the trouble. Most of these beach houses front on the Pacific and turn their backs on the road with a gesture that seems to hint at a desire for privacy, while on the foreshore tall glass fences have been erected to break the gales, and it is out there the players spend the most of their time. The Thalbergs have a terrace running round two sides of the house, with swings, garden couches, chairs in gay colors, and a ping-pong table. There is also a sunken swimming-pool lined with bright blue tiles and illuminated at the base with colored electric bulbs. Norma herself prefers the sea and a short run and a couple of leaps will take her into the surf. If you are so fortunate as to be invited to tea



Lew Ayres shows the proper Yuletide spirit by hanging up a wreath of holly. Even his pup approves of the idea, judging by his interest in the proceeding.

at this charming place you will make the acquaintance of the Norma Shearer sandwich, which is an interesting and very tasty concoction that was invented by the star and has had a vogue. It consists of three slices of toasted brown bread, buttered, one spread with cream cheese, and the next with red-currant jelly. These are placed together and slices of grilled bacon are set on top. Then you cap the whole with the third slice, on which mustard has been thinly spread.

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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 19

"Three, and Mrs. McTaggart is really very bad. Doctor Townsend is afraid of pneumonia."

"I've wired Vancouver for a nurse."

"Do you think they can afford a nurse?" she said dubiously.

"That's all arranged," announced Clarke Helmer, and added, "I am awfully sorry she is not here to relieve you tonight; you must be frightfully tired."

"I am not in the least tired," she said evenly, and Major Kettlewell noticed with surprise the contraction of the pupils in her brilliant eyes.

"How," he inquired casually, "do they treat influenza here?"

"I imagine the same as elsewhere. Lots of quinine, a light diet, and as much fresh air as the patient will allow."

"No morphia?"

"Only, I believe, when the 'flu fastens on the digestive organs."

"I see." His glance dwelt speculatively on the row of medicine bottles. "And Mrs. McTaggart is not threatened in that direction?"

"Not so far, fortunately."

"Well, Clarke, shall we go, and give Mrs. Agar an opportunity to get some rest?"

Agnes Agar rose at once and held out her hand.

"It is possible that I shall get quite a good sleep until midnight. After that they become fretful. Thank you for coming. Good night."

Outside, the American looked at his watch.

"It's only eleven o'clock," he said, "so if you are in earnest about this ghost business, I'll come home with you and stretch out on the couch."

"Come along, by all means," said his friend, hospitably, "but the spook investigation is postponed until further notice."

Clarke Helmer expressed himself as "peevish."

"I've been getting up my nerve all night," he complained. "It's now or never."

"Then it's never," said the other imperturbably. "I give you my word, the ghost won't walk tonight."

THE single trail led straight up the mountain. Almost too straight, decided the major, in whom the conviction deepened that the telephone message which had brought him to this lonely height, was the prologue to some act of further violence.

On any other afternoon he would have asked Clarke Helmer to accompany him, but this was the day before Christmas, and tonight Marion Crofts took her late leave and dined with Mrs. Agar. These Wednesday evening dinners had become a weekly function, in which the young American was invariably included. Half a mile back Major Kettlewell had suddenly decided that this fact was not unknown to his mysterious informant.

From the moment he entered the trail, he had realized that the footsteps were not those he had followed on the day before the great storm. Those had evidenced the dragging walk of the Oriental; these, in their clearness of outline, betrayed the white man. Having, however, always contended that it is more dangerous to retreat than to advance, and the habits of a lifetime persisting, he clung doggedly to the trail.

The shadows thickened, and the trail led on straight as a Roman road.

It is a matter for debate whether the major, in dealing with Canadian criminals, was not from the first handicapped by his cosmopolitanism.

[Continued on page 40]



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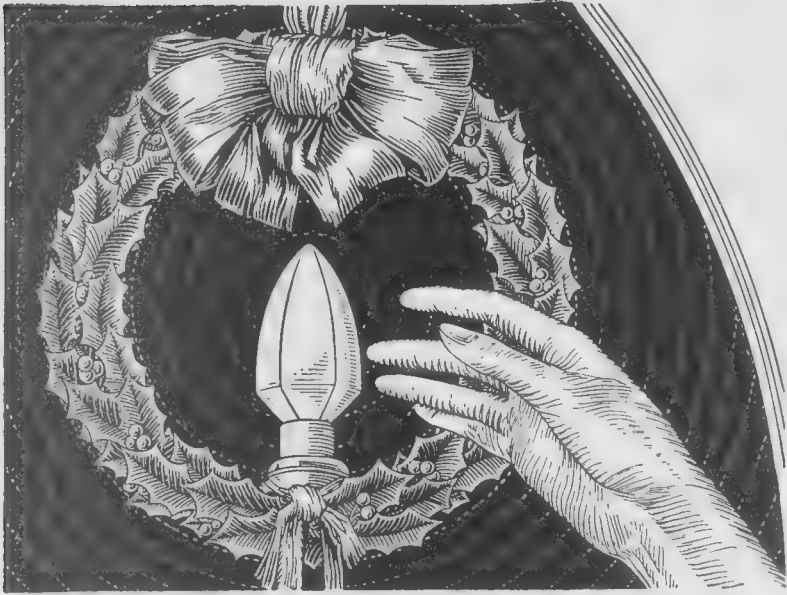
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CALAMITY HOUSE

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It was easy for the man who had matched his wits against turbulent chiefs of the Indian border to undervalue the intelligence and underrate the ferocity of these mountain crooks. Perhaps something of this was going on in his mind, for when the trail turned violently to the right he hesitated, every nerve instinctively sensitive to danger.

The light was fading rapidly, but the giant pines drooping beneath their too heavy canopy of snow cast no shadow, so that it was still quite easy to follow the trail. There was no sound on the mountain to hint from which direction the unseen menace threatened. The major took a cautious step forward and recoiled. He was on the very edge of a ravine, probably a continuation of the one into which Clarke Helmer and Marion Crofts had so nearly fallen on the night when they came unwittingly to the door of the cabin on the heights. So his mysterious informant had not misled him with regard to its location. In that case, probably the rest of the information was authentic and Charters Darrach was really a prisoner and in danger of his life.

Although the major couldn't for the life of him figure out why the boy should be in greater peril tonight than at any other time since his disappearance, he decided to see it through and go on. The footsteps which had led him to the brink of the ravine continued along its lip to where a fallen cottonwood provided what appeared to be a substantial bridge. Despite its apparent solidity, the major was reluctant to trust himself upon it. Beneath, the ground fell away a stark two hundred feet, and he knew cottonwood to be notoriously rotten, but these hazards failed to account for the uneasiness which jangled his taut nerves. He dropped to his knees and peered into the depth of the ravine. Where a jagged rock protruded three feet below the surface level, a light deposit sprinkled the snow.

"H'm!" he muttered, getting to his feet. "Not so damned clever after all."

As a matter of fact, it was not even remotely clever. Turning back along the trail he found a rock sufficiently heavy to test the reliability of the bridge, and was not in the least surprised, upon dashing the boulder down on the cottonwood, that with a minimum of resistance the fallen tree snapped in two pieces and hurtled down on the rocks below.

It was fortunate for the major that his quick eye had detected and interpreted correctly the sawdust on the snow.

Now he turned grimly to retrace his steps, striving to outspeed the darkness which swept up from the valley below.

When, half an hour later, the thick undergrowth into which he plunged shut out the last token of light, he was surprised to find that the relief with which he had turned away from the ravine forsook him. Again he smelled danger.

His fingers closed gratefully on his powerful electric flash. It would never do to lose one's way, for the nights were savagely cold and the hard winter had brought the starving

cougars close to the village in search of food.

And still, as he forged steadily ahead, the conviction grew that he was not alone. There was no sound, nothing to indicate that anything or anyone but himself was abroad on the mountain, but in the absence of sound and sight he knew that someone was near. Someone who waited, or with noiseless feet followed close behind. And always the undergrowth grew denser, the danger of losing the trail more imminent.

A crackle from the right, to the left a ping, and a bullet flicked the pine needles aside, to bury itself in the heart of the tree. On the instant the major drew his own revolver and returned the fire, when, abandoning subterfuge and with evidently no stomach for a fight, his assailant fled up the mountain, and never quite overtaking him but always within sound, the major blundered after.

A few furious minutes the chase continued and then the officer dodged behind a tree—the other man was doubling back on him. From close at hand a second bullet chipped the rough bark from his leafy

shield, and almost immediately the assassin was on the run again. Without waiting for an answering shot, Major Kettlewell crashed through the undergrowth in hot pursuit.

Suddenly his feet went out from under him, a pine branch on which he laid frantic hold came away in his hand. He shot down—down—down.

SLOWLY and painfully consciousness struggled back. Something was scratching none too feebly at his side. He put out a cautious hand and touched fur, soft and exquisite. A pathetic whimpering came to his ear.

"Cubs!" he breathed.

With that unaccountable rigidity which grips a man in the act of falling, he had clung to the electric flash, and now by its undiminished light he discovered his surroundings as unfamiliar as unwelcome. He was lying at the bottom of an old gypsum pit which had evidently not been worked for years. He remembered hearing of such a one, tied up by litigation or want of capital, he forgot which. At any rate, the fact that it was gypsum accounted for his being alive, since a soft powdery deposit of the consistency of talcum covered the floor of the pit. The consequences of his fall had been further modified by a cougar having made her home there and settled her cubs. He was afraid that he had fallen full upon the little family, and examination proved this true. With the exception of the sorely injured survivor, which continued to scratch feebly while it whimpered in pain, all lay dead beneath him.

Aching all over, he attempted to raise himself from the living cub, and made the far from pleasing discovery that a compound fracture rendered his right arm useless. His second discovery was even less reassuring. He had lost his revolver. Pleasant, if the mother cougar returned to her bereavement—and him.

Under ordinary circumstances the cougar, which measures nine feet from

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CALAMITY HOUSE

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tip to tail, and is strong enough to bring down a stag at bay, will retreat before man, but this winter had proved an exception with cougars as with everything else. Greatly daring, they had harassed the farms of the interior, carrying off sheep and young heifers. All night they prowled over the ranges, and in one instance had attacked and killed an unfortunate youth returning from the village to his father's ranch,

It was evident that the mother cat was abroad at the moment in search of food, and the major hoped that her search might be long and enduring. Although he realized that the whimpering baby beside him was calling its mother for all it was worth, and that his own safety demanded that he still its cries, he realized also that he was not the man to kill it.

With a good deal of pain he managed to get to his knees. Thank God! His hip wasn't injured. He had been rather afraid that it might be. The hurt must be lower down and the hip aching in sympathy. When he attempted to rise to his feet he located the injury readily enough, for his leg collapsed under him and a searing pain shot through his ankle.

The paroxysm over, the major grimly admitted his plight desperate. He might lie for days, helpless as he was, in the bottom of the pit, always supposing that the mother cougar wasn't hungry or peevish or anything that a cougar usually is. Of course Clarke would get a search party together and scour the country for him, no doubt of that, and Clarke was shrewd enough to have a pretty good idea where to look. What a fool he had been to rush off on the strength of an anonymous telephone message, leaving no word of his whereabouts. But if he had said anything at all to Clarke, that young man whose introduction to Glenlogan had left him suspicious of the lot of them, would have broken his dinner engagement and insisted upon coming.

The curiously empty sensation with which men react to danger smote the major full in the stomach, as far away in the valley he heard the cry with which the cougar brings down its kill. At the sound the cub redoubled its fretful whimpering.

It was then that, failing other and more tangible aid, the major bethought himself of Clarke Helmer's rather uncanny gift, that sixth sense which permitted him to put out the feelers of his soul and read the thought forms which were about to come into action on the material plane. They had often talked of this power and of trying it out together, for, like all people who spend years in India, the major was familiar with the intensification of thought to the degree where they become visible or audible, or both. Thus it was that the relief of Mafeking was known the next day in the interior of Zululand, that the bazaars of Cairo knew of Gordon's death on the day it happened, long before any information reached the English, and that a prominent statesman during the war in Somaliland created a sensation in the Mother of Parliaments when he refused to read a telegram "on account of the exceeding rapidity with which statements made in the

House were conveyed to the utmost corners of Somaliland." And this before wireless had brought into communication jungle and acropolis.

The major in his extremity remembered a stately Brahmin unfolding to him years ago the principle which underlay this thing, whatever it was, and the method, which the Brahmin explained was not the method of his caste, by which itinerant fakirs were able to obtain amazing results. But so much had happened in the years between that now he could not recall one word of it. Doctors have said that in severe concussion cases the patient sometimes recovers with whole pages of memory wiped out because of the obliteration of certain brain cells. He decided that was where his knowledge of Indian occultism had gone. But, "cheerio!" hadn't someone also said that, in moments of tremendous emotional strain, even limbs long withered recover the power of movement. There was the amusing, though unauthenticated and scarcely parallel, case of the nice old English lady who rushed into her burning house and, unaided, carried out the piano. In spite of his plight the major laughed, and out of the darkness above his head a low growl answered.

The baby cougar set up a fearful complaint, until even the soft-hearted major had an intense desire to wring its neck. Whatever happened, he must get away from the immediate vicinity of the cub, since the mother's first instinct would be to nuzzle her young, and woe to the intruder at hand when she discovered her loss.

Painfully he dragged himself to the other side of the pit, just as the giant cat with velvet steps commenced the almost perpendicular descent.

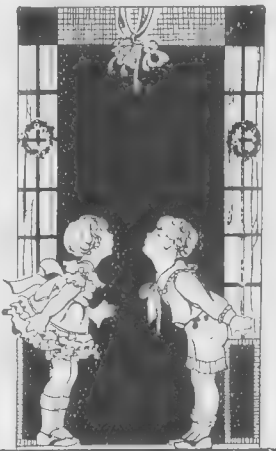
Behind a quantity of shovels and other mining tools which the workmen had flung down a score of years before, the wounded man took refuge. At the worst he might make a fight for his life, since his left arm was uninjured.

With eager hand he laid hold of a stout pick handle, but at his touch the wood crumbled like powder. A lusty English oath was drowned in the despairing rage with which the cougar mourned her dead.

A MAN was slowly making his way down Chillihitchie's Mountain. His progress was laborious and attended with curses, from which one would have gathered that someone other than himself was responsible for the life he led, and that whether that person liked it or otherwise, he was not going to spend Christmas Eve in the God-forsaken hole to which that other had consigned him.

He had an additional grievance apparently in the fact that he had been forced to make a considerable detour in order to cross the ravine which barred his way to the town. While he did not lay this misfortune specifically at anyone's door, it was quite evidently a serious matter to one whose legs were none too steady at any time for mountain trails, and whose naturally dull vision had been rendered considerably less acute by

[Continued on page 42]



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recent and copious draughts of his own particular brand of poison brew.

Every now and then he stopped and slapped his pocket to reassure himself that he had the wherewithal for the good time he was promising himself when he reached the brightly lighted beer parlors of the Incola, for this man, sick unto death for speech with his kind, knew that he would have to buy his companionship in the town.

As he drew nearer Glenlogan he moderated the foulness of his speech and told himself over and over again that it was Christmas Eve, and that all over the country the kiddies were getting ready to hang up their stockings by the chimney. He grew quite maudlin over this undisputed fact and wept a little, and presently found himself off the trail.

Somewhat sobered by this circumstance, for he had lived long enough in these parts to know Chillihitchie's Mountain for an evil place to lose oneself at night, he stopped. Drunk or sober, he was sufficiently a woodsman to realize that he must get his bearings before attempting to go ahead.

Where he stood the stately growth of pine and fir had choked the parasitic vegetation, and for this he was blasphemously grateful. He had always liked the pines, he swore, and tonight they all looked like Christmas trees, every one of them. The snow didn't look like snow. It looked like little bunches of cotton wool. He reached up and wistfully fingered the fleecy pads on the needles. An owl hooted derisively and flew off into the night.

"The Jinx Bird!" he muttered, and suddenly remembered that he was lost on a mountain which had more tragedies to its credit than all the others in the Selkirk Range.

It was here that Joe Gilderdale had disappeared in mid-winter, leaving his cattle to starve in the valley below.

"You know what happened that time," he accused the undenyng pines, "a' course you do."

And there was the school teacher. Funny thing about that school teacher, teaching history and knowing all about Chillihitchie and everything, and coming up here alone by herself one night when the moon was full. Well, they had got her body, anyway; that was something. They never did get Joe's.

"I must get out of here," he decided, and put his stained and callused index finger in his mouth. One side of the finger reacted quickly to the cold, and he turned with confidence in that direction. When he had closed and locked the cabin door there had been a slight breeze blowing straight from town.

Fifty self-reliant paces and he stopped dead. The warm red blood crept back to his heart leaving his loose lips ashen. Close at hand, and almost as though it came from beneath his feet, he heard the snarl with which the cougar prefaces the spring which lands it on the back of its prey.

The man was quite unarmed. Boot-legger Tom would get short shrift if he came into town on Christmas Eve toting a gun, and he knew it.

Sober now, and scarcely drawing his breath, he waited for the impact of the heavy body. When at the end of sixty seconds, which seemed an hour, he found himself alive and unhurt, he decided that perhaps the giant cat hadn't seen him after all. He was not

CALAMITY HOUSE

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the only living creature on the mountain, and he remembered now what in the extremity of his terror he had forgotten, that it is only when madened by hunger or in defence of its young that the cowardly cougar will try conclusions with man.



My Christmas

BY ROBERT WATSON

What does Christmas mean to me?
Mistletoe and holly tree,
Comfort, home and pattering feet,
Gifts, and toothsome things to eat,
Songs and stories; friends to greet—
If it means no more to me,
Christmas well might never be.

Morning Star and Bethlehem,
Manger, Cross and Diadem,
Guileless Child to Mary born,
Evil of its terror shorn,
Peace on Earth this Blessed Morn—
If on these my musings be,
Christmas then means much to me.

Moistening his dry lips with his tongue, he took a cautious step forward.

"God! What was that?"

He had seen strange things on this mountain, and strange things he had heard. If he had spoken of them people would have said it was hooch or dope, as though a man could live in this cursed place without something to steady him. He had heard moccasined feet padding over dead pine needles in the autumn of the year, and shadows—the whole mountain was alive with shadows. But this was no shadow. It wasn't a light either; not exactly, although it reminded him of the dump fires as they pale before the dawn.

It was dying down now, and again the man started forward. After all, what was there in a light to frighten one streaked. It was that damned Chink's talk; that was what it was. The infernal gabble about the Glate Spirit and the Old Chief, and the Old Chief's lantern that meant hop the twig, had got him. Just at first it had got him. But he was all right now, and he was going over there lickety split, in fact he was on his way.



He took a few swaggering steps, and adopted a pace more discreet. "After all," as he told himself repeatedly, "there was no hurry; there was no need to wake the dead, either." And the light, or whatever it was, was growing paler. It was harder to see one's way now than it had been back there in the unrelieved darkness.

There was a roar which rocked him on his knees; the cylinder of light brightened and widened until it took him in. He peered down into the heart of it.

"Zowie!" he said, and stepped back into the darkness.

"Zowie!" he repeated, as like Judas he took his prudent way through the night.

IN THE handsomely appointed dining-room of Mrs. Agar, with its walnut panelling and old English prints, Loo Sing was commencing the service of the dinner which was his weekly delight.

In the old days such dinners were of frequent occurrence, but times had changed, and people had changed with them, most of all the beautiful mistress whom he adored.

It was as he was about to open the wine that the telephone rang, and replacing the bottle on the sideboard, he left the room softly on slippers feet.

From the dining-room they could hear his voice explaining that his mistress was at dinner and asking if he could take the message. Apparently his offices were declined, for he was back in a moment with the low-toned announcement that Mrs. Agar was wanted on the telephone.

With a brief apology to her guests the hostess rose. Her voice from the hall floated back in well modulated greeting, and there was silence. Rather a long silence, before the receiver clicked back on the hook, and was followed by the tiny tinkle of a bell.

"Did you ask them to hold the line, Loo Sing?" she inquired on her return.

"Yes, missy!" replied the man tonelessly.

"There was no one there. However, it does not matter. You may serve the wine."

As the amber liquid gushed into his glass, Clarke Helmer looked at the woman whose guest he was, and knew that for some unaccountable reason she had not spoken the truth.

The beautiful enigma raised her wine.

"To the Lord of Misrule," she said gaily.

Marion Crofts, who was eating her dinner with the placid enjoyment which escape from institutional cooking confers, laid down her fork.

"Is the gentleman a friend of yours, Agnes?" she asked. "He doesn't sound very Christmasy."

"That's where you are wrong. He reigns from All Hallows to Christmas Eve. Tomorrow he joins the rest of the monarchs at—what is the fashionable jumping-off-place for royalty now?"

"I think the most recently deposed went to Paris, but that wouldn't do for His Highness of Misrule. Paris is much too well managed. Besides, he'd probably get run over."

"That doesn't sound like good management," objected Marion.

"Oh! The good management is all on the part of the pedestrian."

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CALAMITY HOUSE

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"Is it really as bad as that?" asked her hostess seriously.

"It couldn't possibly be worse, and yet I know it will be. Every time I go back to that city I think what a heaven it must have been when all the taxis beat it for the front."

He looked moodily at a tiny portion of *foie gras* toast, as though he suspected the savoury of harboring a motor conveyance for hire.

Both women laughed, and Mrs. Agar rose.

"We'll have coffee in the living-room," she said.

A pleasant fire burned there, and on the red lacquered table were cigarettes, green chartreuse, and brandy. The Chinaman served coffee in tiny yellow cups, and Marion Crofts lighted a cigarette and leaned back in her chair.

"You're not going to get a word out of me," she breathed luxuriously, watching the smoke curl.

"Don't go to sleep," cautioned her hostess, "you're expected to tell fortunes."

"I can't. If you expect me to be psychic, why overfeed me?"

"But we must have fortunes," protested Agnes Agar. Tomorrow the little woollen bands go back on the feet of Saturn, and we can't find out anything."

"This seems to be our last chance all right," agreed Clarke Helmer. "But I don't see what we can do, unless Marion can be shaken or beaten back to life."

Their hostess laughed, and twisted the beryl ring on her slender forefinger.

"Loo Sing, who still adheres to the demonolatri which he practised as a boy on the banks of the Hwang-ho can see things in this ring," she said. "Shall I have him down?"

Clarke Helmer's uncomfortable suspicion that the conversation was being rather adroitly piloted was not lessened when Marion Crofts professed herself thrilled to the bone.

Agnes Agar rose and excused herself.

"I believe he has gone to his room on the third floor where he cannot hear the bell."

"Go to sleep again, little one," said the man as Mrs. Agar went softly up the stairs. "I'll call you when Santa comes."

Marion Crofts laughed.

"I was up at six," she apologized.

He affected to shudder.

The telephone rang.

"I suppose I'd better answer it."

She went out into the hall. When she returned she brought back a little worried frown between her brows.

"Wrong number," she explained.

With Loo Sing following, Agnes Agar re-entered the room.

"He says to come clear the ring must lie in a maiden's hand."

Marion extended a rosy palm.

"You don't believe in this," she accused Clarke Helmer. "Ask a question and be convinced."

"All right. What shall I ask?"

"Ask the whereabouts of someone. Someone we can check up on right away."

"I don't know who that would be, unless Kettlewell. We might get him at his office or enforcing peace at the

Incola. More probably there as this is Christmas Eve."

Without waiting to be questioned Loo Sing stepped modestly forward and took the girl's white fingers in his yellow ones.

"Oh, Ti! When Thou hadst opened the course for active and inactive forces, for the straight line and the broken, Thy making work went on."

The prayer ended. The almond eyes searched the heart of the colorless stone.

"That which has no substance enters where there is no fissure," he said surprisingly.

"Where the path of the Azure Dragon crosses that of the White Tiger—"

"That," whispered Mrs. Agar, "is the graveyard."

"He can't possibly be in the graveyard," objected the American, "he isn't dead yet."

"Hush!" said both women severely, as the Chinaman, with the patient courtesy of his race, waited silently.

"Where the path of the Azure Dragon crosses that of the White Tiger," he repeated tonelessly, "I see his trail. As the graves on earth fill—so do the palaces of the gods. Belonging to the Yang—the straight line unbroken—he fears nothing, the Fearless One. His tao come and go—go and come to his friend."

"When men of worth are met, we should think how we may equal them. It is when the cold of winter comes that we know the pine and the cypress to be evergreen. And when a ghost would climb to life upon the shoulders of the living, we should think well to rescue him."

"Go then to the place where the path of the Azure Dragon crosses that of the White Tiger, and search for his trail, and having found it follow it closely until the footprints of two leave the main path. More I cannot see."

He dropped the girl's hand and the beryl rolled on the lacquered table, where coming to rest it glowed like blood.

"I'll bet you," said Clarke Helmer, unconscious that his Western speech grated, "a hundred cigarettes that Major Michael Kettlewell, the Fearless One, and the straight line unbroken to boot, is either at his office or at the Incola Hotel."

"Taken," smiled Agnes Agar.

"May I use the telephone?"

"Please do."

His footsteps as he crossed the polished boards of the hall sounded loud to his listeners. So did his voice asking the number. He tried the Incola first.

They heard the receiver click back on the hook, and the man moving about in the hall. When a moment later he appeared in the doorway he was clothed for the street.

"They're getting up a search party to look for the major," he

explained hurriedly. "He disappeared on that devil mountain some time this afternoon. Mrs. Agar, you'll excuse me. Marion, I'm sorry, but you'll have to go back to the hospital alone."

At his first words the women had risen; they were standing by the door now.

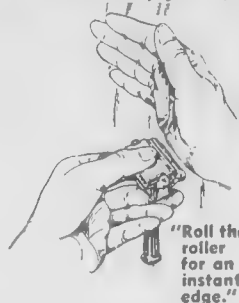
"Let me go with you," appealed the girl.

[Continued on page 44]



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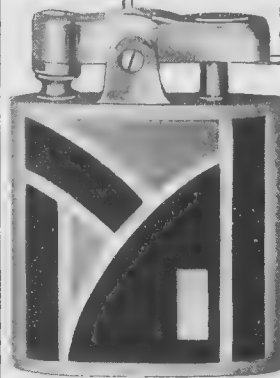
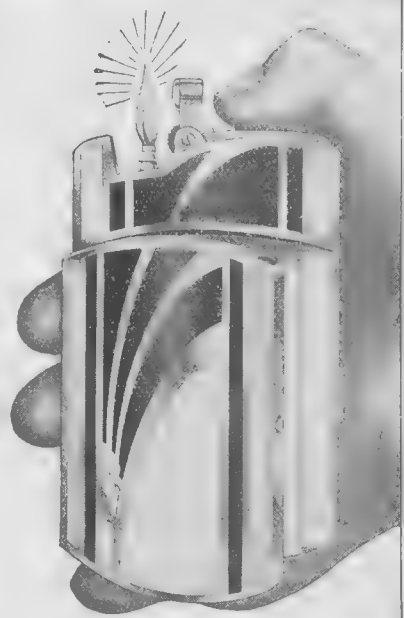
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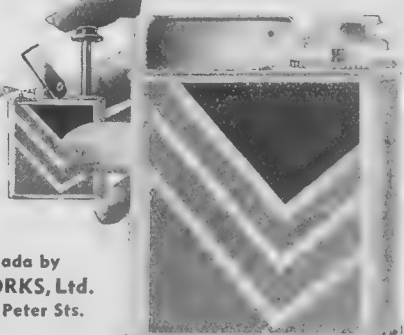
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Beauty Sleep

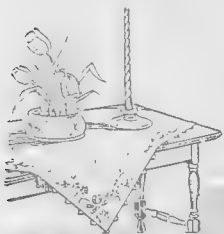
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"No" abruptly. "It's a man's job, and from what I hear there are lots of men for it."

"Agnes!" said the girl, turning to her hostess, "lend him your revolver."

"Are you using your car?" asked Mrs. Agar, who apparently had not heard.

"Until I get stuck, I am. I can hardly hope to get through the lane. Good night, Mrs. Agar," he put out his hand.

"Good night, and good luck."

"Thank you."

He turned to the girl.

"I'm awfully sorry, Marion."

"That's all right. Wait a moment, Agnes is getting you her revolver."

"I'm not," said Mrs. Agar quietly, "but I will. It's in the cabinet upstairs. I'll get it, Loo Sing," she added, as the servant stepped respectfully forward.

She went gracefully up the broad stair, and they heard her light footsteps, unhurried, cross the floor above their heads. Then Marion Crofts glanced at the ceiling in pained surprise. It was so unlike Agnes to display agitation, but that was the drawer of the cabinet which had crashed. She was leaving it where it had fallen, too. That wasn't like Agnes either.

"The safety catch is on," said Mrs. Agar, returning.

She held out the revolver with a steady hand, and with a word of thanks Clarke Helmer put it in his hip pocket and went out.

They heard the engine purr and turned back to the living-room.

"Send Loo Sing away," whispered Marion. "I have something to tell you."

"Loo Sing!"

"Yes, missy!"

The Chinaman entered and crossed to her chair.

"Miss Crofts is feeling rather upset, so we won't go on with the fortunes tonight."

"No, missy?"

"No thank you, Loo Sing."

As the servant left the room Agnes Agar poured out two tiny glasses of the green liqueur, but almost rudely the girl pushed hers aside.

"Agnes!" she said, "he telephoned again. The whole town is roused."

Across the table the two women, both young and beautiful, looked at each other in sudden fear, and each turned away heart-sick from what she read in the other's eyes.

THAT the absence of Major Michael Kettlewell had been so promptly discovered was due primarily to Eatum Up Jack. He had come down from Coquihalla Summit early in the day, and, avoiding his boon companions, had spent the afternoon selecting his Christmas gifts. The few people who had shown him kindness during the year, the cook at the logging camp, her husband and children, made up his limited list, but as he expended on each present a disproportionate amount of thought the hours passed quickly and profitably; profitably, since they kept Eatum Up out of trouble.

About the time that Mrs. Agar's guests seated themselves at her handsomely appointed table, Eatum Up Jack bethought him likewise of food, and entering the beer parlour of the Incola asked for a bottle of ale and a ham sandwich. The bar-tender, who was very busy, served the drink but omitted to inform Eatum Up that the provisions of the Act did not admit of sandwiches being served at the small tables which the people of British Columbia had petitioned for, when, weary of total abstinence, the country had decided to restore the beer but to perpetuate the banishment of the bar.

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 43

Being thirsty as well as hungry Eatum Up drank the ale, and, with a somewhat sharpened appetite and tone, called for another pint and for that there sandwich.

The bar-tender came on the run, slapped the bottle down before the giant logger, muttered something the other did not hear, and hurried back to his customers.

The glow of good fellowship, with which Eatum Up had entered the place began to show signs of wear and tear. He looked distastefully at the pale amber liquid as he poured it into his streaked glass, but finally with a shrug of his heavy shoulders raised the glass and drained the contents. Then he settled back moodily to await the advent of that there sandwich.

He waited possibly five minutes, and still the sandwich was not forthcoming. As a matter of fact, Eatum Up Jack had not intended to make his meal of ham sandwiches. He had ordered it much as another man might order a bite of caviare with his cocktail, but now that he had failed to get it, it began to assume quite an unwarranted importance in his scheme of things. Besides, although during the afternoon he had displayed moderation, we have not intended to convey the impression that it had been a day of total aridity.

He rose abruptly from the table, which the Government with a quite confusing paternalism had decreed should only be large enough to seat two. Perhaps he became suddenly conscious of the indignity it offered a man of his inches; perhaps his legs were cramped. At any rate, as he rose he kicked it, and being nailed to the floor (in accordance with the Act) the table, without exactly kicking back, gave Eatum Up the painful impression that it had done so.

Abandoning his minor offensive, Eatum Up carried the war to the bar.

"Here you!" he said in a voice which suggested the roar of a circus lion, "how about that there sandwich?"

The harassed bar-tender popped up from behind his mahogany barricade, looking like a rather badly frightened Jack-in-the-box.

"Act won't allow it," he said, quite unintentionally enigmatic.

"Who," bellowed the giant, "is Ak? And what the devil business is it of his?"

Trade was held up while the bar-tender explained that the Government wouldn't permit him to sell sandwiches in the bar, and had brought in an Act of Parliament to that effect.

Eatum Up, who had worked hard all his life in order to pay his poll tax regularly and his fines promptly, was distinctly annoyed. Many times he had run foul of these restrictions imposed by a fussy Government, but heretofore a sense of guilt had weakened his arm while it had not stayed his hand. No such consideration depressed him now. A Government that wouldn't let a man buy a ham sandwich any time or anywhere was entitled to be shown where it got off at. Like



Arthur's pure knight his strength became as the strength of ten in the space of as many seconds.

A Government that wouldn't let a man buy a ham sandwich—he looked around for some means wherewith to register his disapproval; and the bar emptied rapidly.

"You!" said Eatum Up, addressing the bar-tender, and suddenly wearying of words, flung him into the street.

His wild eye roving dwelt speculatively on the rows of bottles behind the bar. Neatly arranged according to size and label they presented a powerful temptation. But the table was his real enemy. While the bottles were duly certified and their sale licensed by the Government with which he was now at war, they had not actively attacked him, and the table had. So he went back to mop up the table.

The British Columbia Government having thoughtfully decreed that beer tables should be of dimensions capable of seating two, and two only, it became immediately apparent that there was nothing in the Act to prevent friendly persons putting two or even three or even a row of tables together. Accordingly, from the office of the Commissioner came the fiat that all tables in the beer parlours licensed by the Government must be nailed to the floor. As it did not specify what size of nails, nor how many, the proprietors were free to use their own judgment in this matter. It happened that the owner of the Incola having many times been forced to stand idly by while drunken miners and loggers used his chairs and table for purposes for which they were never intended, was very glad of the excuse to rivet his tables firmly to the floor. This was unfortunate. Had the fixture offered a minimum of resistance Eatum Up Jack might have been somewhat mollified, but when his first effort failed to dislodge the offender a great roar of laughter went up from the crowd which packed the doorway and the street outside, and Eatum Up Jack saw red.

Lowering, he swung his heavy head from side to side like an angry bull. The great brown hands with their deeply callused palms groped for, and found their grip. Then the giant braced himself and pulled. There was a splintering of wood, and with a portion of the brittle birch flooring attached, the table came free.

"Stand clear," he roared, and tossed his trophy into the street.

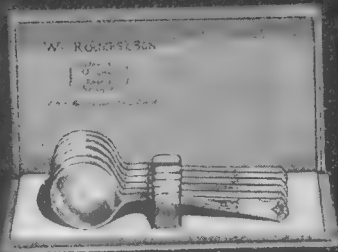
The town was full of loggers who had come in for the holiday, and the proprietor of the Incola had naturally looked forward to a good night's business. The loggers themselves, having visited the Government Liquor Store earlier in the day, were enjoying the wrecking of the beer parlour much more than they would have enjoyed the somewhat inferior beer. Accordingly, they waited until the street was jammed with tables and chairs before they suggested sending for the police.

"Do you think," inquired the proprietor with quiet exasperation, "that I have stood here watching that lout knocking my mission oak into kindling wood without telephoning for the police? The police in this town consists of a force of one, and a damned good force at that; only, he can't be found. Central says she put a hurry-up call through to him this afternoon from the only pay-station in town, and a few minutes later he passed the telephone office legging it for Chilli-hitchie's Mountain. The man's worked off his feet, he can't be everywhere, but I pay the highest taxes in town, and my furniture's in the street."

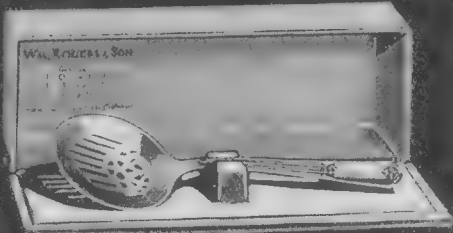
[Continued on page 45]

THE New "GUILD" PATTERN

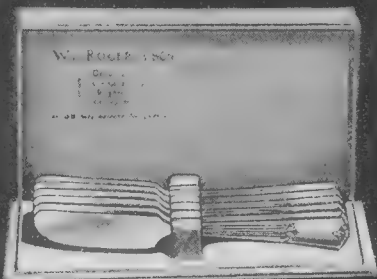
Further SUGGESTIONS



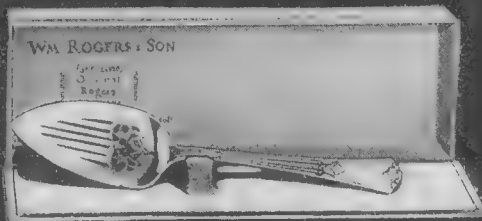
Bouillon Spoon \$3.25 six



Round Server \$2.00 ea.



Butter Spreaders \$3.25 six



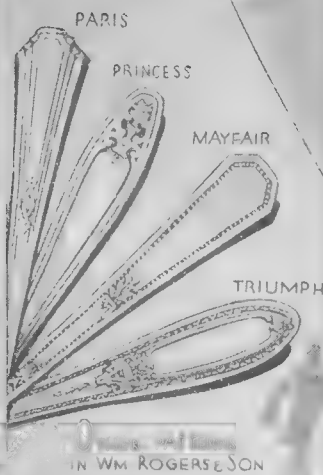
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Gift

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 44

A newcomer had added himself to the crowd while the hotel-keeper was speaking.

"What's wrong?" he asked his nearest neighbour.

The man looked him over coldly.

"Oh! It's you, is it? That whisky you sold me last fall was rank poison, I was in the hospital a week."

The newcomer looked around apprehensively.

"For God's sake! don't bawl me out here. I'll make it right with you."

"I was sick as a dog," the man went on, slightly mollified by the other's ready assumption of guilt.

"I know. I got some of it myself. Is that Eatum Up Jack in there?"

"Who else would it be, cuttin' loose like that? They don't make 'em in out-sizes any more it seems, and a mighty good thing. If I was Kettlewell I'd be right glad that somethin' took me up the mountain, even if I didn't get back tonight."

"I've just come down from the mountain, and I didn't see anything of him," said the newcomer hastily.

"Now that's strange, ain't it?" jeered the other. "You'd be lookin' for him too, and I'll bet it's safe to say he'd be lookin' for you just as hard."

"What would he want with me? I'm not in the city limits, and anyway, the hooch is up to the Provincial Police."

The man spat unpleasantly, "You cleared out too soon after the Town-send mur—"

"Oh! For God's sake shut up! Can't I come down to town for one night without someone stirring up old sores. Let's get a bottle and make a night of it. It's Christmas Eve."

"Have you got a permit?" inquired the other eagerly.

The newcomer looked hurt.

"Now would I be likely to have a permit?" he gloomed. "A helluva lot of use I'd have for a permit, living like a crow at the top of nowhere. I've got two bits though, and the price of a bottle of the best on top of that. Will you go over and get it?"

Putting his hand in his pocket he drew out a greasy five dollar note, to which he added a 'bright fifty cent piece.

"Where'll I meet you?" he inquired anxiously.

"Stay right here and see the fun," said the other, his geniality contrasting pleasantly with the passion which had marred his manner at first. "I'll just shin over to the liquor store and get a bottle of the finest. I'll be back in two shakes and we'll go down to my shack and make a night of it."

He crossed the road just as Eatum Up, having disposed of everything in the shape of furniture, decided to soak the crowd with beer.

The good nature which had distinguished the evening terminated abruptly.

There were shouts of, "Send for the Police! Send for Kettlewell! You wouldn't think this town had a policeman."

"I don't know that it has—now," drawled a voice from the rear. "I've just been down to his office and it's all locked up tight."

"What's that?" raged Eatum Up Jack. "Who says the major is tight?"

To the manifest annoyance of the giant, the pack roared with laughter. For perhaps a full minute he stood in the entrance to the beer parlour, his great head lowered, and swinging dangerously from side to side like an animal about to rush his tormentors. Then his huge hand shot out and fastened on the shoulder of the man

[Continued on page 46]

Suggestions

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Six Tea Spoons
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\$2.00 GROUP
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*TRADE MARK

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 45

"I'll stay with the boys, thanks. If you crowd Eatum Up he's apt to get peevish. I don't think you'll get far up the lane, anyway."

"Is that the way you're going?"

"Yes! And if you do get to the top, face to the slope and go straight ahead, and mark your trail as you go. Eatum Up has an axe."

The coupé roadster moved off with a satisfied purr which failed to persist when they entered the lane. It wasn't so bad where the doctor's car had kept the road broken to the garage, but beyond that the snow lay undisturbed and almost immediately they were in difficulties.

Where the lane commenced its gradual ascent to the hill the car lurched and skidded violently. Clarke Helmer cut short the protesting whirr of his powerful engine.

"We might as well wait for the others," he said, and opened the door.

Eatum Up bumped his head against the roof and got out. Together they unpacked the stretcher, the collapsible ladder and the rope, which with the axe Eatum Up had stipulated for made up their outfit.

At the logger's request the ladder was securely bound on his broad shoulders and the rope wound in coils around his body. He then picked up his axe and announced himself ready to go on.

"How about the rest of the party?" asked the American.

"You wait for them, I'll just keep moving. You heard what he said about me."

"Oh! that?"

"It's true. I'm drunk."

"Don't you believe it," protested the other. "You may be a little lousy, but nothing to speak of. If you get to the cemetery before we catch you up, wait."

So Eatum Up Jack trudged off, a little wavy in outline perhaps, but capable of making the top with the weight he carried.

A few minutes afterward the others appeared floundering through the snow and saving their breath for the stiffer climb ahead.

At the cemetery Eatum Up rose silently from behind a tomb-stone.

"Ghost of Goliath!" gasped one of the party. "What's that?"

"I imagine from the size of it," appraised their leader, "it's Eatum Up Jack."

The colossal shade beckoned mysteriously.

"Look here," he said, "is that his trail or ain't it?"

The consensus of opinion held that it was and almost immediately they were on the move again with Eatum Up following like a heavy and rather wavy tail.



who stood nearest. Hauling him through the doorway, he held him high and squirming in the air.

"Now," he commanded in a voice which had sunk to a growl, "tell me that the major is drunk."

Things looked bad. Backward and forward surged the crowd, adding an electric quality to the rage which urged the logger to kill.

Then the man who had just spoken forced his way to the front.

"Put him down, Eatum Up!" he said deliberately. "I'm the man you want, and I'll tell you what I said about the major. The major is a fine fellow, get me? A fine fellow, and a smart policeman. He's just that smart that if he was here now he'd have you off to jail in the flick of an eyelash, and you'd sleep off what's eatin' you. But he's not here, and what's more we can't find him. Now listen, Eatum Up Jack, and get this right. We're afraid something's happened to the major. I was down at his office just now and everything is locked up tight. Locked up tight," he repeated slowly, his eyes on the sullenly flushed face.

Slowly the words found their way to the giant's clouded brain. He set his victim down almost gently and turned to the other man.

"You're right," he admitted, "he's not in Glenlogan. If he was he wouldn't have let me get in as deep as I am. He's a good man, the major. He's the only man in town that's any damned good. But he's not here, and I'm drunk."

He sat down on the steps and pondered this fact miserably.

"How about you and me getting up a search party?" inquired his new friend.

"Where'd we look?"

"Everywhere, all over Chilli-hitchie's Mountain. He went up there this afternoon and he hasn't come back. He might have broke his leg or fell down somewhere. I think I'll just hike across to the fire-hall and get a few things we may need, and when I come back we'll call for volunteers."

Eatum Up rose unsteadily.

"Bring an axe," he said.

"What for?"

"Never mind. You just bring it, that's all."

"All right. And while I'm gone you soak your head in cold water, and when you've done that go into the hotel and get a cuppa coffee. And don't start anything."

"I don't want to start anything," flushed the giant.

"That's fine," said the other, moving off.

At the edge of the crowd a man with a cap pulled well over his eyes lurched suddenly against him.

"Look in the old gypsum mine," he whispered and stepped back into the shadow.

WHEN Clarke Helmer's high powered roadster drew up in front of the Incola, the proprietor himself came out to tell him that Eatum Jack with two or three others were already on their way to Chilli-hitchie's Mountain.

The young man looked at the wreckage in the street and at the landlord's twitching face, and tactfully put his car in low.

He overtook the others at the bridge and stopped.

"I can take two," he said, opening the door. "And a lot of things you are carrying," he added, "can go in behind."

"Hop in, Eatum Up!" said a voice laconically. "You're not as steady on your pins as the rest of us."

"How about you?" said the American.



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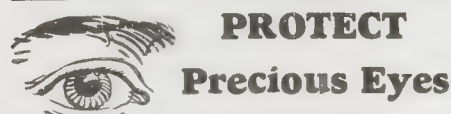
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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 46

Quite expertly they brought the wounded man to the surface, administered a drink, and commenced the journey back to town.

"How'd you come to fall into the gypsum mine?" demanded one of his bearers.

"I was after a cougar."

"Did you get it?"

"No."

"Well! That's a pity. The bounty has been raised to forty dollars (their leader groaned), and Little Pills will set you back about that much."

"You mean Doctor Townsend?"

"Yah! That's what we call him. Are you goin' on to the hospital?"

The major hesitated, and Clarke Helmer spoke up hastily.

"You'd rather go to your own digs, wouldn't you, old man?"

"Rather!"

"Then that's where we're going, boys. If you will help me to get him to bed, I'll manage. The secret of nursing is to keep your patient amused while Nature heals the break."

"How about me?"

"I'm not going to bed," announced the major decisively. "I'm going to lie on the leather couch where I can answer the telephone and keep tab on my deputy. I wonder who I can get?"

I should say that you are somewhat too well educated and not particularly amenable to discipline, but as there are no other applicants I suppose I'll have to take you."

"You bet you'll take me."

"When do I get nursed?"

"Meal times and bandage times and times when I take your temperature. I could look after a dozen old crocks like you and police the interior of B.C. as well."

"You are a go-getter."

"I got you, anyway," said the other, and added under his breath, "Thank God!"

The whole party trooped into the officer's quarters and saw him comfortably settled before they turned to go. When Clarke Helmer attempted to offer them money they protested awkwardly, with the exception of Eatum Up Jack, who became belligerent.

"All right!" said the American, "if that's the way you feel about it," and shook hands all round.

"I guess you don't remember me," said the leader, who seemed to have forgotten his grievance about the cougar.

The younger man looked him over.

"You've got me, I'm afraid, although I thought from the first your voice was familiar."

"I'll bet you haven't forgot Zillebeke though, and the March re—"

"It's the Sergeant-Major Pomme de terre," broke in the other delightedly.

"His name is Dave Harkness," said the major ironically, "in case you don't know."

"Of course I know. For the love of heaven, don't get me started talking. Get out! All of you."

Eatum Up Jack, having something on his mind, lingered in the doorway.

"Don't tell the major I cut loose tonight," he cautioned the ear of the deputy.

That gentleman shook his head vigorously.

"I'll go over and square things," whispered the logger, and followed the others down the street.

"And now," said Clarke Helmer briskly, coming over to his patient, "how about Little Pills?"

"Hell"

"You don't want him?"

"It makes me feel squirmy when I think of him fingering me. I've got to have him, though, my arm aches confoundedly."

The American consulted the directory and took down the receiver.

"I'm sure," exploded the major, "that the little devil led me into that infernal pit in the first place."

The receiver clicked back on the hook.

"In that case," said the other decisively, "don't have him. I put in some time in medicine before I discovered that I was too squeamish for a surgeon and hadn't the

manner for a fashionable physician. I chucked it for geology, but like your Hotspurs lady who could swear a good British oath, I can upon occasion set a limb. Will you have a drink before or after?"

"Before and after," said his patient firmly.

"Same here. I think I had better put a cold compress on the ankle before I start on the arm."

Half an hour later, the major, propped up on pillows and with a long drink in his hand, narrated the events of the afternoon.

"It's rather extraordinary," he concluded, "that you came straight for where I was. All the time I was eking out my fire, I couldn't for the life of me see any reason to hope. But just the same, every time the cougar roared at me I sent out a good, healthy, mental S.O.S."

"I didn't get it, and I don't believe Loo Sing did either."

"And yet he directed you to the cemetery."

"In a round-about way, yes! But the whole affair struck me as stacy. I have an idea Mrs. Agar was wise to it and coached him when she was upstairs."

"I suppose it's possible," frowned the major.

"Possible! Anything is possible in this place. The town is a whispering gallery with a sound-proof compartment for two; you and me. For that matter, when I caught up to Harkness and his gang he was legging it for the gypsum mine as hard as he could go; he must have been holding séances too."

"I imagine," chuckled the major, "from what I know of him, he was more likely playing poker in the back room at Brent's. Where did you get to know him?"

"At Poperinghe in the fall of 'seventeen. With a lot of other 'C' men I had been transferred to the railway troops, and the Sergeant-Major Pomme de terre was holding down the job when I arrived."

"What did he call himself the Potato Sergeant for?"

"He didn't. We wished the name on him in the spring of 'eighteen. It's a good story." [Continued on page 48]



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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 47

"I'm listening. Fill my pipe first."
"Have a fag instead. You're going to sleep in this room, you know."

Disregarding the patient's protest he passed over his case, offered a light and went on serenely.

"You know what railroad troops are when it comes to discipline, and you know what any troops are when they haven't enough to do. We had both these things to cope with, and along in February the men began to get out of hand. We had some of the best Canadian engineers—locomotive I mean—in the ranks of our company. In an emergency there wasn't one of them but what was worth—well, almost anything; but with nothing much to do they began to raise Cain. You can't expect men of that sort who have taken nothing but train orders for years to be amenable to army discipline. When there was a job to do they did it, when there wasn't they got into trouble with both feet. To make matters worse they didn't like the captain, who had been the big noise in their union back in Canada, and over there had turned into the most frightful snob with an English accent and everything. So about the end of February the stage was all set for a local disturbance of some sort when Dave Harkness got the potato idea. He went to the civil authorities at Wormhoudt and asked for a piece of ground where he could plant potatoes. As it happened, there was a three-cornered plot where the railroad came into town, on a high grade, with the village street down possibly twelve feet below. I'm afraid I'm not making it very clear, but anyway it had never been cultivated and was A1 for potatoes.

"Well, we wangled a certain quantity of seed, a few we scrounged, and the rest Dave Harkness and I paid for. We just got them in nicely—it kept the men digging and planting and good humored for weeks—when along comes the British army—it looked like the whole of it to me—and right on their heels—the Germans.

"We settled down at St. Omer for the summer with the Germans between us and the spuds, eating them for all we knew, as Dave was fond of remarking. After the second battle of Amiens he began to be more hopeful of getting back to Wormhoudt in time to dig his potatoes, and after the British broke the Queant Drocourt Line he began to figure out how many tons he would have. It didn't seem to worry him that the English had retreated over his potato patch and that the Germans were doing the same thing again now. All that he was afraid of was that the French would get to those potatoes first. And that was exactly what happened.

"The day following Armistice, Dave came to me and said he was going to hit the captain up for a truck and a few days' leave and go right after those potatoes, and would I come along. It sounded good to me, for the last potato I had seen was one I planted. So we went together to sound out the captain.

"He was getting ready to revert to civilian life by practising affability and getting rid of his English accent, and right away he said in good downright Canadian, 'Sure, take a truck and as long as you want. But I expect the only potato you'll get from those Frenchmen will be one on your plate.'

"And that was just what happened. Dave drove his truck up to the railway station and out comes the little agent, yelling. 'It's the Sergeant-Major Pomme de terre,' he shrieked, and before Dave could sidestep him the whiskered old rogue had kissed him

on both cheeks and the mouth. I saw Dave swallowing pretty hard as he broke from the clinch and stepped back out of range, and to take his mind off things I asked about the potatoes.

"At that the old chap went off into yards of ecstatic French. 'Never had there been such *pommes de terre*, so large, so free from blight, so smooth, and in such quantities.

"I think Dave must have thought he was going to kiss him again, for he broke in quite abruptly and asked how the chances were for getting some.

"As soon as I looked at the old chap I knew we weren't getting any; not this war, anyway.

"Ah, but Mon Dieu! the *pommes de terre* had been sacked and weighed and turned over to the Ordnance; he himself had been fortunate to obtain but one sack.'

"It was the same everywhere. The French officers were cordial and enthusiastic about the potatoes until we mentioned having brought a truck to take back our share. Then they took refuge in their most official manner in order to convince us at once of the baselessness of such a hope. The *pommes de terre*, we were told many times, had been sacked and weighed and turned over to the Ordnance, and were now French army supplies and nothing could be done about it.

"So Dave and I sneaked back to

camp; that is we tried to. But you can't do much sneaking with a two-ton truck.

He got up briskly.

"It's time you were asleep, you're as white as one of Dave's spuds."

"Where did you get the revolver?" demanded the major suddenly, pointing to where it lay on the table.

"I borrowed it from Mrs. Agar."

"Let me see it, please."

The American handed it over with obvious reluctance.

"It's time you were asleep," he repeated obstinately.

The officer paid no attention to him.

"Did she offer it to you?" he asked curiously.

"No! As a matter of fact she didn't. She went upstairs and got it when Marion insisted I should have it."

"Will you allow me to return it?"

"Hop to it! But she may want it before you're about."

"In that case I must ask you to convey my thanks. But just now put it in the cabinet.

Clarke Helmer unlocked and pulled open the drawer.

"Is this your chamber of horrors?" he inquired gaily. "Not exactly. But it does contain the exhibits with which I hope to bring the murderer of Mrs. Townsend to justice."

"I see," said the American slowly, and laid the revolver down beside a bunch of faded purple zinnias.

To be continued next month.

LOISL'S CREED

Continued from page 11

I am a good Christian woman. I am not a heathen and to steal from my Lord and Saviour is something that I could not do." "Well," said the men, "if you have not taken it we shall not be able to find it here, but at all events you must let us search your belongings, because we are Secret Service Police agents. My colleague will pay attention to you, whilst I go and make the search." Then Loisl saw his mother start to cry; but one man held her by the arm and told Loisl he must stand still, whilst the other man began to make a thorough search of everything in the house. After a few minutes Loisl was allowed to return to the kindergarten, and when he came home again in the evening he found his mother seated in the house and crying. "What is the matter mother?" said Loisl. "Alas, my dear, how can I tell you and make you understand, but the sacristan will never again give me work to do, oh if I only knew who the thief was I would kill him." And then Loisl also began to cry and refused to eat his supper.

His mother put him to bed as usual but he could not sleep, he got up and went to sit on the sofa and all night long the darkness made him afraid and the cold made him shiver.

It was already daylight when his mother got up because she heard someone knocking at the door. "Who is there?" his mother called out, and someone outside answered, "I am an inspector of the police who spoke to you yesterday, but don't be afraid because we know now that you were not the thief; and then his mother opened the door and a nice looking policeman in uniform came in and said that early in the morning he was making his round of inspection in the neighborhood and had gone as far as the vineyard, when something attracted his attention. His boots were covered with mud and he wore a peaked cap and a military cloak. And on one arm he was carrying something white embroidered with lace. "Jesus," said his mother "that is the altar cloth which I have been ac-

cused of stealing, where did you find it?"

"Guess," said the inspector, who was about to tell her where and how he had found it, when little Loisl sprang up from the sofa and in a passion tried to take the cloth away from the inspector, shouting out, and at the same time shedding copious tears, "Why did you take this, why did you not leave it as a covering for the poor Jesus at the crossroads. The rich Jesus in the church has fine clothes and a lovely velvet cloak and everything he needs, why did you take this away from the poor Jesus near the vineyard?"

"So you were the thief," said the inspector, and began to laugh, but the mother stood still, as if dazed, and she seemed to be half laughing and half crying. And then the inspector started to tell the mother how he had found the cloth wrapped round the body of the crucifix near the vineyard. "Some small marks in the snow, near to where the people are accustomed to kneel and pray, attracted my attention," he said, "it looked as if some small animal must be somewhere about, and I was looking for further traces when I happened to look up at the crucifix and there I noticed the cloth wrapped around the chest and body and knees, and caught up under the arms, where it was tied in a knot."

"So it was you, Loisl," said the inspector, "and it is clear enough what has happened. Loisl is a thief, and it was he who took the cloth which belonged to the rich Jesus and, hiding it somehow, carried it to the vineyard, and then proceeded to cover with it the figure of the poor Jesus, so that he should not suffer so much from the cold."

The inspector, however, did not take poor little Loisl with him in order to lock him up, he only used the cloth to wipe away the tears from his eyes, and said to him, "You young rascal, if you were only a little older we would give you a good lesson to make you understand what is the result of wanting to change the world."

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THE CURRENCY QUESTION

Continued from page 4

Assuming that these vague demands on the omnipotence of government mean that more currency is required, who is to have it? Will wage earners, and others, payment to whom constitutes the expense of agricultural production, share in it? If so how is the issue of it going to raise the price of agricultural products without also raising the cost of production? Worse still, from the farmers' point of view, how are they going to be sure that the distribution of the extra currency will not increase their costs more than the price of the product?

The truth is that the Government issues all the legal tender currency for which there is "legitimate requirement." Any one who has a valid credit can get it converted into Dominion notes if he so wishes. The talk about the currency being based on gold is confusing. The force of money is not what it is based on but what can be got in exchange for it. We put the force into it by giving something valuable in order to get it. Not half the amount of legal tender currency in circulation is represented by gold actually in the vaults at Ottawa; and what is there might as well have been left in the ground (and better sent to the United States in payment of so much of what Canada owes there) for any good it does in those cellars.

But we can buy things with the notes and so long as not too much of that sort of currency is circulated we shall be able to do so. To the extent that the necessity for producing and selling something in order to get the notes ceases the notes will cease to be of use in buying subsistence.

THE Dominion control of currency and credit" is a misrepresentation, wilful or erroneous. The Dominion Government controls the issue of currency but not its use after it is issued. And it is the use of the currency which affects prices. As to cheques, which operate to an extent as currency, the Government has no control of the issue at all. With regard to the control of credit the only way in which the Dominion Government controls that is to borrow a large quantity of it. Provincial governments and municipalities do the same thing; as also do private individuals. With private persons it is their own concern, but what governments do affects us all.

Not only is there plenty of currency for transferring all the purchasing power that is available, but there is also plenty of credit were it not for the fact that the governments have it locked up: frozen: and giving no help to production, while every year it draws more credit from production by way of interest. If the farmers would go after the release of some of that credit they would be doing something to benefit themselves and the whole community. If some of that debt were paid off so that the owners of the credit so locked up had to seek their own investments for it, credit

would be plentiful. Even if the governments were made to cease borrowing, the benefit would soon be felt in more employment and better prices for normal production.

There is always some money being saved; otherwise governments could not go on increasing their indebtedness. If governments were not taking that money as it is saved it would have to be invested in some fashion that would directly or indirectly increase productive employment: increase production and consumption; and thereby not only increase prices but give real demand at those prices. Higher prices which cannot be actually realized are not what is wanted. If the volume of demand is available the prices will take care of themselves.

But the idea that the Canadian Government can somehow depreciate the Canadian dollar in comparison with English money by tinkering with the currency merely shows ignorance of the principles of exchange. Perhaps it is not possible to prove this without seeming academic. But I can give a hint.

Canadian farmers want their money depreciating as compared with sterling so that they can have more dollars for a pound sterling. When a country overbuys from another (in proportion to selling) exchange tends against it; its currency depreciates on exchange. But Canada has long been overselling to Britain and refusing to buy from her—the exact reverse. Britain has been treated as just a place to sell to, and not to buy from. But it is fundamental that you cannot go on indefinitely selling to a country without, in one way or another, buying from it.

When farmers orate about the high prices for wheat obtained in other countries with depreciated currencies, 72 cents or whatever it is, unwarrantably suggesting that these are Canadian cents, they should be told that these countries with currencies below their normal par to sterling are having on balance to make remittances to England, while Canada has to make her remittances to the United States where she is doing her buying. Canada cannot be drawing a balance from England and at the same time be depreciating her currency in comparison with sterling. This is impossible.

The most deplorable (or atrocious) proceeding in this period of depression has been arbitrary valuation and special dumping tariffs to stop Britain from selling here while sterling has been below its gold par. Those who imagine they can bring the Canadian dollar down to the normal level with sterling, or lower, in order to sell to Britain and yet keep on selling in excess of buying there, should not try to manage the whole country. A farm or a small business would suit them better.

It is some consolation to know that natural forces overcome political perversity but it hurts one to see people wallowing further into the ditch when there is a good road available.



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DOLLARS AND CENTS

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCES
PRESAGE THE RETURN OF PROSPERITY

IT IS the general impression that politics and business do not and should not mix, but it is as inevitable as that night follows day that business, when it gets big enough and important enough to affect national interests in a large way, will find itself in politics. In fact, politics is just another name for the nation's business. So, in international affairs as in the national field, the affairs of trade and commerce find they are very much in international politics as soon as they loom large in the fortunes of the countries affected.

At the present time, international politics is playing an outstanding rôle in economic affairs. The world's business is very badly askew as a result of the dislocation due to the war and its after effects. In addition to the physical and mental suffering the war left in its wake, it also bequeathed to us the legacy of an immense international debt, along with those now-familiar terms, "debtor country" and "creditor country." Unfortunately, it also left in its train an intense national selfishness and fear, resulting in what is termed economic nationalism—that is, the desire of a nation to live unto itself, taking from other nations all it can get without giving anything in return. In the realm of trade this means willingness to sell to other nations but the refusal to take anything in payment save gold.

Now the war seriously depleted the gold holdings of the belligerent nations and the only form in which they can possibly pay what they owe to creditor countries is in goods or in services. The chief creditor countries, the United States and France, have been especially loth to take goods in payments of what was owed them and have raised their tariffs to unconscionable heights to shut out foreign goods. The full evil effects of this did not become evident till the United States, late in 1928, refused to make further loans to debtor

countries with which to pay back what they owed her, and precipitated the memorable crash and panic of the autumn of 1929. In self-defence other countries were compelled to raise their tariffs, and this process of jacking up tariffs higher and higher has continued until now it has become so absurd all nations seem to realize its futility and many of them are taking steps to lower imposts and so permit trading with their neighbors in return for similar concessions.

NATURE has blessed some nations with an abundance of certain resources but has denied them others possessed by neighbor nations. The world, in the past, has always, through international trade, exchanged these gifts of nature and everyone profited thereby. Selfish nationalism has amply demonstrated how unwise, indeed, how impossible, it is to do otherwise; and we are now confronted with the spectacle of a series of international conferences to arrange and facilitate a return to international sanity in trade and finance.

The first of these, held at Lausanne in June, admitted the patent fact that Germany could not pay the immense reparations payments demanded of her, and scaled these down to a fraction of their original amount. War debts between other nations were modified accordingly. Prostrate business and trade at once showed some signs of reviving. There was a small though short-lived boom in the securities markets, and high-grade bond prices have since continued to rise.

The Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa followed close on the heels of Lausanne. Its chief significance was that it plainly told high-tariff nations that the British Empire was large enough and sane enough to live and trade happily and profitably among its own units if need be, and would certainly do so if unfriendly tariffs were maintained against it.

And now comes the economic and financial conference to be held soon in London—the most important conference of all. At this it is expected the United States will formally admit what everyone—even her own statesmen and big business men—knows: that she cannot and does not expect to exact payment of the immense war debts and reparations owing her by Europe.

Up to now, thanks to the Presidential elections, she has had to keep up the fiction that she will not consent to cancellation of war debts. She has even gone so far as to stipulate that her attendance at the London Conference is conditional on the subjects of reparations, war debts and tariffs being excluded from discussion. No one takes this very seriously. Everyone knows they will form the chief subjects of discussion and it is further known that reparations will be forgiven and political war debts will be cancelled formally, with dotted i's and crossed t's, for the very simple reason that it is an economic fact that they are now actually cancelled because they are beyond the capability of the debtor countries to pay.

With this formal recognition—this wiping of the international slate free of political debts—currencies will be stabilized, business men will take heart and once more trade between countries will begin to flow as of old; for it is also a foregone conclusion that nations will find it advantageous to reduce their absurdly high tariffs and remove the many other restrictions which now throttle commercial intercourse.

Canada, having retained a soundly backed national currency, is in a splendid position to take advantage of the new era of which we now dimly see the dawn. It is earnestly to be hoped that notwithstanding a Democratic success in the United States presidential elections, the economic and financial conference at London will not long be delayed. The sooner it is held the sooner will the world recover prosperity.

demanded brusquely but with a softening twinkle, for now that he saw the interloper better she had a mellowing effect. Agidia tried to smile as brilliantly as Mr. Morino and to show-a the pep. "No, no," said she, in perfect Morino intonation, "not-a want, give . . . one dollar, please mister, for-a the hot dog, to make Christmas for-a the dog-gon-foreigner—to make him good child of The-Father-of-His-Country."

Panic knocking at her little heart, the broad smile notwithstanding, Agidia produced her dollar and held it out to the astonished stage hand who could make nothing of what she said and thought the little thing out of her senses.

Something very like a laugh saved the situation and the little girl from tragedy. Mr. Elmer Troen, lately of The Royal Stockholm Opera House and engaged for the American season by Messrs. Sistine, had chanced to overhear and though he had little time to spare just then hurried to the rescue. A word to the stage hand and Agidia found herself alone with this tall elegant gentleman who smiled most genially, wore white like a deep-sea captain and had a gold tooth in his head. "How do you do?" said the gentleman, and immediately Agidia perceived that Mr. Morino lacked something in cultural perfection.

"Hello!" she responded, and for lack of better offered her hand still clutching the silver dollar. Said he, grasping the cold little hand with firm kindness; "Perhaps you would like to come to my dressing room and explain about the hot dogs."

Agidia smiled now without thought to Mr. Morino, a smile that welled up from her intelligent brown eyes and spread like sunshine all over her little face. As she trotted along beside him she acknowledged with gratitude that it was easier to understand American English when spoken with less pep than dear Mr. Morino advocated. In Mr. Troen's dressing room sat a marvellous lady—O sweet! Agidia had never seen anyone so like a white and golden flower and Mr. Troen explained that this radiant being was a singer and a professional dancer besides.

Little Agidia almost forgot the hot dogs and the gist of her mission and must of course explain as best she could that ages and ages ago her own mother—before she came to a bad end and the fisher cot—had been a dancer, too; but of course not so beautiful . . . in America everything was different and so marvellous for which reason she had come to the Palace to give her dollar towards the real American Christmas that The-Father-of-His-Country would know she wanted to become A-1 Americano. She really had to do it to make up for mama's coming to such a bad end and uncle's likely to reach his grave still very Norwegian.

Said the gold and white Miss Jeweson a little breathlessly as though something had caught in her dainty white throat: "And what do you call a real Christmas tree?"

Agidia drew up her little red-coated figure, tossed her bronzed head with spirit and answered proudly: "The cherry tree, of course! O, I know all about it. The Big Fellow—George Washington, cut the very first one down himself—just like that, like any common body; so that everyone who quits being a dog-gon-foreigner can have a great Christmas, by gosh!"

That they should both laugh was not surprising to Agidia, she laughed herself for joy to be thus gaily received and gladly understood. And when Miss Jeweson put her soft arms about her in a sudden ecstasy why, just by second nature, they danced about the

[Continued on page 52]

AGIDIA'S NEW WORLD CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 9

and spat with precision into the water, "you make-a the shop? You watch-a the change good—eh? Bambino?"

Naturally she must explain that except for the possible purchase of a peppermint stick her mission was to find cherry trees. Mr. Morino screwed up his face as he did over the weightiest problems and light dawned. "Jesu Maria!" cried he, "sure-a thing . . ."

If it wasn't for business he would go himself; and then in very rapid, in fact quite rippling Americano, Mr. Morino explained and pointed and beamed and approved, from which Agidia gathered the satisfying fact that if she proceeded straight up to Superior Street, turned to the left and walked on for five blocks, she would come to The Palace and there in the entrance and over the arches were cherry trees galore.

AGIDIA shivered with ecstasy as she bounded along oblivious to the good-natured stares she provoked from plodding pedestrians who saw this bronze-headed daughter of Prometheus dancing by, as something too sweetly vital to be true. And at last she saw it, the marvellous Palace, and stood entranced. O! O! of course she should have known that The-Father-of-His-Country would require some such citadel for his sacred cherry-tree. Why, there were lights glowing like jewels everywhere and the doors were like arches between great trees and all across the front were the most beauti-

ful brown branches with white and pale pink blossoms on them. O dear, and the poor Swede had brought plain prickly spruces!

Like a pilgrim before a shrine little Agidia stood there drinking in these glories until, her little feet stinging with the cold, she decided to cross over for a last lingering look. She dared not mount the steps. She contented herself by studying the queer yet so beautiful pictures on the wall outside. These pictures represented more cherry trees and a lady with such odd knobs of hair and great pins sticking out like the antennae of a dragonfly and her dress was like a nightgown brodered up the back and tied round the middle with a wide sash. Agidia wondered with sinking spirit if this were the proper Christmas dress and if so how she could turn her striped flannel nightgown into the exact article. O dear! Agidia almost jumped at the boldness of her succeeding thought. In fact, now she was here, something seemed to say to her why not enter the palace of The-Father-of-His-Country and give the American Reverence who must be in charge her Christmas dollar? Why not ask His American Reverence to buy hot dogs with it for poor little girls who were still dog-gon-foreigners? And perhaps when His Reverence heard how speedy her American English was already and saw her smart red Ameri-

can coat he might give her a little twig of the sacred cherry-tree for her own American Christmas.

The thought engendered miraculous courage; she was no longer conscious of the stinging cold nor frightened by the thumping of her heart, but she realized that being so newly made over she should not enter at the front portals of this sanctified place. Fortunately, or fatefully, it was Saturday afternoon and within three-quarters of an hour of the matinee performance of Madame Butterfly, by the San Sistine Opera Company.

Little Agidia, glowing with eagerness, approached what she thought a vestry door and found herself in a long black cheerless place that somewhat dashed her expectations and a moment later a very common-looking person in blue overalls came hurrying towards her, every dusty wrinkle of his face a question mark. In the shadow behind him were others in like dress, with hammers and saws and all sorts of queer unsaintly objects. Out of nowhere, as it were, and perfect silence these blue figures bounded forth like startled goats and began at once to set up an awful clatter, performing the most amazing antics—why they even fell upon perfectly innocent walls and like Samson carried them hither and thither with astonishing ease!

The man with the wrinkles squinted down the ridge of his nose. "Well, what do you want, young one?" he

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

FROM GILD TO FACTORY
SEVERAL correspondents have asked from time to time for information concerning the work and development of the Gild in England. These and other readers may be interested to learn of the publication of a book under the title that heads this article. The author is Mr. Alfred Mills, M.A., and the publishers are Messrs. Macdonald & Evans, 8 John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1, London, England.

This little book has a special significance at this time, and is to be commended for the plain and interesting way in which the subject is treated. For readers who are interested in a first course in economic history and who want to do a little home reading on the subject, this book has a special value since it really contains the substance of a short course of university extension lectures. Additional interest is provided by the suggestive questions attached to each chapter. Here is the last question: "What has the labourer gained, and what has he lost, by the change from the domestic to the factory system?"

We like this statement, which appears on page 168: "Hospitality towards new ideas and stranger peoples is a national asset of the highest value." We have many stranger peoples in Canada. They came here on our invitation. There is no doubt that, under fair treatment and proper leadership, they can contribute much of value to the national life of Canada.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR

C.S., Ontario: We agree with you that, on the whole, young Canadians are not sufficiently interested in hobbies. Our general system of education is perhaps partly responsible for this lack of interest. There is possibly too much compulsory homework. Fortunately, not all the homework that is set is done, but enough is done to tire students to an extent that they are disinclined to engage in hobbies after the evening is far spent.

Hobbies may perhaps be divided into two classes, indoor and outdoor. The outdoor hobbies of games and sports are in part a reaction from the strain of modern educational demands. Outdoor activities are much to be commended, but indoor hobbies have tremendous value in encouraging aspects of mental development that are not provided for in ordinary school activities. We agree with you that among these hobbies stamp collecting deserves a place.

For the general collector, used postage stamps will provide for an adequate selection; the specialist collector will probably want to include some unused specimens as well. The catalogue that will best suit your purposes is the Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue, a volume of a thousand pages, published by Scott Stamp & Coin Company, Limited, 1 West 47 Street, New York, U.S.A. This volume gives the color, shape, and value of every postage stamp ever issued and contains thousands of illustrations. It has a special section on watermarks, in which you express interest. The first Canadian postage stamp, according to the catalogue, was a three penny stamp with an illustration of a beaver. It is now valued at \$250 unused and \$15 used.

THE USE OF LEISURE

THIS is an age of conferences—conferences on many subjects. It is significant that recently the International Recreation Congress met at Los Angeles. Unfortunately, many people have too much leisure time just now, but for all people the profitable

use of leisure time is worth some study.

Sir Harold Bowden, a speaker at the congress, said that the recreative side of life concerns men and women of all lands, and an exchange of views on the desirable forms in which it may express itself should be useful. But many purely personal elements enter into it. Leisure means the time not occupied by actual work. Sir Harold Bowden represented the main uses to which it may be devoted as four in number, namely: idleness, entertainment, physical recreation or sport, and intellectual self-improvement. We cannot standardize the use of leisure, for individual needs and individual circumstances differ enormously. The first object is to keep fit. We have to live a healthy life in a world that appeals to us in a multitude of ways. The officer worker cannot afford to dispense with some forms of physical recreation. He will not, if he is wise, devote his spare time mainly to looking on at the performances of others. Social intercourse has its claims upon him. And he cannot afford to neglect the demands of intellectual self-improvement. Leisure presents opportunities for increasing one's mental vitality.

GEOMETRY

E.H., Prince Edward Island: Your questions concerning the value of geometry are not new. We have several times answered others who have written in a similar strain. For your information we append a recent opinion by Mr. R. Greenhalgh, A.I. Struct. E.:

"Geometry might be defined as the scientific basis of technical drawing; in fact, practical geometry and technical drawing are often used as interchangeable terms. It is indispensable to the architect who designs the building and to the craftsmen who construct the building. An architect might be able to draw a tracery window without a knowledge of geometry, but he would only do so slowly and inefficiently; so, likewise, a carpenter could cut his roof bevels by trial and error, or by various practical make-shifts, but he would take longer and make a poorer job than if he had a knowledge of geometry. The same remarks apply to innumerable details and aspects of building construction."

SOCIAL STANDING OF OCCUPATIONS

H. D. KITSON, in his book "I Find My Vocation," tells of an interesting experiment conducted to find out the views of high school students concerning the social standing of occupations. He asked several hundred high school students to rank a group of representative occupations according to their social standing in the community. The students ranked the various occupations as follows:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Banker | 21. Bookkeeper |
| 2. College professor | 22. Electrician |
| 3. Physician | 23. Locomotive Engineer |
| 4. Clergyman | 24. Insurance agent |
| 5. Lawyer | 25. Policeman |
| 6. Auto manufacturer | 26. Mail carrier |
| 7. Superintendent of schools | 27. Railroad conductor |
| 8. Civil engineer | 28. Carpenter |
| 9. Army captain | 29. Salesman |
| 10. High school teacher | 30. Soldier |
| 11. Foreign missionary | 31. Typesetter |
| 12. Factory manager | 32. Plumber |
| 13. Elementary school teacher | 33. Tailor |
| 14. Dry goods merchant | 34. Motorman |
| 15. Man of leisure | 35. Chauffeur |
| 16. Farmer | 36. Barber |
| 17. Machinist | 37. Factory operator |
| 18. Travelling salesman | 38. Blacksmith |
| 19. Rural school teacher | 39. Coal miner |
| 20. Grocer | 40. Janitor |
| | 41. Waiter |
| | 42. Teamster |
| | 43. Hod carrier |
| | 44. Street cleaner |
| | 45. Ditch digger |

These opinions are not conclusive, neither do they show in order the value to society of these occupations, but at least they are interesting as indicating the views of a group of students.



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Write us today and we will mail you full particulars and suggestions for putting the plan into effect.

THE NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

"YES, DOCTOR - BOVRIL
IS JUST WHAT HE NEEDED"



"He began to pick up at once and now he's talking about going to business." Bovril, the concentrated goodness of prime beef, tempts invalid appetites and has the unique power of enabling convalescents to get more nourishment from other foods.

Taken regularly after illness, Bovril helps to reduce the "getting well" period from weeks to days.

BOVRIL
Gives Strength
Quickly

B2M

"PRAISE FROM CAESAR
IS PRAISE INDEED"

We are constantly receiving letters of congratulation from readers on the *Shadowland* Section of The National Home Monthly and it gives us pleasure to devise new methods to amuse our subscribers. In the January issue we are launching another novel feature in this connection. "We hope you'll like it."

THE "UNKNOWN QUANTITY" IN CONTRACT BRIDGE

Continued from page 20

reasonably bid 5 Hearts but he seems to have a good business double and, in all probability, will do so.

However, at one table, South opened with 4 Spades, West doubled. East must construe this as a business double and passed. Five was made without much trouble. At another table where the players holding North and South hands were ardent upholders of the artificial 2 Club bid—South opened with the artificial 2 Club bid, to my mind most unwisely, and this allowed West with a strong hand to bid cheaply with 2 Hearts. North had no option and passed. East with a wonderful distribution for his partner's bid (void of Spades and long trump support) bid 4 Hearts. South now bid 4 Spades which West doubled. East was not satisfied with the double and bid 5 Hearts. South now bid 5 Spades. West again doubled. East still was not satisfied with the double and was now prepared to take a small penalty rather than pass the double of 5 Spades, so he bid 6 Hearts which South doubled. Needless to state the little slam was made with ease, the only loss being one Diamond. The difference between the two plays was 2,750.

The artificial Club bid was never designed or intended for a hand of this nature and the lesson to be learned is—when you have a preemptive hand with strength all in one suit and the opportunity to utilize it presents itself at the start—preempt to the limit.

THE question arises, "What can you do about it?" The answer is "Nothing," and it is a good thing that you can do nothing. Just go ahead enjoying these distribution freaks and hope that Contract Bridge will never develop into a game of "Set Hands."

Even the greatest of bridge minds have their limitations in the laying out of hands, get into ruts, and repeat themselves. In shuffling and dealing you continually get something you have never seen before.

Despite the fact that a multiplicity of hopes and aspirations lie shattered on its hidden reefs, that its persistent and unceasing interference in the affairs of "Mr. Law of Averages" has caused untold argument as to what might have been, I still heartily say, "Long live Distribution."

AGIDIA'S NEW WORLD CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 50

dressing room as lightly as two bits of thistleblow. Then, coming to a stop, Miss Jeweson held the happy little girl out at arm's length. "Why, Elmer!" she cried, snatching off Agidia's tan and ruffling up her curls, "look at her! Why the little thing is a beauty and a born dancer. O Elmer, what a Christmas we shall have after all—thanks to the cherry tree."

Then to Agidia, hastily, for a bell

was sounding from the din out front: "Listen, dear, you must wait till I come back." Here a little twinkle crept into Miss Jeweson's eyes, O a dear little twinkle more like a caress than fun. "You must stay for the cherry tree service—in fact it's the law of the palace. Mr. Troen will arrange everything. Afterwards I shall tell you what The-Father-of-His-Country has in store for you."

THE TOWER OF SILENCE AND SOUND

Continued from page 21

Major Murray's assistance and advice were sought by the Canadian Government in planning the Radio Commission, and he occupies a unique position in the world of the Air. McGill University was partly responsible for the education of A. Wells Coates, B.A., B.Sc., Ph.D., who designed the News, Effects, Productions, and Dramatic Control studios. In the front rank of modern art, Dr. Coates has made an important contribution to the artistic development of this most modern of buildings, that houses this most modern of the arts.

British Broadcasting House day by day plays a larger and larger part in the life of the British Isles. New and powerful stations will soon make it possible for it to be linked more closely with Canada, and the other parts of this wide-flung Empire. From this Magic Tower music and learning, wisdom and nonsense, go out into the ether and are gathered gratefully into millions of homes. Some day soon, perhaps, television will play its important role too, and more than ever British Broadcasting House will become the Tower of Silence and Sound

LIFE

BY GEORGE WILLIAM REID

A play was written in Heaven;
The angels gathered around;
The plot was skillfully woven;
And actors soon were found.

They chose the mummers from Earthland;
Not anyone was barred.

They sent down to Hell for the Devil;
He, as the villain, was starred.

The plot was a thing of mystery,
Of tears, of joy, of strife.
It was passed by the greatest censor;
And the angels named it "Life."

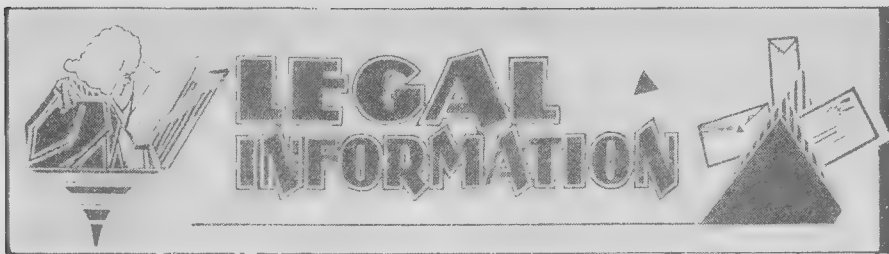
"TO YOUR FRIENDSHIP"

BY DEREK RAND

There is a soul that speaks to mine;
A soul that I can but define:
As fresh, and clear, and crystal pure
As dew-drops are in their *allure* . . .
As soft as a mother's fond caress . . .

As poignant as a sigh repressed . . .
As dear to me as a lover's kiss.
Or a dreaming poet's wildest wish.

How could my friendship ever be
As much to you, as yours to me?



This department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all of the Dominion. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Perry Sound, B.C.

Q—1. I had a garnishee put against a party. In the meantime the lawyer looking after same moved out of the district. He now states it would be better for a local lawyer to take over case as he is too far away to give full observation to case. In transferring do I have to pay second lawyer for taking over case, or does present lawyer settle same?

2. I have two insurance policies. Nearly every year I have to ask for extension of time to make payment. Can these companies charge you any interest they like on overdue premiums as they are never the same each year. Last year I had to pay around 20 cents interest, this year they ask for \$1.10, both payments the same. Last year the per cent was 6, this year it is around 10 per cent.—“Dissatisfied.”

A—You should not be obliged to pay more than one set of costs. We cannot tell you what the amount should be. If you paid the first lawyer in advance the amount that he could charge you, then he should make arrangements for the second lawyer to complete the case. As it is unlikely that you paid the first lawyer in full you can probably make satisfactory arrangements with the second lawyer.

Interest is practically always a matter of agreement between the parties, except in a few exceptional cases fixed by law. The amount which an insurance company would charge you for overdue premiums is usually 6 or 7 per cent, and we believe that your company, being one of the best companies, would make an adjustment with you if through error they charged you too much.

* * * *

A—M.H. We have decided to discontinue our policy of answering questions on real estate values through the Legal Department because strictly speaking they are not a matter of law.

* * * *

Calgary, Alta.

Q—If, when a man dies, his widow collects a small insurance, is she entitled to the widow's pension?

What amount is the widow's pension when there are two children?—L.S.C.

A—To be entitled to the Mother's Allowance the widow and her husband must have been resident in Alberta when her husband died. Also she must have a child or children, if a boy, under the age of 15 years, and if a girl, under 16. Such a widow will be entitled to the pension if she is unable to take proper care of such child or children. The Act is very vague as to what constitutes inability to care for the child. It is left pretty well as a matter of practice to the officials of the government department to decide whether the allowance should be paid or not. We would suggest that you apply to the Clerk of your City, who can handle the matter or inform you who will attend to it. We are unable to state the exact amount of the pension but the Clerk or other official will be able to give you this information.

Langruth, Man.

Q—To what extent can a man with power of attorney use his privilege, acting for his parents. The father has become mentally unable to manage his affairs, since turning them over to the son.—H.G.O.

A—If a person gives a power of attorney to another person it will remain in force until revoked by the grantor. Revocation may be effected in almost any way which would amount to notice of revocation, and will be revoked by the death or insanity of the grantor of the power.

For this reason we think that the proper course for the son to take would be to apply to the court to be appointed committee of the estate of his father. If he does this and is appointed by the court there can be no further argument as to his authority to deal with his father's affairs.

* * * *

Winnipeg, Man.

Q—My brother, who is a bachelor, owns a house and has made his will that I am to get the property when he dies. He is talking now of selling the property. If he does can I claim the property he buys? If he doesn't buy more property can I claim the money?

My husband and I have a joint bank account. I also have an account in trust. What does “in trust” mean? If I die without a will, will it be turned over to my husband?—A Subscriber.

A.—It depends upon the wording of the will as to just what property will devolve on you. If your brother leaves

you all his property, without specific description, then you will receive whatever he has. If he gives you a specific piece of property which he afterwards disposes of you take nothing unless you are the residuary beneficiary.

It depends upon the circumstances under which the joint bank account was created as to whether the survivor will have the right to the money in the bank account. If it was merely an arrangement to carry on the household affairs with convenience and you did not deposit any money in the account yourself, then the money would remain your husband's. If you are carrying in trust funds belonging to someone else, these funds belong to that other person and would not be liable for your private debts.

* * * *

Winnipeg, Man.

Q—On what grounds can a shareholder living in Canada and paying income tax here, claim repayment of income tax on Old Country dividends?

At the foot of every dividend statement there is a note to the effect that it can be used as a voucher for claiming repayment of income tax.

What is the necessary procedure?—B.R.E.

A—The Dominion Income Tax Act provides that a taxpayer shall be entitled to deduct from the tax that would otherwise be payable by him, the amount paid to Great Britain for income tax in respect of the income of the taxpayer derived from sources therein. The deduction must not exceed the amount of the tax which would otherwise be payable to the Dominion Government in respect of such income. There is a similar provision in the Manitoba Income Tax Act.

The effect of these provisions is that you can claim the deduction but the allowance would not exceed the amount of the Dominion and Manitoba tax which would be payable on the foreign income. The procedure to follow is to present your dividend statements to the income tax authorities and ask for the allowance. They will readily assist you.

HIS PLEA FOR “REJOBULATION”

A Japanese-English Letter That Melted a Manager's Heart

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

BRITISH and American business men in Tokyo, Osaka and Yokohama are often impressed and amused by the keenness of young Japanese to acquire a working knowledge of the most important of all commercial languages—which is our own. Eager students of English in Japan tend to become high-flown and “literary” in their written style. And of this leaning the following plaintive epistle which I was permitted to see is a spirited example. It was addressed by a clerk to the manager of a big printing concern in Nagasaki which had been making wholesale reductions in its native staff:—

“Mister kind sir on opening this epistle you will behold the work of a dejobbed person and a very bewifed and much childrenreised gentleman who was violently dejobbed in a twinkling by your goodness.

“For Heaven's sake Mister sir consider this catastrophe as falling on your own head and remind yourself on walking home at the moon's end to savage wife and sixteen voracious children with your pocket filled with non-existent pennies and pity my horrible state.

“When being dejobbed and proceeding with a heart and intestines filled with misery in this den of gloom myself did greedily contemplate culpable homicide but Him who protected Daniel (poet) safe through the Lion's den will protect his servant in his home of evil. As to reason given by yourself esquire for my dejobment the incrimination was laziness.

“No Sir. It were possible that myself who has pitched sixteen infant children into this vale of tears can have a lazy atom in his mortal frame and a sudden departure of eleven pounds ten has left me on the verge of the abyss of destitution and despair.

“I hope this vision of horror will enrich your dreams this night and good Angel will meet and pulverize your heart of nether milestone so that you will awaken and with such alacrity as may be compatible with your personal safety and will hasten to rejobulate your servant.

“So mote it be. Amen,

“Yours despairfully,

“AKONO SUBUSU.”

Scribbled by the manager in red pencil on this energetic plea, I was glad to note the order: “See that Subusu is ‘rejobulated’ tomorrow.”

Your Pipe is Your Friend Treat it like one



COMPANION of leisure hours . . . sharing your fondest dreams . . . bringing you solace in adversity, contentment when your spirit is troubled. . . .

Your pipe is a true and trusted friend. Treat it like one.

Fill the bowl with tobacco that is worthy of it . . . OGDEN'S CUT PLUG . . . mellow, slow burning, so cool. Settle back in your favourite armchair, smoke it through to the last shred and enjoy at your ease its clean, nutty flavour—its glorious fragrance. Then you will know what a friend your pipe can really be.

OGDEN'S CUT PLUG, packed in half-pound vacuum tins, reaches you as fresh as when it left the blending table. Not a trace of bite . . . the most economical pipe tobacco you can buy.

OGDEN'S CUT PLUG

If you “roll your own, use
Ogden's fine cut and
Chantecler cigarette papers.

Now Grown and Packed in Canada



Cereal
for baby

LONG-cooked in whole, fresh milk—strained—and ready-to-serve—Gerber's Strained Cereal provides baby with a scientifically designed cereal food. It is made of finely ground whole-wheat and hulled oats, with added wheat germ for additional vitamin B. (This is the appetite stimulating vitamin.) The cooking in fresh, whole milk increases both the palatability and the nutritive value of the cereal. The straining through finely perforated monel metal removes the coarse bran particles after their food value has been absorbed—and gives the cereal the smooth, uniform texture most acceptable to baby. No seasoning is added. The strained cereal is hermetically sealed, and long-cooked by the Gerber process which pasteurizes the milk and assures lasting purity. Gerber's Strained Cereal is ready-to-serve. No further cooking is required. Simply warm and serve, or add salt or sugar as baby's doctor directs.

Vegetables for baby

WHEN baby is ready for vegetable feedings, remember that the Gerber Strained Vegetable Products are specially prepared for baby's needs. Each is made from the finest garden-fresh vegetables, and prepared with modern, scientifically-designed equipment which assures the utmost uniformity and safety, and conserves important vitamin and mineral salt values which are lost in ordinary open vessel cooking. The straining through finely perforated monel metal removes indigestible crude fibre, and gives each product the smooth, even texture best suited to baby. Gerber's Strained Vegetables are unseasoned, ready-to-serve. They save you hours of time and effort—but most important of all—they are better for baby.

Ask Your Doctor —

Your doctor can best advise whether you should add sugar or salt, or serve Gerber's Strained Cereal unseasoned. He, too, can advise when to start baby's daily vegetable feedings, and which of the eight Gerber Strained Vegetable Products are best adapted to your own baby's needs. Ask for the Gerber Products by name.

Gerber's
STRAINED CEREAL

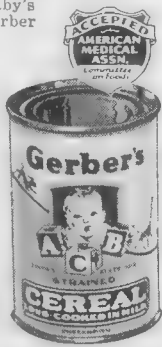
At Grocers and
Druggists—15c
Strained Cereal
10 1/4 oz. can

Strained Carrots
Spinach—Prunes
Tomatoes—Beets
Green Beans—Peas
Vegetable Soup
4 1/2 oz. can

Free Booklet

Write us for free copy of our interesting booklet "Baby's Cereal and Vegetables." It contains many helpful suggestions for training baby's mealtime habits. Dept. FC-3

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FINEST QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS WINDSOR,
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PSYCHOLOGY DOES NOT ALWAYS WORK

By An Average Mother

ACCORDING to the Child Psychology books, the average mother is a most undesirable creature. The psychologists say that she must never lose her temper, never demand blind obedience, that her child must never be snubbed or repressed, and that on no account must she use the word "don't." In short she is to be an angel from heaven, while her child gets less like one every day.

For instance, there is the mother who cannot afford domestic help. Suppose she is cleaning the kitchen floor, and her son Bobby, in spite of previous warnings, opens the door and lets the puppy rush over the floor with its muddy paws. The mother is too tired to be patient. She shouts angrily while the puppy rushes round, and Bobby defends himself shrilly. Pandemonium reigns. Presumably the psychologist would have sat there on the wet floor, reasoning patiently with Bobby until he chose to realize his fault. Perfect understanding and harmony would have resulted, but a psychologist bringing up a child in theory, is not a weary mother trying to be housemaid, cook, nurse and psychologist rolled into one, and expected to be her husband's ray of sunshine in the evening.

According to up-to-date methods, a child should not be commanded to do anything. Bobby's mother may want him to wash his hands, but she must not tell him to do so, she must reason with him until he desires to wash them of his own free will. He must develop from within. How delightful for Bobby; but what if his unfortunate mother is trying to prepare dinner, supervise the baby's supper, and countless other jobs at the same time? Can she stop and argue with a stubborn child? Naturally, being human, this quite average mother disobeys all rules and commands in no uncertain tones.

Do not snub or repress a child; let him develop his own personality. Therefore when visitors come for afternoon bridge, Bobby should be allowed to chatter incessantly, ask endless questions, and express himself freely, because his personality must unfold like a flower in the sun (his mother being the sun no doubt!) But alas! she tells him peremptorily to stop it or else—? She believes a little in that good old maxim "A child should

be seen, etc.," though she hardly dare say so, in these days when parents are expected to take a back seat.

It seems in these days, that parents exist merely for their children's welfare. Bobby has a new coat and he tears it the first day. Is his mother to scold him, tell him he is ungrateful and that she cannot be always buying new coats? Not a bit of it. Children are not supposed to be grateful to their parents for anything, since they did not ask to be born.

Bobby must experiment with life, if he is to develop his resources. If he tears his clothes, ruins the carpet with ink, and breaks his mother's sewing machine while experimenting, is she to grumble? Most decidedly not—let her

be thankful she has such an intelligent child. Unfortunately, once more, the mother refuses to conform. Nine times out of ten she loses her temper and upsets the whole psychological apple cart again.

THEN, there is that excellent theory "Never say don't to a child." But what about a wet day when Bobby is like a "flea on a

hot griddle," and his mother, busy with countless household tasks, cannot spend all her time suggesting alternatives for every undesirable action. She is bound to get exasperated, and then, out fly a whole string of don'ts.

We are not to be impatient when our children day dream, forget what they are told, or do not listen. They are concentrating on other things, and must not be worried with such trifles as cleaning teeth, etc.

But the worst crime of all, is to smack a child. The very idea is enough to make a psychologist curl up and die. If the baby persists in pulling the cloth off the table, then she must be allowed to persist. Her spirit is not to be broken, even if everything on the table is. She is fulfilling a natural desire to investigate. Smack her, and you become instantly a contemptible wretch, unfit to be a mother.

Now no one is trying to prove the psychologists wrong, or to make excuses for the average mother, only, when she fails to make psychology work, give her a little sympathy, for it is one thing to bring up a child on paper, and quite another to bring him up in reality.

BABY BROTHER

By AILEEN RADCLIFFE

My Daddy has a motor-car,
And lots of horses too;
The chauffeur has a pussy-cat,
And someone has the Zoo.
Everybody seems to have a
Father and a mother,
But I'm the richest of them all,
For I've a baby brother.

I found him lying in his cot
Beneath the apple-tree;
I ran to look because they said,
"There's something new to see."
He has the very biggest eyes,
And tiny hands and feet—
In all the world I can't believe
There's anything more sweet.

He's very small just now of course,
He's soft and rather fat;
Sometimes he screams, and makes a noise
Just like the chauffeur's cat.
But Nannie says that with red hair
High spirits always go:
Perhaps that's why his face gets pink
When someone says, "No, no."

He's Richard first, and then he's got
A lot of other names;
I don't think Daddy can know this,
Because he calls him James.
I've made a new prayer for myself,
I shan't need any other,
I say twice over, "Thank you, God,
For making Baby Brother."



When 2 and 2 make 4 it's time to plan for 20

Those first two teeth tell of important processes at work in baby's tiny self . . . processes that will form twenty such little teeth. Calcium from his milk-diet must be converted into their building material. If there is any halt to this activity, your baby may be marked for life with poor, irregular teeth, or with cramped and misshapen jaws. You should give him every assistance . . . and Scott's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil should be one of your first considerations.

Vitamin D is essential in the conversion of food-calcium to tooth and bone-building material. And Scott's Cod Liver Oil is one of the richest sources of this invaluable vitamin. In addition, it contains a wealth of vitamin A, so important in protecting children and adults from such ailments as winter colds. Under physicians' guidance, careful mothers safeguard their infants' teeth, and general resistance powers, with daily doses of Scott's Cod Liver Oil.

Three-teaspoonfuls-per-day, of ordinary cod liver oils has been found a necessary medicinal dose. But for economy and convenience, Scott & Bowne have improved on this. They have produced a Norwegian Cod Liver Oil of specially high vitamin potency. Two teaspoonfuls daily of Scott's Cod Liver Oil yields a higher vitamin content than three teaspoonfuls of ordinary cod liver oil.

That is why you should give Scott's Cod Liver Oil to your baby. It's a money-saver . . . it's an ideal source of bone-building vitamin D and protective vitamin A. It helps build better babies.



Available at all drug stores in three convenient sizes (plain and flavoured) at 35c, 60c and \$1.00

Made by Scott & Bowne,
Toronto, Canada
Sales Representatives, Harold
F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.,
Toronto, Canada

Scott's
Cod Liver Oil

For Disordered Stomach

If you are afflicted by indigestion or other disorders of the stomach and liver, caused by poor bowel action, take Seigel's Syrup after meals. For over 60 years this extract of herbs and roots has been the standard remedy in millions of homes

50c and \$1 bottles

18-29

UNWANTED HAIR BANISHED PERMANENTLY

CROXON CREAM is a scientific preparation of leading dermatologists, guaranteed to permanently remove superfluous hair by first destroying the surface hair and finally atrophying the hair root completely. Free yourself from superfluous hair—forever—by using CROXON CREAM. Sold by drug and department stores or send ten cents for sample and booklet.

CROXON CREAM
Dept. W. York Piper Building
TORONTO



SMART AND EASILY MADE

7719. Crepe de chine was chosen for this attractive and practical garment, with all over lace, lined with net, for the brassiere. One could use satin or rayon throughout, or radium silk or batiste. The chemise portion is gored, and cut to flare slightly at front and back seams. Designed in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 1 1/2 yard of 39 inch material together with 1 1/2 yard of lace or net at least 8 inches wide, for the brassiere if made as in the large view. If made entirely of one material it will require 1 2/3 yard of 39-inch material. The shoulder straps of ribbon require 1 yard. To finish with bias binding as in the large view will require 4 1/2 yards 1 1/2-inch wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

7727. This is an excellent model both for woollen materials, silk or cotton. Coat and trousers, which are in knicker style, are cut on regulation lines. Convenient and comfortable pockets are part of this excellent style. Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 12 year size will require 2 3/4 yards of material 54 inches wide. To line the coat, will require 1 1/2 yard 36 inches wide. Pockets of muslin, lining or drill will require 1/2 yard 32 inches wide. To interline collar, underfacings, pockets and lower edge of sleeves, will require 7/8 yard of 27-inch canvas or coarse linen. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

7719



7732. This grotesque dog will afford much amusement to its little owner. It may be made of Terry cloth, velvet, plush, gingham or cotton prints. For stuffing use wool wadding or kapok. Designed in one size: 18 inches long. It will require 3/4 yard of material not less than 32 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

7724. A deep yoke on the front breaks the straight outline, and pleat inserts add pleasing fullness to the skirt portions. A comfortable sleeve in wrist length is finished with a band cuff. A small boyish collar trims the neck. Checked woollen in brown and beige is pictured here with beige woollen for collar, cuffs and belt. Wash fabrics, velvet or crepe is also good for this style. Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 2 3/4 yards of 35-inch material with 3/8 yard of contrasting material for trimming. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

7718. Printed percale in green on a white background, and with binding of green organdy is here pictured. This model is also good in gingham, or lawn with binding in a contrasting color. A narrow yokeband holds the apron on the shoulders, over the back, and at the waistline it is held with a short tab or strap. The pattern is designed in one size:—medium. It will require 1 1/4 yard 35 inches wide. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view, will require 7 1/2 yards 1 1/2-inch wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

WHEN SENDING FOR PATTERNS DO NOT OMIT TO STATE THE SIZE REQUIRED
THE NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.



Nobody "DIRTY FACE" loves a

And yet only one skin in a hundred is really clean! Only one woman in a hundred as lovely as nature intended she should be!

Beware the ravages of dirt that ages the skin, stretches the pores, makes a woman look lots older than her years. Get rid of dirt with the regular aid of Daggett & Ramsdell's two wonderful creams. They are the best that money can buy, yet they are within reach of every purse. Why not buy a jar of each today, and avoid 'Dirty Face'? Every store carries them.

● **EVERY NIGHT** use Perfect Cold Cream liberally to get rid of below-the-surface dirt. This marvelous cream provides the essentials every skin must have—lubrication, moisture, protection. Three groups of special ingredients supply them, all balanced properly of course. Famous for more than 40 years.

● **DURING THE DAY** whenever your skin needs freshening, cleanse it quickly with the new Perfect Cleansing Cream (liquefying). Melts instantly upon application, its fine oils cleanse in half the usual time.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

Daggett & Ramsdell (Canada) Limited

Have You Prepared Your CHRISTMAS CHEER?

For ideas that are different and yet "go over big" with the family and friends, turn to page 58 for suggestions for Christmas Festivities.

WHEN SHE'S UPSET

HE SUFFERS



Constipation Drove Her Wild

made her feel cross, headachy, half-alive. Now she has a lovable disposition, new pep and vitality. Heed Nature's warning: Sluggish bowels invariably result in poisonous wastes ravaging your system—often the direct cause of headaches, dizziness, colds, complexion troubles. NATURE'S REMEDY—the mild, all-vegetable laxative—safely stimulates the entire eliminative tract—strengthens, regulates the bowels for normal, natural functioning. At druggists'—25c.

FREE! Beautiful 1933 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to The Legin Medicine Co., Desk 91-F, 67 Crawford Avenue Windsor, Ontario

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

You can Save \$5.04 with One 45¢ Bottle of **MAPLEINE** the Syrup Maker



WHY NOT let Mapleine cut 3/4 off your syrup costs? Today thrifty millions are making delicious Mapleine syrup—jiffy-quick—for only 7c a pint. A 45c bottle is sufficient for 24 pints—your saving averages \$5.04. Mapleine also imparts a magic delicacy and flavor to desserts, candies, ice creams, sauces. At your grocer's.

FREE enough Mapleine for 2 Pints Delicious Syrup...

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. E 287 Stanley St., Winnipeg, Manitoba

Send enough Mapleine to make 2 pints syrup—free.
Name.....
Address.....

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Orlex will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

THE Last Word in Winter Wear



7712

7710

7710. This is an excellent model for business or general daytime wear. As pictured it was developed in cotton tweed in a brown checked pattern. It is also suggested for velvet, broadcloth, or crepe. The waist is cut high at the neck and finished with a small boyish collar. The high button closing is new. The skirt has straight lines, but added fullness is given in the flare godets inserted in the front panel seams. A close fitting sleeve and straight belt complete a very trim and neat model.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 2-2/3 yards of 54 inch material. Collar, belt and sleeve facings of contrasting material will require 3/8 yard in the 39 inch width. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fullness extended is 2-1/6 yards. Price 25c., in silver or stamps.

7708. Broadcloth is suggested for this design, with rows of stitching, jagotting, or braid, for decoration. The blouse fronts are lapped from left to right, with a graceful jabot at the closing. Shaped peplum portions lengthen the blouse. The sleeve may be made with full puff-over portions as in the large view, or without the puff, as in the small view. The skirt is a two piece model cut with straight lines and comfortable fullness. One could have this style in velvet or in crepe satin. It lends itself well also to the new sheer woollens.

Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 will require 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material if made as in the large view. If made as in the small front view, without the sleeve puffs, 4-2/3 yards will be required. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 2 1/8 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c. in silver or stamps.

The National Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Man

7712. A wide belt cleverly raises the waistline in this pleasing frock, which may be finished with or without the long sleeves. The collar trims the front at the right side and back and forms a smart bow at the left shoulder. Straight line skirt portions are lapped in front in wrap effect. One could have this in the new checked woollens or plaids with collar and pipings of plain woollen. Broadcloth or velvet with contrasting material for trimming is also suggested.

Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20, with corresponding bust measure 32, 34, 36 and 38, and also in bust measure 40 and 42. Size 18, as shown in the large view, will require 3-2/3 yards of 35 inch material, together with 1/2 yard of 39 inch contrasting material. If made without long sleeves and in monotone 3 1/4 yards of 35 inch material will be required. To finish with 1 1/2 inch bias binding, as in the large view or with braid, will require 4 1/8 yards. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1-2/3 yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7714. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54 inch material, together with 5/8 yard of contrasting material 39 inches wide. Price 25c.

7711. Crepe satin, velvet or sheer woollen is suggested for this design. The waist is full and gathered to a bodice, shaped in upward curves in the front and lengthened by short peplum portions. The shoulder

line is long, covering the top of the arm. The skirt is cut with the slim lines of the prevailing mode. Beige or gray crepe satin, or black velvet would be effective in this model.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4 1/4 yards of material at least 35 inches wide. One could use contrast in this frock, making the full waist portions of one material, and the skirt, bodice and peplum of another. It will require 1 yard 35 inches wide for the waist and 3 1/4 yards for skirt, bodice and peplum. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c. in silver or stamps.

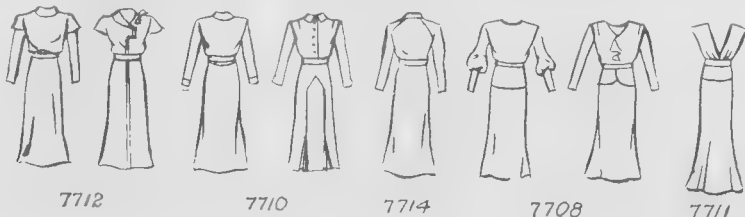


7714

7708



7711



7712

7710

7714

7708

7711

Yes, a Subscription to The National Home Monthly



..... there's Mary who, not so long ago, was frolicking through high school and is now (although you can scarcely believe it) the sober mother of little Larry and Bill and Connie living in Edmonton...and Uncle Bob, still in the rambling old house on the outskirts of Montreal ...and you remember how, in the long ago, you used to stay there at Christmas and listen for the clatter of the reindeer's hoofs..... and Gwen, tenderly romantic and young, imagining herself the heroine of every story she reads is there no end to the list? And making the list is only the beginning; finding an appropriate gift for each person is the real task.

That's where we come in. For we are the genii freed from Aladdin's lamp. With a few brief words we banish your worry and, as quick as a snap of the fingers, supply the gifts. The secret of our magic is this: a subscription to The National Home Monthly. Simple, isn't it? And, when you think of it, a remarkably satisfactory gift.

But, you ask, would Mary like The National Home Monthly? And how about Uncle Bob and Gwen? It certainly would be very unusual if they didn't. Nearly 200,000 families scattered throughout the length and breadth of Canada read each month The National Home Monthly, the magazine which is at once brilliantly modern and delightfully old-fashioned.

The issues that will be included in every Gift Subscription will fairly stagger under their load of novels, short stories and special features.

Special Christmas Rates—Christmas 1932

(Good anywhere in Canada, the British Isles and United States)

- One Subscription (With Gift Card)\$1.00
- Three Subscriptions (With Gift Cards)..... 2.00
- Six Subscriptions (With Gift Cards)..... 4.00

CHRISTMAS ORDER FORM

The National Home Monthly
Stovel Building, Winnipeg

Enclosed find \$..... in payment for The National Home Monthly to be sent for one year to the following:

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Address

Name
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Name
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Also please send gift cards bearing my name

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT CARD, TOO!

We forward also, a handsome presentation card, bearing your name as donor, which will be received in the Christmas morning mail. This card, which shows in full colors "The Watering Trough," by Charles W. Simpson, R.C.A., is an excellent companion picture to "On the Road to St. Anne de Beaupre" which was so much admired last year.



Better Cookery

By
GERTRUDE
DUTTON



A festive air to the Christmas table may be created by the artistic arrangement of inexpensive decorations.

THIS year more than ever there will be very many people who will go without many of the little luxuries of the Christmas season, unless they come as Christmas gifts, so let us give as freely as we can, of the many delicious things we make in our kitchens. Only those who eat continually in restaurants and such places know what a genuine treat some home made food is, whether it is a cake, cookies, candy, jellies or jams, pickles, a plate of buns, a pudding to be re-steamed, with a dish of sauce, a jar of mince meat, or anything one makes well. What older person does not love to have a box of assorted home made candy to nibble at and to offer to friends? And how could a child be better pleased than with a basket of cookies made especially for her?

The simplest little gift may be made most attractive, with the many aids offered to us at very low cost. Wax paper comes now in fancy patterns as well as in plain white. Cellophane, that delightful new transparent, flexible, beautifully colored paper, is the best thing we know of to wrap up jars, Christmas puddings, etc. It keeps things fresher than old type thin

papers. There are so many attractive jars, bowls, etc., in which to put relishes, sauces, marmalades, jams and such things. Some very ordinary kitchen utensil can be made acceptably "gift," if filled with something delicious to eat, and daintily wrapped. Have we not heard some one wishing for a granite dish just a little larger than any she has, in which to make rice puddings and scalloped potatoes for her large family? Or somebody else wishes for a pie plate deeper or larger or smaller than any she has. Another friend wants a pan just the right size and shape for baking jelly rolls, or she may wish for a tube cake pan. These may be given with a cake in them, from our best recipe. Other articles may be filled with cookies, doughnuts, shortbread, or anything else we make especially well.

DIVINITY FUDGE

Granulated sugar 1½ c.	Corn syrup ¼ c.
Egg white 1	Chopped fruit ½ c.
Boiling water ¼ c.	Chopped nut meats ¼ c.
	Vanilla 1 t.

Cook the sugar, syrup and water till brittle in cold water, or to 248° F. Remove from the fire and, as

soon as bubbling ceases, pour slowly on the stiffly beaten egg white, and add the chopped nut meats and fruit, which may be dates or raisins, and vanilla, beat till stiff and creamy and pour into a greased pan, and mark in squares when it begins to harden, or drop by spoonfuls on greased pans, or on waxed paper to harden.

HONEY DIVINITY

Granulated sugar 2 c.	Egg whites 2
Honey 1/3 c.	Dash of salt
Boiling water 1/3 c.	Chopped fruits
	Chopped nut meats

Make as the above fudge. For Christmas, red and green candied cherries make particularly attractive candy, though any other fruit, such as dates, raisins, etc., may be used.

CARAMELS

Granulated sugar 1½ c.	Evaporated milk or cream 1½ c.
Corn syrup 1½ c.	Vanilla 1 t.

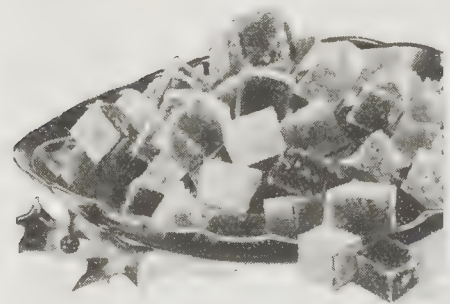
Cook the sugar and syrup till transparent, add the cream or evaporated milk, and cook slowly, stirring, to 243°-245° F., add the vanilla and pour into a greased pan to about one inch in depth, when firm, mark in squares.

MARSHMALLOW FUDGE

Milk ¼ c.	Chocolate 1-2 squares
Corn syrup 1 t.	Butter 3 tb.
Granulated sugar 2 c.	Vanilla 1 t.
	Marshmallows 12

[Continued on page 59]

200 Pieces of Delicious Christmas Candy for 34 cents



WHY not have a good old-fashioned family candy-making party? The children will have a grand time. So will you. And even if it's been years since you've made candy, don't hesitate...this recipe for Knox Dainties is easy to follow and the results are sure to be perfect. 34c pays for all the ingredients—including Knox Sparkling Gelatine—and, really, nobody ever ate candy that tasted quite so delicious. It is so good you will be happy to get it or give it as a gift. It's pure, too—candy of which the children can safely and healthfully eat their fill—candy of which even people on reducing diets needn't be afraid to eat.

Novel Candy Box Pattern... FREE!

Just send the coupon below and we will mail you the pattern for a home-made candy box that you can make and decorate in any quantities yourself. And with the pattern we will send you a dozen new ideas for contribution to holiday happiness. Just send in the coupon, and in the meantime why not order a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine today?

Knox Dainties
4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water Red and green coloring
1 1/2 cups boiling water (paste or liquid)
1/2 teaspoonful peppermint extract
4 cups sugar
1 teaspoonful cinnamon extract

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Heat sugar and boiling water to boiling point, add softened gelatine and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. Color one part a delicate red and flavor it with the extract of cinnamon; color the other part a delicate green and flavor with the extract of peppermint. Pour candy into two loaf pans, which have been rinsed in cold water, and put in a cool place (not a refrigerator) allowing candy to thicken for at least twelve hours. With a wet sharp knife loosen about edges of pan and turn out. Cut into cubes and roll in powdered sugar.

NOTE—If lemon flavor is desired, add three tablespoonfuls lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls lemon extract to one part of the candy and leave it uncolored. Recipe makes about 200 pieces of candy which weighs about 2 1/2 pounds and costs about 34c.

KNOX is the real GELATINE

KNOX GELATINE, Dept. K.
140 St. Paul Street W., Montreal

Please send me **FREE** the pattern for the Candy Box... and the special recipes for a new-fashioned Plum Pudding and other Holiday Dishes.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... PROV.....



Cook the sugar, syrup, chocolate and milk without stirring, to 238° F. or the soft ball stage, add the butter, and cool without stirring. Add the vanilla and a dash of salt, and beat till creamy, adding the marshmallows cut in pieces, pour into a greased pan, and when firm, cut in squares. The amount of chocolate will depend upon how strong a chocolate flavor is liked.

LEMON TAFFY
Granulated sugar 2 c. Cold water 1/4 c.
Lemon extract 1 t. Cream of tartar 1/4 t.

Use a kettle large enough to prevent the syrup boiling over. Stir till the mixture begins to boil, then cook without stirring, to the "crack" stage, 280°-300° F. Pour without beating, after adding the flavoring, into a greased pan, and when firm, mark in squares. While cooking, wash down any sugar crystals which form on the sides of the saucepan.

FONDANT
Granulated sugar 2 c. Boiling water 2c.
Cream of tartar 1/4 t.

Cook to soft ball or 238 F., without stirring, but carefully washing down any crystals which form on the sides. Pour on a dish, such as a large platter, wet with cold water, and let cool. Work till creamy. Cover with a damp cloth, and let stand in a cool place to ripen. This cream may be used in a great variety of ways, as centres for dipping, filling for stuffed dates or prunes, to be melted and used for dipping, or dropped by spoonfuls to harden as wafers, bonbons, etc. Instead of cream of tartar, 7 tb. of corn syrup or 1/2 c. maple syrup, or 3 tb. of honey may be used.

WHAT TO DO WITH FONDANT CREAM
While kneading or working to a creamy consistency, add any desired colors and flavors.

Chopped nuts, fruits, candied ginger, coco-nut, may be added.

Roll into small balls, roll in powdered sugar, and let stand an hour or so before dipping in chocolate or in melted fondant.

Moulded centers are made by pouring the melted flavored fondant into depressions made in a pan or box of corn starch, at least an inch in depth. The depressions are made with a thimble, the handle of a dinner knife, a hard candy, or any similar small object. When the candy is set, the cornstarch will readily brush off.

Melt fondant, add coco-nut to thicken it, and flavor, drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper to harden.

Melt fondant and add a little chocolate. Work till cool enough to form in balls, and roll in coco-nut.

Melt the cream in a double boiler, add a little butter, and flavor, and color if wished, drop on waxed paper at once, to spread out in discs, and let harden. White with peppermint, pink with wintergreen, yellow with lemon, are good combinations.

CHOCOLATE DIPPING
This is not half so difficult as many people think.

Use specially prepared dipping chocolate, cut in fine pieces, and melted in the double boiler, taking care that it does not go above 85°-90° F. Drop the centres in one by one, using a fork or a piece of wire bent into a loop on the end, when coated on all sides remove to waxed paper or a greased surface, to dry, giving a little twirl to the chocolate on top, which gives a

[Continued on page 60]



A split cent for BAKING SUCCESS

Yes, we know you'll find it hard to believe, but *actually* a split cent is all it will cost you to be assured of perfect results every time you bake. Just think of the cost of all the butter and eggs and sugar and milk and things you use in making just one cake.

In times like these, no one wants to waste money by spoiling even one cake. A few cents' saving when you are buying a bag of flour may seem like a worth-while economy at the time, but, supposing all the cakes you made from that bag of flour were to be failures too! That

would be an expensive tragedy, wouldn't it? Yet the difference between famous FIVE ROSES FLOUR and cheaper flours is only a fraction of a cent a cupful. (There is more flour than anything else used in baking and consequently it has a much greater chance to affect your results than the other ingredients.)

FIVE ROSES FLOUR is guaranteed to give you successful baking results. We've tested it in our own kitchens time and time again and know that its uniform quality and purity can be relied upon to be the same day after day, month after month and year after year. Remember, the secret of successful baking results lies in the ingredients... so use FIVE ROSES FLOUR and safeguard the results of your baking always... *that's true economy.*

As another aid to baking success, we have just completed the production of a new cook book, "A Guide to Good Cooking," which has taken nearly two years to compile. It is beautifully bound in dark, pebbled leatherette...

waterproof and greaseproof. Lies open without breaking the binding. 160 pages... over 800 recipes... a practical, condensed aid to good cooking.

We will send this valuable book to you, postpaid. Just fill in the coupon below and send it together with 40c. to us at Montreal or Winnipeg, whichever is nearest to your home.

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FILL IN THE COUPON TODAY!

COUPON
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Please send me, postpaid, a copy of the new Five Roses Cook Book, "A Guide to Good Cooking", for which I enclose 40c. (money order)—50c. outside of Canada and Newfoundland.

Name.....
Address.....



The New Five Roses Cook Book that 15,000 Canadian Women helped to prepare—edited by the famous Canadian dietitian—Jean Brodie.



Come on up to the Height of Health

YOU'VE enjoyed days where every minute was filled with the richness of living. You looked your best, and felt your best. Why not live *more* of these healthy, happy days?

One of the chief causes of poor health—and consequent unhappiness—is common constipation. Yet it can be overcome by eating a delicious cereal.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides "bulk" to gently exercise the intestines, and vitamin B to further aid regular habits. One ounce of ALL-BRAN furnishes as much vitamin B as five ounces of orange juice. This delicious cereal also contains twice as much blood-building iron as an equal amount by weight of beef liver.



Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. If not relieved this way, see your doctor. Ask your grocer for the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

"When you're Healthy, you're happy"

"How you feel—and how well you look—depends largely upon the food you eat. Be sure your diet is balanced—with sufficient 'bulk' to promote regularity."

W.K. Kellogg

Gifts FOR THE COMPLETE CIRCLE OF YOUR FRIENDS

FAMILY

BUSINESS

CHILDREN

They're just beaming with good cheer — a symbol of your friendship that shines in dark places!

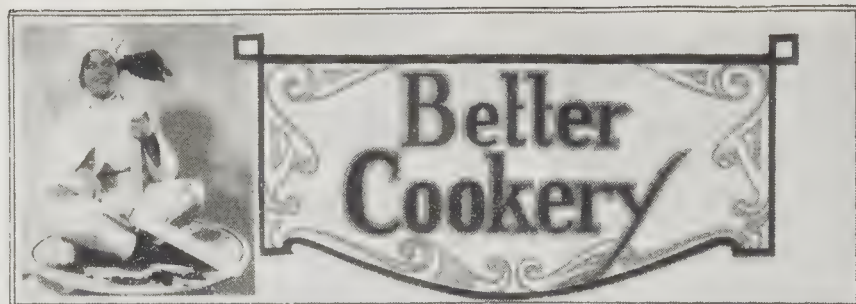
There's a beautiful Electric Candle for Mother—everyone's best friend. And here's a compact, ebony-black, high-powered light for Dad, who likes practical gifts without frills. Again, Eveready has another Flashlight for your office friends—it costs no more than a package of smokes and it's a beauty too. Only 98c complete.

You can quickly solve your gift problem the Eveready way. Your hardware, electrical, general or drug store; sport goods or auto supply house will show you the latest Eveready Flashlights.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., LTD.
Calgary Vancouver TORONTO Montreal Winnipeg
Owning and operating Radio Station CKNC, Toronto

E.F. 10

**EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES**



professional look. The centres may be cream, fudge, caramels, dates, candied ginger, nuts, raisins forming a cluster with a candy mixture, candied cherries.

GUM DROPS

Sugar $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Corn syrup $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Gelatin 6 tb. Water, cold 1 c.
Lemon juice 6 tb.
Color if wished

Cook the sugar and syrup to soft ball—238° F. Add the gelatin dissolving in the cold water, and the lemon juice, cook a moment or so, strain, and cool for five minutes or a little longer. Pour into cornstarch molds as suggested for molded cream centres, and let harden. Shake off the cornstarch, and roll in granulated sugar, softening slightly over steam if necessary.

MAPLE CREAM

Brown sugar 2 c. Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Butter 1 tb. Vanilla 1 t.
Broken nut meats if wished

Stir the sugar and milk over the fire till the sugar is dissolved, then boil to a soft ball without stirring. Remove from the fire, add the butter and vanilla and nuts if used, and beat till creamy. Pour into a buttered pan and mark in squares when firm.

SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES, FOR THE CHILDREN

Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Soda $1\frac{3}{4}$ t.
Molasses 1 c. Salt 1 t.
Shortening 1 c. Ginger 2 t.
Sour milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cinnamon 1 t.
Flour to roll out

Heat the molasses, melt the fat in it, add the sugar, and cool. Add the sour milk, and 2 c flour sifted with the other dry ingredients, then enough flour to roll out. Chill for an hour, cut in fancy shapes, after rolling about $\frac{1}{3}$ inch thick, and bake in a moderate oven.

MINCEMEAT ICE CREAM

Egg yolks 2 Evaporated Milk
Sugar $\frac{1}{3}$ c. 1 6 oz. can
Flour 1 tp. Egg whites 2
Water $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Cream $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Mincemeat canned 1 c. ($\frac{1}{2}$ -14 oz. can)

Beat egg yolks slightly, add flour mixed with sugar, then the evaporated

milk scalded with the water. Return to double boiler and cook until it coats the spoon, stirring all the time. Cool. Freeze to a mush in refrigerator trays, stirring now and then. Add beaten cream and mincemeat and freeze again, stirring several times. Or mixture may be frozen in ice cream freezer with ice and salt. Serves 8.

CRANBERRY JUICE COCKTAIL

Cranberry Jelly $\frac{1}{2}$ No. 2 can (or 8-oz.)
Water 2 cups Sugar 2 tps.
Lemon juice 1 tp.

Mash cranberry jelly and steam in double boiler until melted. Add sugar and water and boil 3 to 4 minutes, pass through a fine sieve and cool. Add lemon juice. Add more sugar if desired. Serve very cold over crushed ice in small, slender glasses. Serves 6.

ENGLISH CANDLE STICKS

Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Mincemeat 1 1-lb. can
Brown sugar 1 cup (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.)
Eggs 2 Baking powder 4 tps.
Flour 2 cups Flavoring rum 2 tps.

Cream butter and brown sugar, add well-beaten eggs. Add the mincemeat and the flour sifted with the baking powder. Add flavoring. Bake in cup cakes in a moderate oven—375°—for 15 to 25 minutes, depending on sizes of cup cakes. Recipe makes 20 of the regular size or 40 very tiny ones. Cool. Ice with an uncooked icing made by mixing confectioner's sugar with a little cream (or evaporated milk) and flavor with rum. Before serving insert a tiny red or green candle in the centre of each cake, arrange cakes on a large platter or tray and light the candles just before passing. The larger sized cakes are best if the candles are to be used.

CRANBERRY CORDIAL

Sugar 1 cup Cranberry Jelly
Water 2 cups 1 No. 2 can
Tea 2 cups Unsweetened Pineapple
Lemon juice 1 cup Juice 1 No. 2 can
Cider 6 cups

Make a syrup of the sugar and water. Add all the other ingredients and serve very cold. Makes 4 quarts.



Attractive favors may be made of Santa Claus figures composed of cotton batting and red tissue paper, using stickers (seals) for the face.



Home made cooking invariably proves a most acceptable Christmas gift.

JELLY JUMBLES

Butter 2½ c. Sour milk 1 2/3 c.
Sugar 5 c. Soda 2½ t.
Eggs 5 Salt 1½ t.
Vanilla 2 t. Jelly or jam
Flour to roll

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten eggs, the sour milk and 2 c. of flour sifted with the salt and soda, the vanilla and enough more flour to make as soft a dough as may be handled. Chill, roll out ¼ inch thick, and cut in rounds about 3 inches in diameter. On one half of the circles, put a teaspoon of jam or jelly (Gooseberry jam is especially good), and cover with the remaining circles, from which 3 small circles have been cut, close to the centre. A small thimble may be used. Press the edges together, and bake in a moderate oven.

DARK FRUIT CAKE

Butter 1 c. Fruit juice 1 c.
Sugar 1 c. Eggs 6
Flour 2 c. Cloves 1½ t.
Cinnamon 2 t. Mace 1 t.
Nutmeg 1 t. Soda ½ t.
Candied peel ¾ lb. Raisins 2 lb.
Blanched almonds ½ lb. Currants 2 lb.
Mild molasses 1 c. Salt ½ t.

Sift the salt, soda and spices with one cup of flour, and use the rest to dredge the fruit. The fruit juice may be orange or grape juice, or from home canned fruits such as peaches, or a mixture of juices. Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg yolks, and beat well. Add the flour, fruit, molasses, fruit juice and last of all the beaten egg whites. This amount will make two loaves. Bake for three hours or till done, in a moderate oven.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

Butter 1 c. Candied cherries 1 c.
Sugar 1 c. Citron peel,
Flour 2 c. sliced, ½ c.
Baking powder 1 t. Almonds 1 c.
Lemon juice 1 tb. Eggs 5

Mix and bake like any other fruit cake. This makes two loaf pans full.

DARK FRUIT CAKE II

Butter 1 c. Grape or other fruit
Brown sugar 1 c. juice ¼ c.
Flour 2 c. Raisins 4 c.
Nutmeg 1 t. Dates 3 c.
Cloves 1 t. Citron peel 1 c.
Cinnamon 1 t. Orange peel ½ c.
Ginger ½ t. Lemon peel ½ c.
Baking powder 1 t. Candied cherries 1 c.
Eggs 5 Candied pineapple ½ c.
Blanched almonds 1 c.

This makes two loaves in bread pans about nine by five inches. Steam three or four hours, then bake till done in an oven of about 315° F.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING I

Molasses 3 c. Chopped suet 3 c.
Sweet milk 3 c. Seeded raisins 3 c.
Flour 7½ c. Walnuts 2-3 c.
Soda 3 t. Chopped figs ¾ lb.
Salt 1 t. Nutmeg 1 tb.

Mix the suet and fruit and nuts, add the molasses, then the milk and sifted dry ingredients alternately. Steam 3½ to 4 hours, and serve with Foamy Sauce.

PLUM PUDDING II

Chopped beef suet 1 lb. Chopped raisins 1 lb.
Flour 4 c. Currants 1 lb.
Baking powder 4 t. Brown sugar 2 2/3 c.
Cinnamon 2 t. Citron ¼ lb.
Cloves 1 t. Orange peel ¼ lb.
Mace 1 t. Sweet milk 1 c.
Eggs 4

This amount will make four quarts of pudding. Put in buttered covered molds, filling not more than two-thirds full, and steam from three to six hours according to the size of the puddings. They will keep for several weeks, and may be heated to serve as needed, by re-steaming for 30 to 60 minutes.

UNCOOKED PLUM PUDDING

Orange jelly Salt ¼ t.
powder 1 pkg. Sugar ½ c.
Boiling water 2 c. Raisins 1 c.
Cinnamon 1 t. Dates 1 c.
Ground cloves ¼ t. Currants ¾ c.
Chocolate a little to Nut meats 1 c.
color Whipped cream

Cook the raisins and currants in a little of the water, till tender. Make as any other jelly, and serve with whipped cream.



Too many "cookings" spoil the broth

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for defective tin soldiers." Dinner was announced.

Joyce repeated her "spinning" glance. "Your tin soldier, what did he do? Was he a coward?"

IN THE dining-room the table was trimmed with sprays of holly.

"Charming," nodded Mrs. Grey.

Mrs. Wallis smiled. "Just a simple family party."

A queer "family party"—of self-invited and paying "guests!" Latimer glanced at Joyce seated between Victor Wallis and Jim Rodden, at Mary Wallis talking to one of the strange young men, at Mrs. Grey being gracious to Mrs. Wallis, at the second young man admiring Edna Jasmin, the beautiful young widow who was Joyce's cousin.

Latimer found himself thinking of other Christmas Eves which the old house had seen, and suddenly he felt the past like a soft shadow over the candle-lit room.

The china had the warm glow of age. Thumbnail glasses, worn silverware with time-blurred crests, Sheffield candleabra and epergne, everything was old.

Mrs. Wallis, in grey silk and old lace, presided graciously. Every detail aided the pretence of disinterested hospitality. Well trained maids poured wine. But no drinks were charged on the bill. A liberal daily rate transformed each guest into a friend.

"A lovely old house, Mrs. Wallis," Joyce's mother said, with a pat to the silver waves of her hair. "When was it built?"

Mrs. Wallis gave her little laugh, which was nearer a gurgle than a giggle. "My husband's great grandfather built it in 1816. The western wing was added later. It's a sweet place. Atmosphere is so important, I think."

She was rather wonderful. With that nervous laugh, she couldn't be a strong character; yet she met Joyce's mother frankly, one great lady to another. And Joyce's mother always intimidated Latimer with her frozen correctness.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Wallis," Mrs. Grey gave her half nod. "That is what your friends say of your house, it has atmosphere."

One of the two strange young men spoke, rather thickly. "Walls look pretty solid. I noticed the windows seemed at the end of tunnels."

"Got any secret passages?" laughed the other young man.

DINNER over, Mrs. Wallis apologized with gurgles for having provided no Christmas entertainment. "Last year I had Col. Carbrook and his family. You know Mrs. Carbrook, Mrs. Grey?"

Mrs. Grey gave her cold smile, which didn't part her lips, but which squeezed up her eyes and drew long parentheses about her nose and mouth. "Indeed, yes. A delightful woman."

"And such dear children! ha-ha-ha-ha! We had a Christmas tree, and hung up our stockings. So merry. I always say Christmas is a children's day."

Mrs. Grey nodded graciously. "Just so, Mrs. Wallis."

"But this year, with no children, I thought a Christmas tree—ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"A nice game of bridge"—

"Oh, Mother!" protested Joyce. "On Christmas Eve, with a log fire, in a house that was born long before we were"

"As you wish, my dear. I'm sure it is pleasant just to sit around the fire."

"Why not tell ghost stories?" suggested one of the strange young men.

THE FEAR COMPLEX

Continued from page 15

"Most appropriate. Christmas Eve and all that." He opened a flask. "What about it, Mrs. Ellis?"

Flushing, Mrs. Wallis bent toward Mrs. Grey. "Poor boy, recovering from a nervous breakdown. Forgets names. His uncle is an old friend, so I suggested the boy and his young friend come to me for a little rest. The friend has not been well either."

"I don't know any ghost stories," growled Jim Rodden, as he slumped into an easy chair.



Rodden was a big stolid man, invited by Joyce for her cousin Edna, the young widow.

"This house is supposed to be haunted," said Mary Wallis timidly.

Joyce gasped. "Oh, please, Mr. Wallis, put out the lights, and let's have only the fire."

"Now, dear," cautioned Mrs. Grey, "you know how nervous you get when you read a ghost story."

Victor switched off the lights.

Mrs. Grey sighed. "I thought you'd leave such things alone after poor Delia Tamperay."

"Delia Tamperay!" cried Edna Jasmin. "Oh, that was ghastly. But you couldn't call it a ghost story."

"Delia Tamperay?" asked Victor Wallis. "Wasn't she the girl who was killed in Italy?"

"Yes." Edna Jasmin leaned forward. "But there was something devilish about her death. Joyce and Mrs. Grey and I all heard her."

"Heard her what?" grumbled Rodden.

Edna shuddered. "Six months ago Delia was having tea at Auntie's, and someone mentioned being afraid to go in an aeroplane. Delia gave a queer laugh, and said, 'I've got a pet fear too. It sounds silly, but—well, I'm terrified of lions.'"

"Lions?" asked one of the strange young men.

"Lions. All her life she'd been afraid of them, didn't know when it began. But she said that whenever she saw a movie of lions she dreamed of them for weeks."

"Why go to such movies?" asked Latimer.

"She tried not to, but she always went. And she said—do you remember, Auntie?—how the last year she'd been dreaming of them so often. She said her dreams were terrible."

"Indigestion," said Rodden.

Edna Jasmin shook her head. "Delia told us she had two invitations for trips. You know she travelled a lot. One was with the Smythes to Italy. Delia had been twice to Italy, and the Smythes are poky. The other was to go with Irene Lawton to Africa. Delia had never been to Africa, and Irene is heaps of fun. But Delia said she was afraid to go to Africa, because there were lions in Africa!"

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Victor Wallis.

"Yes!" Edna nodded. "Delia went to Italy. And there she was killed by a lion."

Latimer jumped. "How?"

"In Naples. Eight lions escaped from a circus. One of them killed Delia. No one else was hurt. Keepers recaptured the lions, except the one that killed Delia. Some one shot him."

The fire was growing lower. Shadows crept from the corners of the room.

The young man with the flask said, "What you fear always happens."

The other young man said, "Only one thing be 'fraid of, that's thing you're 'fraid of. Like measles, always get it."

Latimer turned to Joyce. "Did you hear details, how she happened to be where the lion was?"

"It was broad daylight. Delia came round a street corner, smack into the lion. She screamed, and flung her camera, hitting it between the eyes. Then she ran. The lion leaped." Joyce shuddered. "You know lions are like cats, they won't kill quickly. Delia knew that, she knew all about lions. She said she dreamed of a lion tossing her about like a cat with a mouse. Finally people shot the lion from windows. You know it takes a good many shots to kill a lion. You've got to hit the heart, or you don't stop him. Delia died an hour later."

"The circus people said he wouldn't have touched her, if she hadn't thrown her camera at him," explained Edna.

"It was her fate," sighed Mrs. Grey. "We can't escape our fate."

"Coincidence," said Rodden irritably. "Nothing but coincidence."

"It wasn't her fate," Mrs. Wallis giggled nervously, "it was her camera."

"Good Heavens, Mother, don't laugh about it!" Victor was staring oddly.

"How many people meet a lion on the streets? Yet this girl wouldn't even go to a continent where she might see a lion. I tell you when a person has some deep unreasoning fear, it means that his soul—or subconscious, or whatever word you prefer—has seen the full life-page."

"I don't mind lions," said one of the delicate young men, "but I've a creepy feeling about snakes."

Joyce whispered, "And he'll die, seeing snakes."

"Look here, Mrs. Ellis," said the other convalescent, "I've wunnerful idea. Ever hear of a kid's game called 'Truth?' Well, let's play 'Fear.'"

Mrs. Wallis murmured, "Poor lads, neither are at all well. But nice lads."

"This is how we play it. Each must tell his most secret fear—"

"Rot!" said Jim Rodden. "I'm afraid of nothing. Man or beast or devil."

"No?" sneered the first young man. "What would you have done, if you'd met that lion?"

"Shot him. And I'm a good shot."

"Supposing you hadn't a gun?"

"Well," Rodden paused, "at least I'd have had a revolver. Blinded him. A revolver's a habit with me, ever since a jealous fool once threatened to get me."

"Your game sounds heaps of fun," cut in Edna. "You begin, Mrs. Wallis."

Mrs. Wallis started, and looked at her lap. Latimer saw her hands clench.

Then Mrs. Wallis said quietly, "I'm afraid of poverty. Afraid of losing still more—my home, my old beautiful things."

"Don't be foolish, Mother," Victor snapped. "We are poor, but we know it can't last much longer."

"Of course, you're right, dear. But we were to tell the truth—ha-ha-ha-ha! Our present circumstances are temporary. Victor will be rich. He's heir to an estate in England. His cousin is seventy, and since the war Victor has been next in the male line."

Mrs. Grey nodded sympathetically.

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THE FEAR COMPLEX

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"What's your fear, Edna?" Joyce asked.

Slowly Edna raised her lovely profile. "I think that I am afraid of some day seeing in my mirror—an old face!"

No one laughed. Edna's voice had revealed more than her words.

"I don't suppose you are nervous about anything, Mrs. Grey?" ventured Mrs. Wallis.

Mrs. Grey pressed her slender hand against her silver marcel, and considered. "No. Of course, I'd hate Joyce to do anything indiscreet, anything undesirable."

Mrs. Grey's "fear" was obvious—neither she nor her daughter must ever be, look, or do anything which was not admirably correct.

Edna shrugged. "Apart from snakes, our fears seem dull." She turned to Mrs. Victor. "Yours, Mrs. Wallis?"

"I—I'm afraid of losing Victor." Mary Wallis bit her lip.

Edna looked bored. "What a meek game! Next, Mr. Latimer?"

"When your friend said she was afraid of lions, you didn't think it dramatic. Frankly, that story stays with me. Are our fears presentiments, or do they cause their own fulfilment? Probably a little of each. Aren't our fears warnings of where we are weak?"

"What's your weakness?" pressed Joyce.

Suddenly Latimer's mind took stage fright. He could think of no commonplace reply. He was remembering his first love affair. He had been callow and impressionable. A mere boy, engaging himself to a woman five years his senior. Before long he had broken it off. It had been impossible, silly. But he had never been proud of the part he had played. Since then he had been over-careful with women.

He heard himself saying, "I think I am more afraid of failing some one who trusts me, of acting like a cad, than of anything else."

Joyce began to laugh.

Latimer felt sheepish. "How about your own secret horror, Joyce?"

"Mine's childish. I'm afraid in the dark. Afraid of seeing a ghost!"

Victor started. "Are you afraid now? It's pretty dark, and this house is supposed to be haunted." He added slowly, "Especially on Christmas Eve."

"Don't listen to him, dear," soothed Mrs. Wallis.

"We call her the White Lady," continued Victor, "Not very original, but she always appears in white, with some filmy stuff about her head."

"Victor! You're frightening Miss Grey."

Victor shrugged. "Oh, very well. How about a nightcap?"

"Now that," said one of the nervous breakdowns, "is a pleasant thought. But first, old man, what's your fear?"

Victor had risen. He stiffened. Latimer saw an odd blankness wipe all expression from Victor's face.

Joyce shivered. Yes, the room had grown suddenly colder. The darkness and the chill seemed creeping out from the thick walls. Mrs. Wallis had been right, the old house had "atmosphere." Latimer, watching Victor, felt that each had been driven to bare their deeper self.

Victor put his hands on a chair-back. His knuckles grew white. "I'll tell you." He spoke without inflexion, as if hypnotized. "I don't know exactly what I fear. Not exactly. But," his voice rasped, "I don't want to die suddenly! I want to die in my bed!"

Victor swung out of the room.

Mrs. Wallis was trembling. "I wish we'd never begun this game."

"Tell me about the White Lady," begged Joyce.

"Well, my dear, my mother saw her."

"Cheerio" cried one of the nice lads.

"And my father told me that anyone who saw the White Lady died within the year. My mother died two months later."

Victor reappeared. "I can't find the key to the liquor cupboard, Mother."

"It's where I always keep it, dear."

"It's not there."

Mrs. Wallis rose. "Excuse me a moment. Men never can find things."

As Mrs. Wallis left the room, Edna Jasmin said, "I'd like to see their White Lady."

"Rot!" said Jim Rodden.

MRS. WALLIS returned. "Just where I told him, ha-ha-ha-ha! It had got caught in the lace of—I hide it among my underwear."

Mrs. Grey nodded. "Where I always hide things too."

"I hope I didn't frighten you about those who saw the White Lady dying within the year. That is only if they don't follow her. She beckons. My poor mother was too frightened to follow."

"Has anyone followed her?"

"Oh, yes, several people. My grandfather, when he was a little boy, saw her one Christmas Eve. He followed her till she vanished. He lived to be ninety."

Edna Jasmin smiled. "An old psychic research journal has a case like that. They found out that it was the spirit of a woman who used to hide her jewels under a loose board under the carpet. She died, and her jewels were missing. But when the house was remodelled, they found them. And it was just where the ghost used to vanish after beckoning people."

Victor returned with egg-flips.

Midnight struck. A toast was drunk, Merry Christmases were exchanged.

As they were dispersing, Mrs. Wallis remembered that Mr. Latimer had been moved to another room.

"My dear friend, Mrs. Ross-Brown, telephoned during dinner that she would be unable to come tomorrow. I had told the maids that if Mrs. Ross-Brown couldn't come, you were to be moved into the room reserved for her. A much nicer room, Mr. Latimer. Victor will show you to it."

IT WAS a jolly room, with lofty ceiling and panelled walls, its chairs slippery with Victorian beadwork, its huge four-poster hung with crimson velvet.

Latimer undressed. As he drew back the plush curtains and opened the window, he estimated that the walls must be four feet thick.



He was very sleepy. Skiing all afternoon. And Victor's egg-flip—rather good.

Using the footstool beside the bed, he climbed between the sheets, and snapped off the lights. Down the "tunnel" from the window came a shaft

of moonlight. What was that yarn about the woman who had been in one of these outside beds? Something about giving birth to a dauphin?

HE WOKE sharply. In the shaft of moonlight stood a white figure. His heart thumped as if he had been running. He leaped out of bed.

The white figure turned, gave a little cry.

Latimer felt suddenly sick. *Joyce!* The girl whom he had not dared to love! Cynicisms about the "modern girl" cut through his mind. What a ninny she must have thought him! *I've been wondering if you'd never say or do anything you hadn't a perfect right to say or do. Amusing herself? Yes, but with modern thoroughness. Your tin soldier, what did he do? was he a coward?*

His arms were about her. He was pressing her thinly clad body to his, was kissing her.

She was right. Nothing mattered, but this. Why fight life, why refuse ecstasy?

She was struggling. But she didn't cry for help. "I thought you didn't care."

"Care! I've been mad for you ever since I saw you!"

She caught her breath. "It was to you that she led me! I was terrified, but I didn't want to die within the year!"

His arms dropped. "Someone—something led you here?"

"The White Lady!"

He had been a cad again.

He moved to the door. It was wide open. He shut it cautiously. The girl he loved was caught in some trap, devilish whether supernatural or human. And he had leaped to the conclusion . . . Common sense alone should have told him she could not know his room.

He seized the eiderdown and wrapped it about her.

"I can't stay here."

"You can't leave till I make sure the halls are clear."

"But I can't stay."

He caught her arm. "Do you want to be seen coming from my room in your nightgown?"

A sharp report rang out, and then the sound of something falling.

"That—what was it?"

"A shot. Stay here, something!"

"She might come back."

Pictures flashed across his brain. Those thick walls, those panels . . . a secret door, a passage?

He looked into the hall. It was empty. A woman's scream shrilled through the house.

"Quick! Opposite is a bathroom. Lock yourself in. If anyone comes, you heard the shot and were too frightened to return to your room."

Joyce darted across the hall. As she disappeared, Latimer saw two other doors flung open. He ran down the hall.

From the next floor he could hear a woman moaning, a man's angry voice. Someone put on the lights. Latimer ran up an old-fashioned inner stairway, and along a passage.

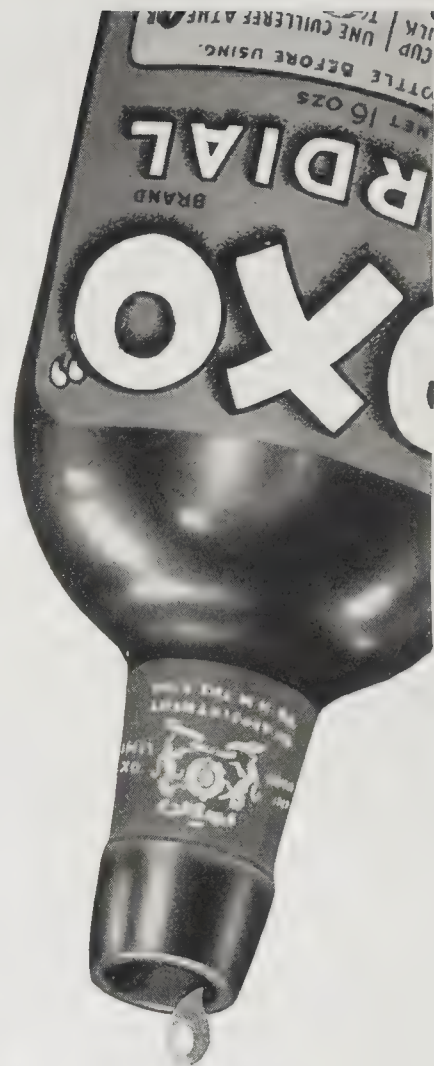
ON THE floor lay a heap of white stuff. Over it knelt Mrs. Wallis, moaning. Jim Rodden in pyjamas stood, revolver in hand, talking loudly.

The heap on the floor was Victor Wallis. Dead.

"I warned him to say what he wanted, or I'd shoot. I told him to speak, or I'd shoot."

The two strange young men came running. And then Edna Jasmin, in

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THE FEAR COMPLEX

Continued from page 63

a pink negligée, followed by a little bald person.

The little bald person shrieked and clutched at one of the young men.

"Hold up, old lady!"

But Mrs. Grey only clung the more tightly to the young man. Stripped of her sculptured silver waves and glacial dignity, a grotesque pitiful old woman.

Latimer turned to Edna Jasmin and started. Her eyes were haggard in a mask of cold cream.

"Take Mrs. Grey back to her room, and for Heaven's sake keep Mrs. Victor from coming here."

Edna said, "Yes."

Latimer nearly added, "And don't look in your mirror."

"Rouse the servants, Rodden. Telephone a doctor. Come, Mrs. Wallis, let me take you to your room."

He found the light in Mrs. Wallis' room, and helped her on to the bed. As he wrapped her dressing-gown about her, something gleamed from its pocket. He thrust in his hand, and drew out a triple string of pearls. Mrs. Wallis caught at his hand. He crossed the room and shut the door.

"What's been happening tonight, Mrs. Wallis?"

"I don't understand . . . Victor! My little boy!"

"I might return these pearls to Miss Grey's room without anyone knowing. But I can't help you, Mrs. Wallis, unless you'll be frank."

She closed her eyes for a moment. When she spoke, her voice was lifeless. "It was her fault. She wore those pearls as if they were a string of beads. She had everything. Life isn't fair."

"Of course it isn't. But you don't make it any fairer by taking Miss Grey's pearls. It was your son's idea?"

She nodded. "He said she'd get others easily. We're behind on our mortgage. She put the idea into Victor's head when she said she was terrified of ghosts."

"I don't see the connection, Mrs. Wallis."

"Victor pretended he couldn't find the key, so as to talk to me alone. I told him it was wicked, but he said he'd shoot himself, that he was sick of being poor, and that this would be so easy. He would dress up as the White Lady

—it's true about the White Lady, but not the part about following her—and he'd lead Miss Grey to your room. Victor was clever, he saw that you and Miss Grey were in love. He said you'd keep her a while. And he'd vanish before you could see him."

"Was there a secret passage from my room?"

"Yes. That was why we moved you to that room. One of the panels slides"—

"And when Miss Grey left her room, you took her pearls?"

Mrs. Wallis nodded wretchedly. "Victor said she'd never own to having left her room. And he had a scheme for selling the pearls a few at a time in New York."

"Did Mr. Rodden see you?"

"No, but he may have heard me going back to my room. Victor came later. The secret passage ends in a linen cupboard, and then he had to get to his room. Mr. Rodden was in the hall, and—and"—

"How much does your daughter-in-law know?"

"Nothing."

"Never tell her. Victor was playing a wretched practical joke. No one need learn more than that."

"Thank you."

AT THE foot of the stairs he met Joyce in a long fur coat.

"What does it mean? Victor dead—all in white! And, Dick, my pearls are gone!"

He slid the pearls into her hand. "Forget you ever missed them."

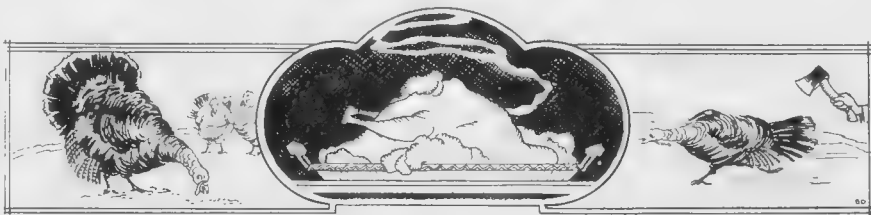
She nodded gravely. "I've been thinking about that 'Fear' game. It's coming true. Victor—Mary—myself! Whatever we feared . . . And Mrs. Wallis, for the estate will go to the next male heir. But I'm going to pay off her mortgage as a Christmas gift. And poor Mother, Edna tells me she was terribly informal. As to what her daughter has done! You're the only one to escape."

"I didn't escape. And you know it. I was a cad."

"Oh, was that being a cad?" She smiled her side-and-up glance. "Please go on being a cad."

"You mean—you'll m"—

"Of course!"



THE UNREGENERATE By DAISY L. SAUNDERS

Gobble Gobble was a turkey,
Oh, so greedy! I've been told
He would stand right in his feed-tin.
When but just a few days old.
He would crowd his weaker brothers.
Push his sisters, peck and squeeze.
Bear off all the biggest pieces.
Never saying "Thanks" or "Please."

Gobble Gobble, thrived and fattened.
Ev'ry day he bigger grew.
But his manners were appalling!
Sad, unfortunately true.
Little Jean who used to feed him
Often cried, "Don't hurry so.
Well bred birds don't gulp and
scramble
Right into the dish you know."

Summer came and went, its leaving
Tinged the farmer's fields with gold,
Little Jean no longer loved him.
He was vulgar, vain and bold.

Not a bit cared Gobble Gobble.
He would spread his feathers out,
Puff and call out, oh so rudely!
When he knew she was about.

Autumn came, with it "Thanksgiving."
Zero time of turkey-year.
He grieved not to see his brothers,
Friends and cousins disappear.
E'en the looming threat of "Christmas"
Didn't worry him the least.
"Yule," said he, "Is time of feasting.
I'll be right there at the feast."

Christmas dawned. Proud Gobble
Gobble.
In his haunts could not be found.
He had vanished as by magic,
From his happy scratching ground.
Mother Turkey, softly weeping,
Sighed, "Perchance, he's got his wish."
Gobble Gobble, plumped with dressing,
Graced the very biggest dish.



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A CHRISTMAS FOLK SONG

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

*The Little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?*

*Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The Ox put forth a horned head;
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."*

*Uprose the Sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter, here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.*

*The little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!*

By Don Marquis

*..... The birth befell
Upon a night when all the Syrian stars
Swayed tremulous before one lordlier orb
That rose in gradual splendor,
Paused,
Flooding the firmament with mystic light,
And dropped upon the breathing hills
A sudden music
Like a distillation from its gleams;
A rain of spirit and a dew of song!*

Dear Cosy Cornerites:

Don't you think it would be a lovely idea to sing the words of the folksong given you above at Christmas time? I think it would fit into some of the hymn tunes you know well, try it and see. The tune "Old Hundred," which is used for the Doxology "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," is one that would suit these words, so you may have your own Christmas hymn, and sing it for one of your Christmas festivals if you wish to.

Perhaps you will not understand altogether the second poem we have given you, but you will enjoy its beauty when the poet describes the stars, the moon and the mystic night. You may find the same beauty in your own dark skies, with the added beauty of the flash and quiver of Northern Lights, and the diamond sparkle of the snowdrifts under the moon. Christmas in Canada must be much lovelier than Christmas in the far-away land where Christ was born, and holly and Christmas bells and good wishes and wonderful kindnesses make Christmas still the holy time it was two thousand years ago.

This is not a Christmas for gifts, except those which you can give to those who need them or to those you love the best. Little gifts that are wrapped in good wishes and tied with love are Christmas gifts which no one will ever forget. Give these and you will have the Happiest Christmas in the World, and this is what Bobby Burke wishes you!

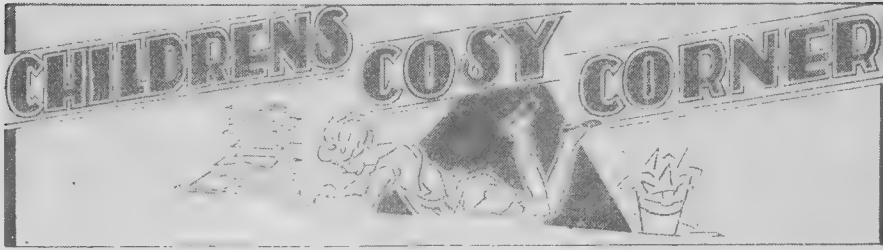
THE TOY HOSPITAL

By the time this "Corner" reaches you I hope that heaps and heaps of mended toys have gone forward to the "Corner," c/o The National Home Monthly, for the Empty Stocking Fund. How nice it will be to think that the toy you loved and played with will help to make some boy or girl happy on Christmas morning.

VISITORS FROM OTHER CHRISTMASSES

Did you know that Bobby Burke has a Treasure Drawer? In it are placed away many of the stories and poems and letters that have not been replied to, or that have arrived too late, and visiting this Treasure Trove we found today some very nice Christmas stories from last year and the year before that had not been used when they were sent in. We are going to print these for you now, and send gold buttons to the writers, who will be just as surprised as possible to find their stories after all this long time, we know.

And we are going to do another thing too—make an apology that is a whole year overdue. Last Christmas Daphne Wallace of Westboro, Ont., sent in a Christmas story, and Bobby Burke thought it too good to be original, but a letter came from Daphne explaining how it was that she had been able to write so entertainingly of places she had never seen, and we must offer her our most sincere apologies. We had only thought it a case of misunderstanding the idea of the story, but now we know this is her



BY BOBBY BURKE

own story and we shall publish it for 1932, and send Daphne a gold button with our very best wishes, or add a star if she already boasts a gold button from the Cosy Corner.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

By Daphne Wallace

IT WAS Christmas Eve, but no one could have even guessed the fact by looking at this bare, dark, little room, dimly lighted by an old coal-oil lamp. A small bed was in one corner, and the only other articles of furniture, if such they could be called, were a small table and

an old chair. There was a tiny window, very dirty, at one side, which looked as though no light could ever force its way in through it. Presently a little figure came into the room. He seemed very tired, and extremely glad of the prospect of bed. He was to be disappointed, however, for in a couple of minutes he heard his name, "Pierre," shrilly called. Another errand! Or perhaps Madame Dupont was not satisfied with the oranges! Life was certainly hard for little boys like Pierre!

Outside everything was illuminated, and everyone appeared gay. The Paris Square was brightly lighted, as were all the apartment houses which surrounded it, and the



OUR ADVENTURE

By VERA V. ROBERTSON

*I took Little Brother's hand and led him down the stairs,
I had to coax him quite a lot he was so full of fears.
At the foot of the last squeaky step he held me very tight,
He's really not quite big enough for adventures in the night.*

*At eight o'clock when Mother had put me into bed
I had no getting up ideas at all in my head.
It's strange how thoughts come to you that will not go away,
When once they get inside you they always want to stay!*

*Little Brother and myself were talking of our tree,
Everything I'd say to him he'd say the same to me.
"I'd love to see dear Santa" was most what was said,
But I knew we couldn't see him without getting out of bed.*

*So I whispered "Little Brother are you game to come with me
And wait down stairs for Santa beside our Christmas tree?"
He got so excited he could hardly say he'd come,
But he's a pretty brave boy for such a little one.*

*We waited and we waited quietly sitting on the floor.
Little Brother watched the window, and I watched the door.
I knew—I have always known it, Santa never makes a noise,
And I think he must have tip-toed when he saw two sleeping boys.*

*On Christmas morning we awoke beside a shining tree,
I looked at Little Brother and Little Brother looked at me.
We felt ashamed we went to sleep, and disappointed too,
But if four eyes close all at once what is there you can do?*

fountain in the centre looked beautiful, as the water poured from the hand of Venus' graceful figure. From time to time, happy, laughing children's faces would appear at one or the other of the windows of the houses to gaze out on the "Christmas scene," as they liked to call it. Only one little face was not joyful. Little Pierre felt very lonely, as he made his way across the square for the last time—at least he hoped it would be the last time. Pierre had no mother or father, and he had to work hard from morning to night, running errands and doing other messages for the good people of the apartments. The janitor looked after him, giving him that room and his meals, but otherwise Pierre had to live entirely by himself, buying his clothes with the "tips" which he sometimes received.

He had been given an extra number of "sous" today; he supposed it was because this was Christmas Eve. He had looked forward to buying some cake and candy as a Christmas treat, but now it was too late to buy any of these, as all the stores were closed. Pierre was not the only one crossing the square at this time; he had not noticed two other people until just now. They were coming towards him. Would it mean more work? His legs were so tired! No! One of them who spoke French well, but with a foreign accent, asked him the way to Paris' best hotel. Very proud Pierre was, to be able to tell her, and he received such a sweet smile in return, that he went home feeling a little less destitute. Nevertheless, the poor little fellow cried himself to sleep. It was not often Pierre let himself get out of control in that way, but it seemed impossible, then, for him to restrain the tears.

On Christmas Morning Pierre was up early, helping the janitor with various duties. He had finished his work by ten o'clock, and then he went to his room, and spent the time till dinner, there. He had a very good dinner, for him, with the janitor, although I am sure we should not have thought very much of it, and then he decided to go for a walk. There was much to see in the streets of Paris, particularly at this festive season of the year, and Pierre so far had had no time to look at the beautiful things, displayed in the shop windows. Accordingly he set off with anticipation. After about half an hour's walking, he heard someone say to him, "Bon jour, mon petit?" Turning round, he found himself face to face with the two ladies he had seen the night before. They told him that they had come out with the intention of finding him, as they would very much like to have a photo of him.

Pierre was astonished, but he thought he had never been so honored in his life, and he stood up straight, with his head thrown back, and his hands by his sides. His dark face, and the black curls beneath his errand-boy cap, made indeed a pretty picture, which was greatly improved by the quaint little "tunic outfit," which all errand-boys in Paris wear.

The next few days proved eventful ones for Pierre. When the janitor informed him that these two old ladies wished him to accompany them, as their "little help," on their tour through France and Germany, Pierre thought indeed the world had turned upside down, and did not believe a word of it. He was forced to realize it was true, however, for the next day those two ladies came and confirmed the janitor's words, by telling Pierre that they had asked the janitor the day before if his errand-boy could be spared for two months.

It proved that Pierre had to be "spared" permanently, for the ladies were so taken with the boy, that, at the end of the tour, they could not bring themselves to allow him to go back, and live that hard, lonely life. Instead they sent him to a grape farm in Southern France. The owner had advertised for a boy, such as Pierre, to help him with the work, and offered, in return, to teach him all about vineyards and grape growing. It was an ideal life for Pierre after his unhealthy one in Paris, and besides it would train him to be a respectable, self-supporting, citizen of France.

That was many years ago. Pierre now is one of the best and most prosperous farmers in his province. He often thinks of his "fairy godmothers," who are now both dead, and of that particular Christmas, which proved to be the turning point of his life.



Christmas

THE thought of Christmas is like a light shining in darkness. It is like the star that drew the three wise men as they journeyed through the night and found the cradle of a wisdom greater than the world's. A good preparation for Christmas is to read over again the Bible story of that birth in a stable outside Bethlehem, in the first twenty verses of the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke. Civilization can find the way to the cure of its ills only by letting itself be drawn to understanding truly the meaning of Christmas, guided by the teaching of Jesus, just as the three wise men from the East were guided by the star, as we read in the Gospel according to St. Matthew. The tradition that has come down to us through the centuries is that one of them was a young man, Caspar by name, another, Balthazar, was in the middle years of life, and the third, Melchior, was a man in his eighties. The gifts they brought to lay before the infant Jesus were gold and frankincense and myrrh. The latter two symbolize spiritual qualities. The gold may well be understood by this age as the symbol of materialism, that is to say, of the materialistic machinery and equipment of modern civilization, which must be laid at the feet of the great spiritual purpose of peace on earth and good will among men, if the meaning of the Christmas spirit which the shepherds in the fields near Bethlehem heard sung by voices in the sky can be fulfilled.

The Good-Will Virtues

IT IS in proportion as human life is animated by the spirit of brotherly good will that the true meaning of Christmas and all that Christmas stands for can be realized in action. The deepest meaning of Christmas is that the virtues of good-will, the social virtues, are of more importance than mere personal, self-centred virtue. Sympathy, tolerance, a strong sense of social responsibility, hatred for all the things which limit and cripple the human spirit, readiness to help as best we can to have justice prevail, respect for human life and willingness to work towards making conditions of living better—these are of more value than the hard personal rectitude which bears no fruit in human happiness and understanding. A man who might be regarded by a too rigid puritan as something of a sinner might in his daily life do much to be of real help to his fellow-men, by helping to make kindness and tolerance and justice prevail, while his rigid critic, lacking the spirit of true charity, might be indifferent to the misery of others and antagonistic to efforts to reform existing conditions. Which of the two would be the better man? Which of the two would be in truer accord with the spirit of Jesus?

Two Words With Magic

WHEN we were children a glow warmed our hearts with increasing happiness as the great festival of the home drew near, until on Christmas Eve it became a joy never to be forgotten. No matter how far away across the years those Christmases of childhood may seem to us now, the greeting "Merry

Christmas!" has a magic power to rekindle old and happy memories of the warmth and love of home. Shadows come with the passing years to give a deeper meaning to that remembered picture of the home circle as the child knew it. Surely no other words have greater magic than the words "Merry Christmas" have also in their radiation of cheerfulness and kindness and good will and hope that were "news from the region of the skies" when the shepherds heard the angel song on the first Christmas Eve.

Santa Claus

IN THE life of every one of us there came the moment as we grew out of early childhood when the question of the reality of Santa Claus presented itself. The older The Philosopher grows the more he is inclined to think that most of us are believers in Santa Claus to the end of our lives. We have different names for him, however, as the years carry us on through the changing experiences of living. There are not many things truer than the oldest fairy tales, which are ancient folklore, containing facts of human nature in a form that appeals to the child's mind. So the red-cheeked Santa Claus, with his twinkling eyes and white beard, coming in his reindeer-drawn sleigh laden with toys, will be cherished by generations of children in the future, as he has been cherished by past generations of children.

Life is Various

THE variety of life is worth thinking about. In moments of gloom we may feel that life is full of sadness. But on a bright morning we can face the world cheerfully—even those of us who have most cause to regard life as cruel. Most of us are acquainted with sorrow in some form. And many of us bear inward wounds. But healthy minds can face hard facts. Every newspaper we look at tells us of tragic happenings—tragedies that did not occur in a book but in real life. And yet we go on living our lives, with the buoyancy of spirit without which we could not continue to do so. To every healthy mind there is enduring interest in the progress of events for ourselves and for others. That interest is a great part of the flavor of living. Life is full of variety—there are comic things in it as well as tragic things. Life is like that.

Making the Best of Things

IT IS better to be optimistic in looking for the bright and hopeful side of each day as it comes along than to be the pessimistic kind of person who can see only disappointments and sorrows ahead standing up over the horizon of life like cloud-ridden mountain peaks. The optimist has a truer view, a more sensible view, in regard to both individual lives and the life of mankind as a whole. The worst ill that could befall any human being would be wilfully to disbelieve in the capacity of mankind to rise above adverse circumstances, the ability of men and women to make the best of things. The past is behind us, and ahead is the possibility of helping with staunch hearts to improve the conditions of life both for ourselves and for others.

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WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

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■ Spring days now—Dad snaps Mother and Marion together—a picture you'll find enlarged and framed on his desk at the office.



■ The first fishing trip—a snapshot of the "men" of the family trying hard to lure in a wily perch.



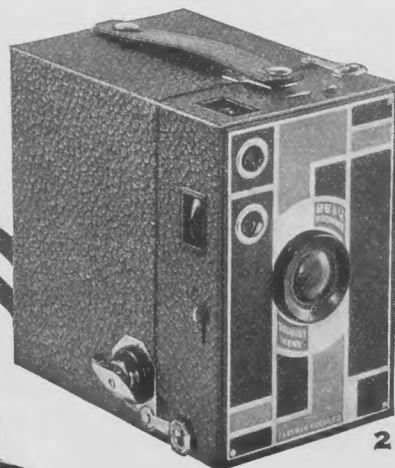
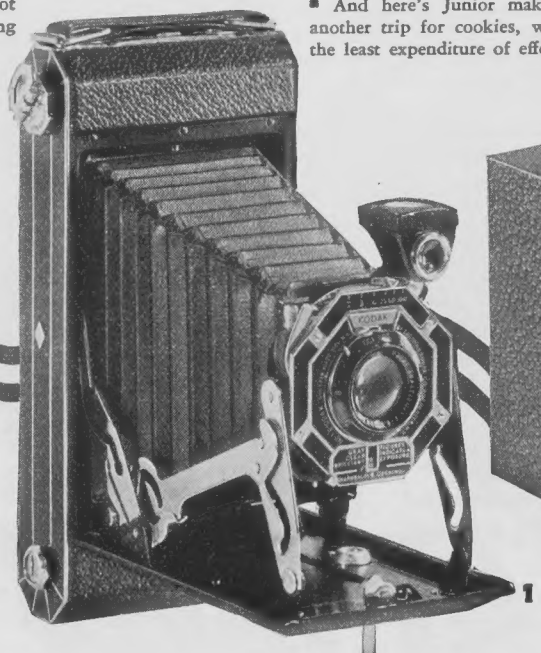
■ And here's Junior making another trip for cookies, with the least expenditure of effort.



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WHAT *the* WORLD is SAYING



"I certainly hope they don't talk the public into giving up hoarding, Bill!"

Soon Now He'll Be Just Around The Corner

One thing we can be sure of. Santa Claus is on his way.—Quebec Telegraph.

We've Found Some Difficult To Get Round

Stout people are usually easy-going.—Victoria Colonist.

But, Of Course, You Know What He Meant

"Wood," said Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, "has been one of the corner-stones of our trade."—London Daily Mail.

His Season Of Ultra Good Behavior

From now until Christmas the small boy will forget the past and think of the presents.—Neepawa Press.

Offhand, We'd Say About Twenty-four

"What will the girl of eighteen be in ten years time?"—From an advt. in Montreal La Presse.

But Will There Be Fewer Nuts In Them?

The new automobiles, it is announced, will have welded bodies.—Vancouver Province.

And Many A Modern Novelist Tells Us How

An eminent physician has written a book on why people misbehave.—Journal of Psychology.

Here They Aren't Even Thirty At That Age

Women are old at thirty in tropical countries.—Manchester Guardian.

Omitting The Last Word, This Is Undeniable

Mussolini says that war keeps humanity from growing stale.—Halifax Mail.

Well, At Least, The Titles Are Different

Hollywood turns out no less than 5,000 different films a year.—Los Angeles Examiner.

But How Long Will They Put Up With Such Conditions?

Women in Russia, we read, are on a complete equality with men in every respect.—Ottawa Citizen.

But Santa Claus Will Outlive Sovietism

Magazines in Russia have been busy, no doubt, preparing their special anti-Christmas numbers.—Portage la Prairie Graphic.

And, We Can't Help Thinking, Uncomfortable

If all the reformers were to be successful in getting their ideas put into operation, what a great and glorious world it would be?—Quebec Evenement.

Are There Many Better Uses For Money?

It's an elusive purse on which Santa cannot get his Claus.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

How About A Suitcase Filled With Potatoes?

There is nothing harder to carry around than a secret.—Charlottetown Guardian.

Don't Think Of Him As Santa Claus

Nothing could be more alien to the true Christmas spirit than the dollar mark.—Edmonton Journal.

Others Frequently Get A Kick Out Of It

Some husbands like having their wives as partners when playing bridge.—Hamilton Spectator.

This Joke Will Be Enjoyed In Aberdeen

A Scottish friend of ours who gave air balloons to his nephews last Christmas has actually promised to refill them next Christmas.—Belfast News-Letter.

Some Don't Even Seem To Know Why They Are

Some politicians do not give much indication of knowing where they are.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Case Of Unbroken Domestic Harmony

We have had a difference of opinion with the wife, but fortunately she never knew of it.—Swift Current Sun.

How About The Star Political Campaigners?

There are no great actors in the world now, as there were a generation ago.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Maybe They'd Like To Have Crooners, Too

There is reported to be a remarkably good market for musical instruments among the Zulus.—London Economist.

Some Of Them Repeat In Haste

Marrying in haste to repent at leisure is one of the things that quite a few of the movie queens down at Hollywood seem to do best.—New Westminster British-Columbian.



"Well, anyway—I'll bet we got a bigger mortgage on our house than you!"

We're Sure He Will Prefer To Rely On r.p.

We have seen a picture showing Santa Claus travelling in an automobile sleigh. But, somehow, it is not easy to think of him as abandoning reindeer power for gasoline?—Kitchener Record.

Ain't That A Grand And Glorious Feline!

There is a cat in Hollywood which draws a salary of \$50 a week when working in the movies. We wonder what Mickey Mouse thinks of it?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Pessimist Would Sell His Brush And Comb

An optimist is a man who if he found himself going bald would buy several bottles of hair restorer.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

It's What His Wife Replies

One of the lessons taught by married life is that it isn't what a man says that matters.—Nanaimo Herald.

Was He Trying To Sell Them Something?

An explorer tells of a jungle tribe he found in the interior of South America who merely grunt.—Ottawa Journal.

Nor Are We Hoping For A Parlor Foghorn

Among the things we are not anxiously desirous to have Santa Claus put in our stocking is a saxophone.—Chilliwa Progress.

Wherein Children Are Reasonable

Children aren't like adult go-getters. They expect something from Santa Claus only at Christmas.—Brandon Sun.

Hands Across The Sea Will Be Dealt

A contract bridge tournament by radio between players in London and New York is planned for early in the coming year.—New York Tribune-Herald.

Or A Nice Bookmark—If She Has A Book

Among the many little souvenirs of the past summer kept by the really advanced up-to-date girl are the bright bathing suits she wore at the beach. One makes a nice handkerchief to stick in the belt.—Vancouver Sun.

What A Change Since The Boston Tea Party!

What the founders of this land of the free and home of the brave never dreamed of was that taxation with representation would come to be so vastly greater a burden than taxation without.—Kansas City Star.

But It Can't Say: "This Hurts Me More Than You."

An automatic spanking machine has been submitted by its inventor to the public school authorities in Melbourne, Australia.—London Daily Express.

Evidently Fishing Is Considered A Serious Matter

In Nevada you can get a divorce after six weeks' residence. To get a fishing license you must live in the state six months.—Quebec Soleil.

It Is Also Its National Habit To Settle Up

It has been discovered that the island of Great Britain is settling down to the sea level at the rate of nine inches a century.—London Observer.

Some Used Their Wives' Good Judgment

There are men who esteem themselves self-made but who overrate the credit they think due themselves in that regard.—Calgary Herald.

Because There Isn't Enough Red In Them?

A notable development in Russia is the great volume of cosmetics sold. By a recent Moscow decree lipsticks of foreign make are excluded.—London Daily Mail.

What Will Such A Census Show Next Month?

The total number of turkeys in this country, according to the returns to the Ministry of Agriculture in August, was 543,726.—London Morning Post.

We Wonder If Its Bark Can Be Heard

A scientific expedition which has gone to the interior of Madagascar will look for the reported man-devouring tree whose spiky limbs, according to the stories told, close round its victims.—London Spectator.



Weary—"How long have you been here?"

Waitress—"Who me? I've been here three weeks."

Weary—"Then you're not the one who took my order. She must have left before you came."

Smokers' Gifts at Little Cost

Are you trying to "think up" gifts for many friends? Isn't the answer "something to smoke"? The famous brands of Tucketts Cigars, Cigarettes, and Tobaccos listed here are all handsomely wrapped for Christmas and will make the most economical and acceptable gifts. Keep this advertisement and take it to your dealer who will be glad to help you make the best selection.

CIGARETTES

Popular brands in Christmas Wrappings



BUCKINGHAM

Boxes of 50	.60
4 packs of 20 in container	\$1.00
Tins of 100	1.20
10 packs of 20 (200 in carton)	2.40



Philip Morris & Co.

VIRGINIA OVALS

Plain or cork tips

In tins of 50	.85
3 packs of 20 in container	1.00
In tins of 100	1.70

HERBERT TAREYTON

3 packs of 20 (Plain) in container	\$1.00
4 packs of 15 (Cork) in container	1.00
Tin of 50 (plain or cork)	.85
Tin of 100 (Plain)	1.70

MELACHRINO Plain or cork tips

4 packs of 10 in container	\$1.00
Tins of 50	1.25
Tins of 100	2.50

MILO VIOLET

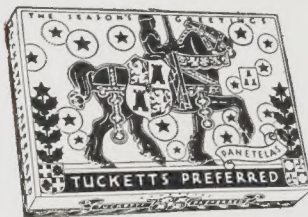
Boxes of 50	\$1.25
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JOHNNIE WALKER

Boxes of 50	85c
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CIGARS

Famous Tuckett Brands — fresh and fragrant—cellophane wrapped—in special Christmas containers.



TUCKETTS PREFERRED

Preferred Corona	3 for 50c
Preferred Palma	3 for 50c
Preferred Perfecto	15c each
Preferred Invincible	15c each
Preferred Epicure	2 for 25c
Preferred Panetela	2 for 25c
Preferred Concha	10c each



TUCKETTS MARGUERITE

"Blended in Havana" 10c each

TUCKETTS MONTREAL

"The Happy Cigar" 5c each

The above prices are for individual cigars. Cheaper by the box of 10, 25 or 50.

TOBACCOS

Most popular brands in handsome Christmas containers.



HERBERT TAREYTON

LONDON SMOKING MIXTURE

In Humidor glass jar — packed in special Christmas carton (ready for mailing).

1/2 lb. jar	\$1.50
1 lb. jar	\$3.00

BUCKINGHAM PIPE TOBACCO



1/2 lb. Lock-Top tin in Christmas Wrapping 80c

BUCKINGHAM FINE CUT

1/2 lb. Vita-Pack tin in Christmas Wrapping 80c

WAKEFIELD ENGLISH MIXTURE

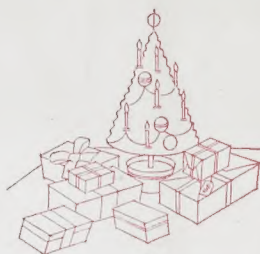


1/2 pound tin, in Christmas wrapping. Price \$1.00



MAKE HIM
HAPPY WITH
TUCKETTS

THEY'LL HAIL YOU *Prince of Givers*



When Christmas Brings Them Parker Duofold



*Smartest, most exclusive jewel-like
colours matched to perfection by the Duofold Pencil*

*Illustrated above — Lady Duofold Matched
Duette Set — Pen \$5, Pencil \$3.25*

Canada's Christmas wishes, this season, centre on smart new Parker matched pens and pencils, and Fountain Pen Desk Sets—style leaders every one.

When expectant fingers burst the gay wrappings on Christmas morning, Parker Duofold will flash glad tidings.

They'll never lay aside these radiant beauties, streamlined—jewel-like in colour and workmanship—styled in Jet and Pearl; Jet and Sea Green Pearl; Moss and Pearl; Burgundy and Black, Jade, etc.—all gold mounted. And all with Parker's extra ink capacity, and quick-starting, non-clogging feed.

Don't forget that boys and girls are just as eager as grown-ups to receive these classic Parkers that write with

Pressureless Touch—as smooth and unhindered as thought itself.

Fresh arrays of Parker's latest creations, at all good dealers, include Pen Desk Sets of beautifully figured and colourful onyx. Inlaid enamel Pen bases and interesting Desk Accessories to be mounted on them—Calendar Holders, Clocks, Lamps, Ash Receivers, Letter Racks, and Statuettes.

Five minutes at a Duofold counter, and your Christmas shopping is done—to perfection. But be sure to look for the name "Geo. S. Parker—Duofold" on the barrels—that's the first thing "they'll" look for when they open your gift.

The Parker Fountain Pen Co. Limited
Toronto, Ontario



Duofold De Luxe
Pens, \$7.50 to \$10.
Pencils, \$3 to \$5

Italian Marble
Desk Base, \$5; with
Duofold Pen, \$10



Burgundy & Black
Pens, \$5 & \$7; Pen-
cils, \$3.25 to \$4.25

Travel Set in Perma-
nent Bakelite Case,
complete, \$8.75



Parker Duofold

Made in Canada, sold in Canada, and in 70 foreign countries